GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

NOVEMBER, 1920 35 CENTS IN CANADA 25 CENTS

"THE FLAMING FOREST"

James Oliver Curwood's *New Serial*

Old Fashioned Pie Made Better Than Ever

Now is the time of golden harvests and mellow fruits and tables heavily laden. For it's the homemade goodies that bring the true Thanksgiving spirit into our homes. Mince pies! Pumpkin pies! Cookies and Cakes.

No matter how tempting pie fillings may be, it is the crust that really makes you proud. Swans Down Cake Flour makes pastry so perfect you never try pie again without using it! Short, Flaky, Delicate always

Swans Down in any good cake or pastry recipe brings best results easily. It costs but a few cents more each baking than your bread flour, yet it insures against costly disappointments.

★ SWANS DOWN

Prepared (Not Self-Rising)

CAKE FLOUR

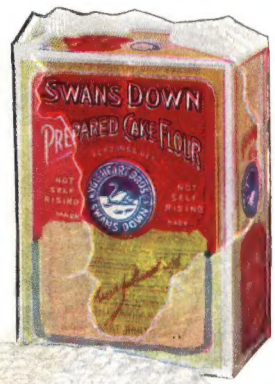
Preferred by Housewives for 25 years

More Swans Down is sold than all other cake flours combined. Because it is the best, the standard product. Recommended by domestic science experts everywhere.

The best grocer has Swans Down. If not, write us.

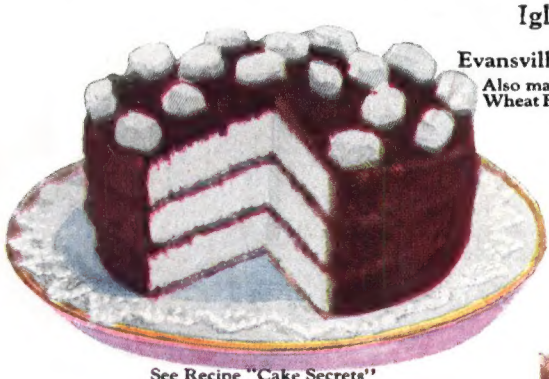
"Cake Secrets"

This unique booklet will delight you. Choose some of the attractive recipes and follow instructions carefully. They are all originated and tested by Janet McKenzie Hill, editor of American Cookery Magazine. Send 10 cents for "Cake Secrets."



Buy one package of Swans Down to try in your next cake or pie crust. You will be pleased.

Igleheart Brothers
Established 1856
Evansville Dept. G-11 Indiana
Also manufacturers of Swans Down Wheat Bran, Nature's Laxative Food



See Recipe "Cake Secrets"

See Recipe "Cake Secrets"

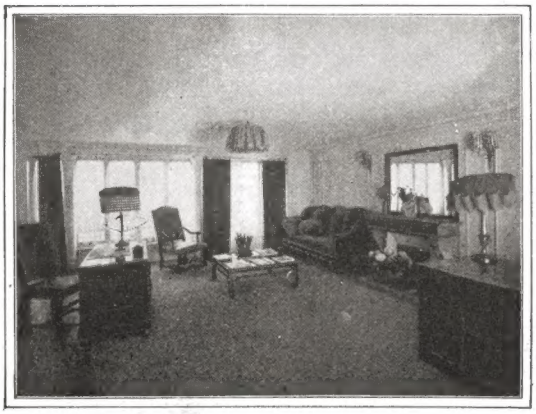
DODGE BROTHERS
4 DOOR SEDAN

What use or beauty could you ask of this Sedan which it does not give you in generous measure?

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

In using advertisements see page 4



From the Heart of

PARIS

to You

IN THE center of the shopping district—on the most exclusive street of shops in the French capital, is

A Fashion Bureau for the Readers of

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

THIS Paris fashion office of Good Housekeeping, at 2 Rue de la Paix, is in charge of one of the foremost dress authorities—Van Campen Stewart—who sees the newest modes of all the great French dressmakers as soon as they are designed.

This news in fullest detail, by mail and cable, comes at once to our New York offices. That is why we are able to show the readers of Good Housekeeping the best and smartest of these frocks and hats and wraps even before the models or copies reach American manufacturers and dealers.

The thoroughness and scope of this service are typical of the spirit which dominates the great Institution being built up for the American woman by Good Housekeeping.

Thankful Time. Verse
Nancy Byrd Turner 7
The Flaming Forest
James Oliver Curwood 8
Old Wisdom. Verse
Margaret Widdemer 12
What Business Teaches Women
Elizabeth O. Toombs 13
Land O' Dreams 14
The Secret
Mary Brecht Pulver 16
Being a Cabinet Member's Wife
Mrs. Josephus Daniels 19
The Ch ldren's Crusade
Rose Wilder Lane 20
The Mountebank
William J. Locke 22
Hope Chest or Christmas Box
Anne Orr 26
Furnishings and Decorations
Lillias Piper 27
How to Treat Your Mantel
Mary Harrod Northend 28
The Yellow Tree
Rebecca Hooper Eastman 30
Children's Cut-outs
Sheila Young
The League for Longer Life
Harvey W. Wiley, M. D. 33
More Stately Mansions
Ben Ames Williams 34
The Coasting Carnival on Butternut Hill
Harrison Cady 38
Fashions
Edited by Helen Koues 40
The Mother
Ruth Sawyer 54
Household Engineering
Edited by Mildred Maddocks 56
Both Sides of Election Day
Mary Stewart 60
If You Think You Can Sing
Mabel Garrison 61
Cookery
Edited by Mildred Maddocks 62
Thanksgivin'
Abe Martin 67
Brite and Fair
Judge Henry A. Shute 68
Discoveries 70
Dr. Wiley's Question-Box 72
Entertainment Page 74
Health and Beauty
Nora Mullane 76
Baskets and Rugs to Make 146
Gifts from Old Lace and Organdy 147

William Randolph Hearst, Pres. Joseph A. Moore, Vice-Pres. and Treas. Ray Long, Vice-Pres. W. G. Langdon, Sec., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y.
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, November, 1920 Vol. LXXI, No. 4
PRICE IN THE UNITED STATES $3.00 A YEAR, 25 CENTS A COPY **PRICE IN CANADA $4.00 A YEAR, 35 CENTS A COPY**
Published monthly by the International Magazine Company at 119 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.
Foreign postage, $1.50 extra; COPYRIGHT, 1920 (Trade-mark registered), by International Magazine Co. Entered as second-class matter on August 1, 1910, at the Post Office at New York N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879; entered on July 1, 1918, at the Post Office at Atlanta, Ga., Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, Cal. Address all communications to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 119 West 40th St., N. Y. All subscriptions are payable in advance at the full price. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is never offered in combination with other magazines or at a reduced rate. When requesting a change of address, always give the old address as well as the new, and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Sts., New York

MISSES' WINTER COATS

New Models that Express the Winter Mode
Low Prices that Reflect New Production Costs

39—MISSES' WRAP-COAT OF DUVET VELOUR, with gray Australian opossum fur. Colors: Dryad, (a new taupe shade), brown, Siberian squirrel gray or navy blue. Silk lined, warmly interlined. 98.50

41—MISSES' COAT OF ALL-WOOL BOLIVIA, with gray Australian opossum fur. Colors, reindeer, Siberian squirrel gray, Malay brown, navy blue or black. Silk lined, warmly interlined. 89.50

43—MISSES' TOP-COAT OF VICUNA COATING. Colors: beaver, brown or navy blue heather colorings. Silk lined, warmly interlined. 49.50

Sizes 14 to 20 years

For Reader, Retailer *and* Manufacturer

Our Guarantee

All advertisements appearing in Good Housekeeping are absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded, by the manufacturers or by us, if you purchase goods advertised with us that prove unsatisfactory. This applies equally to purchases made through your retail merchant or direct from the advertiser. The only condition is that in making purchases, the reader shall always state the advertisement was seen in Good Housekeeping.

The Institute

Good Housekeeping Institute is a physical laboratory, maintained for the testing of all kinds of household appliances. The tests are made by trained experts under conditions approximating those in the average home. No household device is advertised in Good Housekeeping unless it has been so tested and approved by the Institute.

The Bureau

Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director, is a research laboratory, conducted for the purpose of testing foods and toilet preparations. The standards set by the Bureau consider not only the purity and wholesomeness of the product, but the truthfulness and accuracy of the label. All foods and toilet preparations advertised in Good Housekeeping have met the Bureau's standards.

Star (★) Marking

All advertisements in Good Housekeeping of household appliances, foods and toilet preparations are marked with a star (★). This mark denotes that they have passed the technical examination of the Institute or the Bureau. Advertisements of other products do not, of course, bear this mark. All merchandise, however, advertised in Good Housekeeping, whether falling within or without the scope of our technical examination, is covered by our guarantee.

Adjustments

If any goods advertised in Good Housekeeping are not satisfactory, or if any advertiser is remiss in answering your letters or coupons or in sending samples, we ask you to make this known to the Business Manager of Good Housekeeping. Address your note for his "personal attention."

INDEX TO GUARANTEED ADVERTISEMENTS

Baby Comforts

	PAGE
Betterbaby Crib	128
Bloch Baby Carriages	162
Choo Choo Car	197
Conway Baby Clothes	151
Johnson Baby Clothes	151
DeLis Baby Clothes	156
Kiddie-Koop	189
Lloyd Baby Carriages	176
Non-Nettle White Flannels	145
Rubens Baby Shirts	168
Specialist Shoe	192

Building, etc.

Beautiful Birch	152
Face Brick for Building	137
Morgan Doors	139
Oak Floors	144

Food Products

Airline Honey	158
Armour Grain Food Products	92
Baker's Cocoa	71
Baker's Coconut	140
Bell's Seasoning	177
Burnett's Flavoring Extract	opp. 176
California Almonds	162
Campbell's Soups	69
Campfire Marshmallows	83
Carque's Figs, etc.	177
Coffee	221
Colburn's Spices	145
Cox Gelatine	70
Cranberries	74
Creamettes	207
Danish Pride Evaporated Milk	159
Del Monte Food Products	opp. 128
Dromedary Cocoanut and Dates	217
Elkhorn Cheese	228
Enright's "All o' the Wheat" Flour	177
Faust Instant Tea & Coffee & Chile Powder	155, 203
Fleischmann's Yeast	111
Gordon Dilworth Orange Marmalade	177
Hebe	200
Heinz Food Products	79
Hepco Flour	155
Hormel's Ham and Bacon	155
Ivins Butter-Thin Biscuits	191
Junket	126
Knox Gelatine	112
Libby's Food Products	opp. 96
Morris Food Products	101
Morton's Salt	132
National Biscuit Products	206
National Oats	85
Pettijohn's	198
Pillsbury's Food Products	216
Price's Flavoring Extract	220
Miss Princine Baking Powder	122
Pompeian Olive Oil	145, 161
Purity Oats	110
Purity Cross Chef Service	154
Quakies	opp. 145
Quaker Macaroni	opp. 193
Quaker Oats	222
Quaker Puffed Goods	81
Royal Baking Powder	opp. 112
Rumford Baking Powder	96
Runkel's Cocoa	190
Ryzon Baking Powder	opp. 81
Sauer's Flavoring Extracts	191
Skinner's Food Products	opp. 161
Steero Bouillon Cubes	199
Sunkist Lemons	117
Sun-Maid Raisins	93
Sunshine Biscuits	opp. 177
Swans Down Cake Flour	2nd Cover
Swift's Meat Products	232
Uncle John's Maple Syrup	154
Van Camp's Food Products	167
Virginia-Carolina Peanuts	165
Dr. Vons Health Biscuit	154
Geo. Washington Prepared Coffee	127
Welch Grape Juice and Food Products	opp. 144
Wesson Oil	opp. 80
Wilson's Food Products	3rd Cover

Furniture

Berkey & Gay Furniture	100
Kroehler Daven-O	opp. 97
Leavens Furniture	165
Northfield Bed Davenports	98
Piedmont Red Cedar Chests	156
Seng Equipt. Beds	109
Service Table Wagon	188

House Furnishings and Appliances

Alvin Silverware	80
Bengal-Oriental Rugs	172
Benjamin Two-Way Plug	183
Bohn Refrigerator	161
Brunswick Method of Reproduction	86
Columbia Grafanola	102
Community Plate	75
Crex Grass Rugs	129
Domes of Silence	164
Fuller Brushes	104
Greist Sewing Machine Attachments	181
Hall's China Teapots	163
Stewart Hartshorn Shade Rollers	171
Heisey's Glassware	166
Holmes & Edwards Silverware	116
Hotpoint Electric Appliances	99
Ideal Nut Cracker	141
Kapock Sunfast Fabrics	129
Knape & Vogt Garment Care System	218
Little Men and Little Women Silverware	97
Mid-Sil-Craft Ware	145
Minneapolis Heat Regulator	213
Ovington's Gift Shop	125
Peerless Dining Table Mat	137
Perfection Oil Heater	107
Rite-Way Garment Hanger & Shoe Rack	134
Rotapex	182
Royal Rochester Silverware	173
Service Table Wagon	188
Sonora	128
Star Table Mat	188
Steinway Pianos	119
Syracuse China	opp. 129
Thibaut Wall Papers	121
Victrola	Back Cover
Western Electric House Furnishing Appliances	178
Westinghouse Electric Appliances	204
Whittall Rugs	88

Household Supplies

Allied Broom Ass'n	209
American Steel Wool	226
Butcher's Boston Polish	152
Diamond Dyes	183
Electro Silicon Silver Polish	152
Fels-Naptha Soap	73
Gold Dust	opp. 160
Johnson's Prepared Wax	77
Metal Egg Crates	151
Old Dutch Cleanser	95
Old English Wax & Waxer	205
Pyrene Safety Cleaner	153
Rough-on-Rats	153
Stovoil	152
Three-in-One Oil	157
Two-in-One Shoe Polish	230

Kitchen Furnishings and Utensils

Aladdin Cooking Utensils	89
Duplex Fireless Stoves	161
Griswold Cooking Utensils	229
Holyoke Kerosene Water Heater	154
Hughes Electric Range, etc.	99
Kalamazoo Stoves, Cabinets, etc.	158
Kitchen Maid Kitchen Cabinet	227
Lightning Bread Knife	155
Lisk Enameled Ware	223
Lorain Oven Heat Regulator	215
Majestic Ranges	195
National Steam Cooker and Canner	191
Pittsburgh Water Heater	225
Porce-Namel Kitchen Table	154
Rapid Fireless Cooker	177
Robert's Lightning Mixer	161
Royal Ossco Steel Kitchen Cabinet	152
Sani-Can	159
Sechrist Pressure Cooker	193
Stover Waffle Iron	161
Toledo Fireless Cookers	202
Vollrath Enamel Ware	131
Wagner Cooking Utensils	133
Wear-Ever Aluminum	214
Westinghouse Electric Automatic Range	204

Laundry Equipment

A-B-C Super Electric Washer	201
American Laundry Machinery Co.	174
Coffield Motor Washer	164
Federal Electric Washer	106
Fels-Naptha Soap	73
Gainaday Washer & Wringer	231
Geyser Electric Washer	115
Hill Clothes Dryer	130
Laun-dry-ette Washing & Drying Machine	212
Lux	124
1900 Cataract Washer	91
One Minute Electric Washer	133
Penberthy Washing Machine Drainer	179
Rid-Jid Ironing Table	211
Silver Lake Clothes-Line	179
Simplex Ironer	219
Thor Electric Washing Machine	196

Miscellaneous

American Poultry Advocate	154
American School of Home Economics	150
Artamo Embroidery	175
Baily, Banks and Biddle	137
Baird-Nortn Jewelry & Gifts	156
Ballard's Monogramed Pencils	151
Boston Cooking School Cook Book	145
Bradley's Games	154
Century Music	156
Chautauqua School of Nursing	188
J. & P. Coats Crochet Cotton	186
Cocroft, Susanna	134
Cole Motor Car	opp. 192
Copley Craft Coristmas Cards	154
Dennison's Hallowe'en Goods	171
Dodge Motor Car	1
Dodson Bird Houses	129
Effanbee Dolls	157
Engle Art Corners	150
Greeting Card Ass'n	87
Holmes Gifts	150
Home Correspondence School	150
Kellogg's Gift Shop	141
Knitting Yarns	156
Little Art Shop	156
Daniel Low Gifts	103
Minerva Yarns	114
O-B Rings	163
Osborn's, Mrs., Cake Recipes	171
Parker Fountain Pens	148
Pohlson's Gifts	157
Republican Presidential Candidates	185
Robinson Reminder	172
Rock of Ages Granite	180
Roger Williams Toys	129
Rust Craft Christmas Cards	184
"Valley of Silent Men"	148
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen	141
White & Wyckoff's Stationery	118
Weiler Diamonds & Gifts	151
Woman's Institute	123
Wood Barrels	76

Paints and Varnishes

Acme Paints & Finishes	194
Alabastine	208
Berry Bros. Varnishes and Paint Specialties	94
"61" Floor Varnish	224
Vitralite White Enamel	224

Toilet Articles

Bathasweet	188
D. & G. Perfect Cold Cream	142
Day Dream Toilet Preparations	149
Fuller Brushes	104
Henderson's Foot Warmer	187
Hump Hair Pins	142
Ivory Fiberloid	opp. 113
Lablache Face Powder	187
Laco Castile Soap	151
Liquid Silmerine	150
Listerine	188
Listerine Tooth Paste	105
Mary Garden Toilet Preparations	150
Mermaid Hair Brush	179
Nadine Face Powder	150
Nestle Permanent Hair Wave	149
Nujol	168
Pepsodent	113
Dr. Wernet's False Teeth Powder	156
Whitall Tatum Hot Water Bottle	157

Vacuum Cleaners

Apex Electric Suction Cleaner	182
Bissell Carpet Sweeper	152
Cadillac Vacuum Cleaner	160
Electric Sweeper-Vac	136
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner	170
Hoover Suction Sweeper	78
Ohio-Tuec Electric Cleaner	108
Royal Electric Cleaner	120

Wearing Apparel

Albrecht Furs	142
Arch Preserver Shoe	193
Ascher's Knit Goods	82
Belding's Silk	84
Blouses for Stout Women	153
Brighton-Carlsbad Sleeping Garments	187
Bryant Maternity Ware	179
Burson Hose	90
Cotton's Cushion Tred Shoes	171
Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe	150
Hanes Elastic Knit Boys' Underwear	210
Hatchway Slumber Suit	150
Hay's Superseam Gloves	184
Holeproof Hosiery	138
Paul Jones Middies	130
Kabo Corsets	175
Kaynee Blouses	72
La Grecque Tailored Underwear	165
Li Falco Undergarments	153
Berthe May Maternity Corset	171
Naiad Dress Shields	184
Onyx Hosiery	184
Plume Undergarments	135
Franklin Simon & Co.	3, 192
U-Put-On Rubber Heels	175
U. S. Rubber Footwear	169
Betty Wales Dresses	5

Betty Wales Dresses

How appropriate for the prize winner to look the part. I know I played wretchedly several times because I was studying that adorable gown.

"That's a Betty Wales Dress and so are the others. It's hard to decide which is the smartest: That individual air about a Betty Wales Dress would almost lead a person to believe that each is an exclusive design."

A booklet of beautiful Autumn styles, with the name of the Betty Wales dealer nearest to you, will be sent on request. Betty Wales Dresses, designed both for women and girls, are unconditionally guaranteed.

Betty Wales Dressmakers

311 WALDORF BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

Look for this Label

Betty Wales Dresses

TRADE MARK REG.

What the *Editor* Has to Say

"To the Victors Belong the Spoils"

FROM whatever aspect it is viewed the suffrage victory is a stupendous one. An issue raised before most of the present inhabitants of our country were born has been unfalteringly carried on and brought to its complete triumph. The contention made so long ago that women should be admitted to a share in government, and denied while millions of illiterate blacks and immigrants without experience in freedom were having the vote thrust into their hands, has at last been accepted—and Woman in America is free. Whether she makes use of her freedom is not the issue; the freedom itself was what she struggled for: it restoreth her soul.

But society was not interested merely in restoring the souls of women. It has work to do; it was told women would do it, would serve man's incapacity in this as in so many other things. Some feared the result of this, and delayed the measure by fair means and foul. Others saw in it the hope of humanity and made of their lives a bridge for its passage. Now it is here—and the spoils of the world's greatest political victory await the victors' taking. These spoils are the chance to reach down into the mess of politics and take out self-seeking, indifference to the public welfare. the squandering of public funds, the burdens of taxation, inequality before the law, the cornering and withholding of the necessaries of life. In place of these there can be put a service to humanity that will measurably increase the happiness of a large part of the people of this country. Poverty would not be poverty if every one could purchase things at their just values. Sickness would not be terrifying if service was at hand. Rights would not be tamely given up if legal redress was as common for the poor as for the rich. Taxes would be bearable if every dollar spent had to be accounted for.

Victory Makes This Possible—Now

MOST of the things we have just mentioned will come only as the result of years of struggle, but if women will fight for them as they have fought for the right to vote for them, their coming is sure. A far vision can see them; they are beautiful to behold, their consummation a splendid hope and work for women. But there is one thing ready for the taking now. The Sheppard-Towner Bill can be made the first fruit of universal suffrage if the women say it must. It is something tangible; it is on the Senate calendar; it is in a House committee. The chairman of the committee refused to consider it because of the appropriation that it carried. Women can tell him now whether they want money saved or mothers. They can say the same thing to every member of the House and to one-third of the members of the Senate. They can say it in such a way that the bill will be a law before March 4th and the service it provides be begun next summer.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

THE controversial part of the suffrage fight is over: opinions as to whether women should or should not vote are lost in the fact that the Constitution now says they may. We wish it said they must, and that men must, for an electorate that does not express itself through the ballot-box is only fooling itself when it talks of democracy. No matter what she has thought before, it is the duty of every woman to go to the polls on election day and say there what she thinks—say it so it counts—through her vote

A Plan You Can Upset

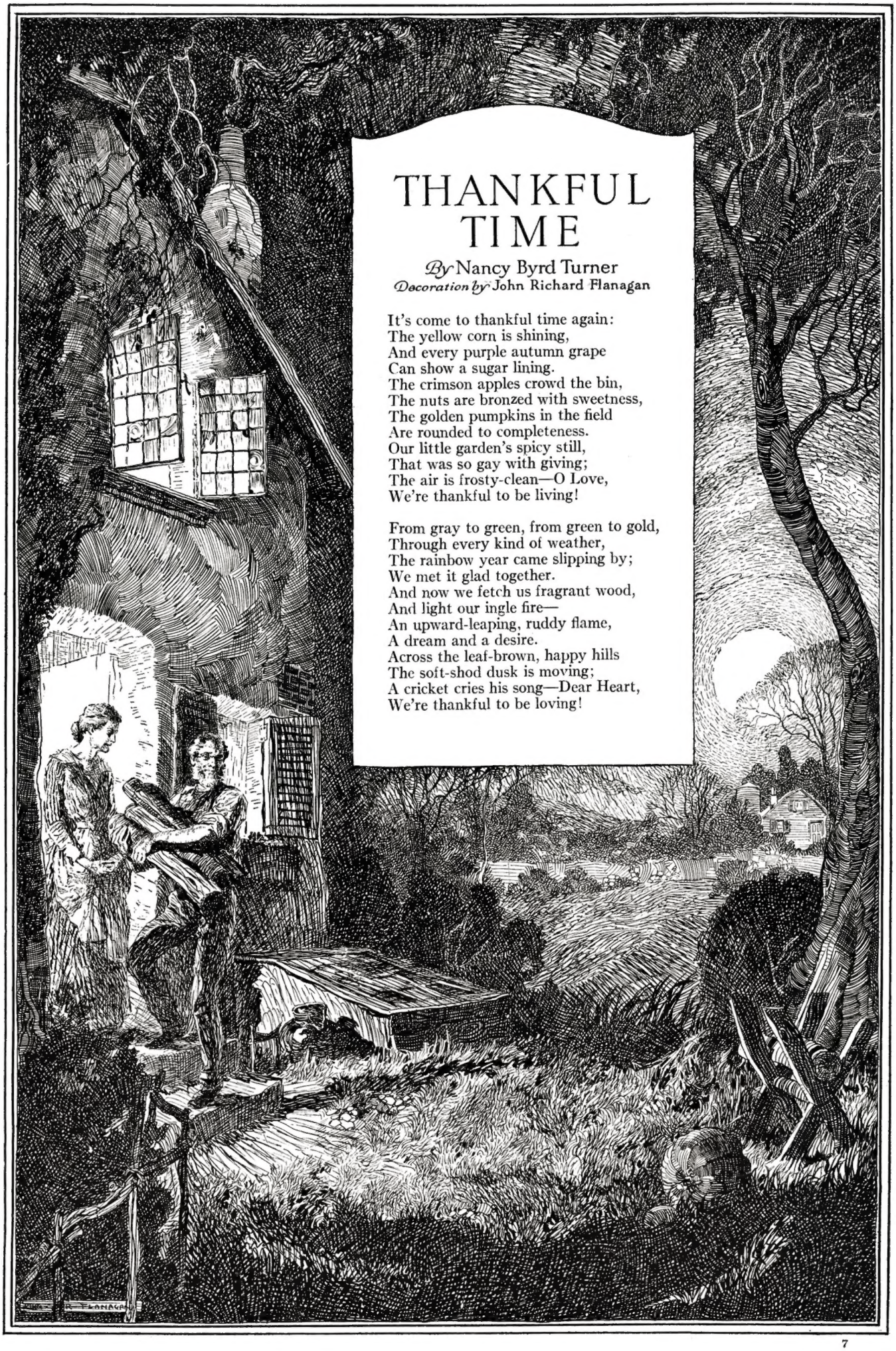
"THE 200 delegates at the convention of the New Jersey Liquor Dealers' Protective League, representing 3600 members of the league, voted unanimously to support anti-prohibition candidates for Congress in November," said a news dispatch from Atlantic City, Sept. 8th. "Through such a plan, followed consistently by liquor men from the Atlantic to the Pacific, lies our only hope for the future of our temporarily eclipsed industry," confessed one of the speakers in support of the resolution. "When we are able to control enough votes in Congress we may be able to bring about the repeal of the Volstead Act, providing that in the meantime the country has not become so well satisfied with prohibition that it never will be possible to undo that legislation. In the meantime we might as well mark time, for without votes in Congress our cause is hopeless."

This is the crucial year for prohibition. One would be a doubting Thomas indeed who did not think before another congressional election the country will "become so well satisfied with prohibition that it never will be possible to undo that legislation." If that legislation is ever undone it must be undone now. The liquor men realize that, and will fight desperately to elect a wet Congress. They have no other sentiment than that. They have no regard for decency or any consideration for the public welfare. The dry forces should stand solidly against them. If they do that it will result in the liquor dealers' "temporarily eclipsed industry" being permanently blotted out.

Thankful Time

"IT'S come to thankful time again," says the poet, expressing beautifully, though doubtless unconsciously, the perfunctoriness of our worship—even when we worship. We have been hearing much of the Pilgrims—sturdy, devout men and women—and have taken pride in the fact that we, even as they, have a day for thanksgiving. But they gave thanks; we too often make them. They had come through a time of trial—such of them as had come through; there was food for the coming winter. There was hope for the spring following winter; freedom to worship God as seemed to them right was apparently established. Here abundantly was cause for thanksgiving, and thanks were given. We are so used to abundance that we have forgotten it can be paid for with gratitude. Perils and pestilence are so little known that the lips speak thanks for escape from them without the heart's permission. Worship has so long been a matter of one's own inclination that it now seems of little consequence. The winter that is coming brings no misgiving, but the promise of good times and days of ease. Thankful time *is* here again, and thankful would the nation be if in it there were found some preparation against indifference and greed—against the coming of the cold in the hearts of men.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW



THANKFUL TIME

By Nancy Byrd Turner
Decoration by John Richard Flanagan

It's come to thankful time again:
The yellow corn is shining,
And every purple autumn grape
Can show a sugar lining.
The crimson apples crowd the bin,
The nuts are bronzed with sweetness,
The golden pumpkins in the field
Are rounded to completeness.
Our little garden's spicy still,
That was so gay with giving;
The air is frosty-clean—O Love,
We're thankful to be living!

From gray to green, from green to gold,
Through every kind of weather,
The rainbow year came slipping by;
We met it glad together.
And now we fetch us fragrant wood,
And light our ingle fire—
An upward-leaping, ruddy flame,
A dream and a desire.
Across the leaf-brown, happy hills
The soft-shod dusk is moving;
A cricket cries his song—Dear Heart,
We're thankful to be loving!

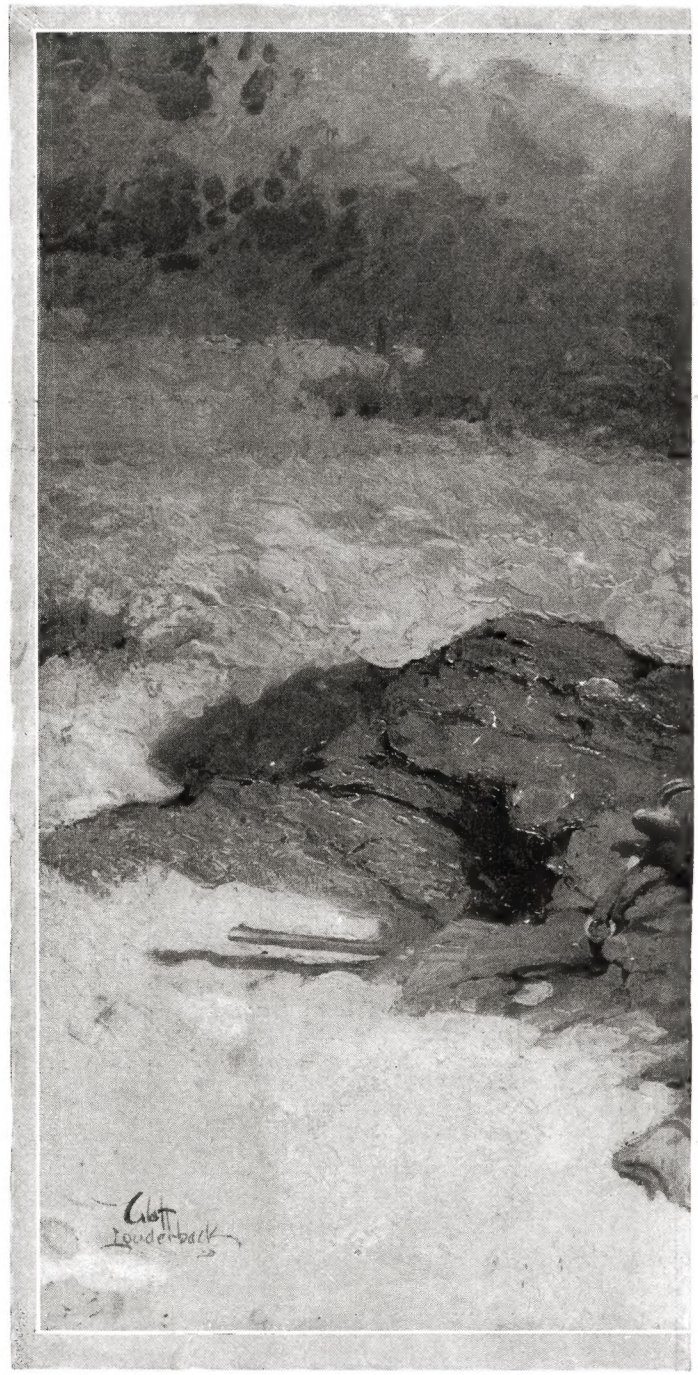
Another big woods story that is bigger than the last

The Flaming Forest

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrated by Walt Louderback

THE author of "The River's End" and "The Valley of Silent Men" faced two certainties when he began this story: he knew that an immense audience was waiting for it, and that this audience would be extremely critical. It seemed that all the romance and glamour of the north, with the last word in mysteries, had been crowded into "The River's End." Then came "The Valley of Silent Men," and delighted readers found new glamour and new romance and an even more baffling mystery. That only increased the difficulties for the third story, which must provide more mystery, more romance, more glamour—and all different. That Mr. Curwood has met every demand of his readers, that he has written a story that multitudes will read with delight, that he has caught the charm of the northland as it has seldom been caught before—all this you can prove for yourself by beginning now this last of the series of stories of the Three-River Country



Carrigan fought with himself to utter some word, in his throat. He did not hear the answering cry

AN HOUR ago, under the marvelous canopy of the blue northern sky, David Carrigan, Sergeant in His Most Excellent Majesty's Royal Northwest Mounted Police, had hummed softly to himself, and had thanked God that he was alive. He had blessed McVane, superintendent of "N" Division at Athabasca Landing, for detailing him to the mission on which he was bent. He was glad that he was traveling alone, and in the deep forest, and that for many weeks his adventure would carry him deeper and deeper into his beloved north. Making his noonday tea over a fire at the edge of the river, with the green forest crowding like an inundation on three sides of him, he had come to the conclusion—for the hundredth time, perhaps—that it was a nice thing to be alone in the world, for he was on what his comrades at the Landing called a "bad assignment."

"If anything happens to me," Carrigan had said to McVane, "there isn't anybody in particular to notify. I lost out in the matter of family a long time ago."

He was not a man who talked much about himself, even to the superintendent of "N" Division, yet there were a thousand who loved Dave Carrigan, and many who placed their confidences in him. Superintendent McVane had one story which he might have told, but he kept it to himself, instinctively sensing the sacredness of it. Even Carrigan did not know that the one thing which never passed his lips was known to McVane.

Of that, too, he had been thinking an hour ago. It was the thing which, first of all, had driven him into the north. And though it had twisted and disrupted the earth under his feet for a time, it had brought its compensation. For he had come to love the north with a passionate devotion. It was, in a way, his God. It seemed to him that the time had never been when he had lived any other life than this under the open skies. He was thirty-seven now. A bit of a philosopher, as philosophy comes to one in a sun-cleaned and unpolluted air. A good-humored brother of humanity, even when he put manacles on other men's wrists; graying a little over the temples—and a lover of life. Above all else he was that. A lover of life. A worshiper at the shrine of God's Country.

So he sat, that hour ago, deep in the wilderness eighty miles north of Athabasca Landing, congratulating himself on the present conditions of his existence. A hundred and eighty miles farther on was Fort McMurray, and another two

make some movement. But the power to see and to live died out of him. He sank back, with a queer sound from the girl as she flung herself, with a quick little prayer for help, on her knees in the soft, white sand beside him

hundred beyond that was Chipewyan, and still beyond that the Mackenzie and its fifteen-hundred-mile trail to the northern sea. He was glad there was no end to this world of his. He was glad there were few people in it. But these people he loved. That hour ago he had looked out on the river as two York boats had forged up against the stream, craft like the long, slim galleys of old, brought over through the Churchill and Clearwater countries from Hudson's Bay There were eight rowers in each boat. They were singing. Their voices rolled between the walls of the forests. Their naked arms and shoulders glistened in the sun. They rowed like Vikings, and to him they were symbols of the freedom of the world. He had watched them until they were gone up-stream, but it was a long time before the chanting of their voices had died away.

And then he had risen from beside his tiny fire, and had stretched himself until his muscles cracked. It was good to feel the blood running red and strong in one's veins at the age of thirty-seven. For Carrigan felt the thrill of these days when strong men were coming out of the north—days when the glory of June hung over the land, when out of the deep wildernesses threaded by the Three Rivers came romance and courage and red-blooded men and women of an almost forgotten people to laugh and sing and barter for a time with the outpost guardians of a younger and more progressive world. It was north of Fifty-Four, and the waters of a continent flowed toward the Arctic Sea. Yet soon would the strawberries be crushing red underfoot; the forest rose was in bloom, scarlet fire-flowers reddened the trail, wild hyacinths and golden-freckled violets played hide-and-seek with the forget-me-nots in the meadows, and the sky was a great splash of velvety blue. It was the north triumphant—at the edge of civilization; the north triumphant, and yet paying its tribute. For at the other end were waiting the royal Upper Ten Thousand and the smart Four Hundred with all the *beau monde* behind them, coveting and demanding that tribute to their sex—the silken furs of a far country, the life's blood and labor of a land infinitely beyond the pale of drawing-rooms and the whims of fashion.

Carrigan had thought of these things that hour ago, as he sat at the edge of the first of the Three Rivers, the great Athabasca. From down the other two, the Slave and the Mackenzie, the fur fleets of the unmapped country had been toiling since the first break-ups of ice. Steadily, week after week, the north had been

emptying itself of its picturesque tide of life and voice, of muscle and brawn, of laughter and song—and wealth. Through long months of deep winter, in ten thousand shacks and tepees and cabins, the story of this June had been written as fate had written it each winter for a hundred years or more. A story of the triumph of the fittest. A story of tears, of happiness here and there, of hunger and plenty, of new life and quick death; a story of strong men and strong women, living in the faith of their forefathers, with the best blood of old England and France still surviving in their veins.

THROUGH those same months of winter, the great captains of trade in the city of Edmonton had been preparing for the coming of the river brigades. The hundred and fifty miles of trail between that last city outpost of civilization and Athabasca Landing, the door that opened into the North, were packed hard by team and dog-sledge and packer bringing up the freight that for another year was to last the forest people of the Three River country—a domain reaching from the Landing to the Arctic Ocean. In competition fought the drivers of Reveillon Brothers and Hudson's Bay, of free trader and independent adventurer. Freight that grew more precious with each mile it advanced must reach the beginning of the waterway. It started with the early snows. The tide was at full by midwinter. In temperature that nipped men's lungs it did not cease. There was no let-up in the whip-hands of the masters of trade at Edmonton, Winnipeg, Montreal, and London across the sea. It was not a work of philanthropy. These men cared not whether Jean and Jacqueline and Pierre and Marie went well-fed or hungry, whether they lived or died, so far as humanity was concerned. But Paris, Vienna, London, and the great capitals of the earth must have their furs—and unless that freight went north, there would be no velvety offerings for the white shoulders of the world. Christmas windows two years hence would be bare. A feminine wail of grief would rise to the skies. For woman must have her furs, and in return for those furs Jean and Jacqueline and Pierre and Marie must have their freight. So the pendulum swung, as it had swung for a century or two, touching, on the one side, luxury, warmth, wealth, and beauty; on the other, cold and hardship, deep snows and open skies—with that precious freight the thing between.

And now, in this year before rail and steamboat, the glory of early summer was at hand, and the wilderness people were coming up to meet the freight. The Three Rivers—the Athabasca, the Slave, and the Mackenzie, all joining in one great two-thousand-mile waterway to the northern sea—were athrill with the wild impulse and beat of life as the forest people lived it. The Great Father had sent in his treaty money, and Cree song and Chipewyan chant joined the age-old melodies of French and half-breed. Countless canoes drove past the slower and mightier scow brigades; huge York boats with two rows of oars heaved up and down like the ancient galleys of Rome; tightly woven cribs of timber, and giant rafts made up of many cribs were ready for their long drift into a timberless country. On this two-thousand-mile waterway a world had gathered. It was the Nile of the northland, and each post and gathering place along its length was turned into a metropolis, half savage, archaic, splendid with the strength of red blood, clear eyes, and souls that read the word of God in wind and tree.

And up and down this mighty waterway of wilderness trade ran the whispering spirit of song, like the voice of a mighty god heard under the stars and in the winds.

But it was an hour ago that David Carrigan had vividly pictured these things to himself close to the big river, and many things may happen in the sixty minutes that follow any given minute in a man's life. That hour ago his one great purpose had been to bring in Black Roger Audemard, alive or dead—Black Roger, the forest fiend who had destroyed half a dozen lives in a blind passion of vengeance nearly fifteen years ago. For ten of those fifteen years it had been thought that Black Roger was dead. But mysterious rumors had lately come out of the North. He was alive. People had seen him. Fact followed rumor. His existence became certainty. The Law took up once more his hazardous trail, and David Carrigan was the messenger it sent.

"Bring him back, alive or dead," were Superintendent McVane's last words.

And now, thinking of that parting injunction, Carrigan grinned, even as the sweat of death dampened his face in the heat of the afternoon sun. For at the end of those sixty minutes that had passed since his mid-day pot of tea, the grimly, atrociously unexpected had happened, like a thunderbolt out of the azure of the sky.

II

HUDDLED behind a rock which was scarcely larger than his body, groveling in the white, soft sand like a turtle making a nest for its eggs, Carrigan told himself this without any reservation. He was, as he kept repeating to himself for the comfort of his soul, in a deuce of a fix. His head was bare—simply because a bullet had taken his hat away. His blond hair was filled with sand. His face was sweating. But his blue eyes were alight with a grim sort of humor, though he knew that unless the other fellow's ammunition ran out he was going to die.

For the twentieth time in as many minutes he looked about him. He was in the center of a flat area of sand. Fifty feet from him the river murmured gently over yellow bars and a carpet of pebbles. Fifty feet on the opposite side of him was the cool, green wall of the forest. The sunshine playing in it seemed like laughter to him now, a whimsical sort of merriment roused by the sheer effrontery of the joke which fate had inflicted upon him.

Between the river and the balsam and spruce was only the rock behind which he was cringing like a rabbit afraid to take to the open. And his rock was a mere up-jutting of the solid floor or shale that was under him. The wash sand that covered it like a carpet was not more than four or five inches deep. He could not dig in. There was not enough of it within reach to scrape up as a protection. And his enemy, a hundred yards or so away, was a determined wretch—and the deadliest shot he had ever known.

Three times Carrigan had made experiments to prove this, for he had in mind a sudden rush to the shelter of the timber. Three times he had raised the crown of his hat slightly above the top of the rock, and three times the marksmanship of the other had perforated it with neatness and dispatch. The third bullet had carried his hat a dozen feet away. Whenever he showed a patch of his clothing, a bullet replied with unerring precision. Twice they had drawn blood. And the humor faded out of Carrigan's eyes.

NOT long ago he had exulted in the bigness and glory of this country of his, where strong men met hand to hand and eye to eye. There were the other kind in it, the sort that made his profession of man-hunting a thing of reality and danger, but he expected these—forgot them—when the wilderness itself filled his vision. But his present situation was something unlike anything that had ever happened in his previous experience with the outlawed. He had faced dangers. He had fought. There were times when he had almost died. Fanchet, the half-breed who had robbed a dozen wilderness mail sledges, had come nearest to trapping him and putting him out of business. Fanchet was a desperate man and had few scruples. But even Fanchet—before he was caught—would not have cornered a man with such bloodthirsty unfairness as Carrigan found himself cornered now.

He no longer had a doubt as to what was in the other's mind. It was not to wound and make merely helpless. It was to kill. It was not difficult to prove this. Careful not to expose a part of his arm or shoulder, he drew a white handkerchief from his pocket, fastened it to the end of his rifle, and held the flag of surrender three feet above the rock. And then, with equal caution, he slowly thrust up a flat piece of shale, which at a distance of a hundred yards might appear as his shoulder or even his head. Scarcely was it four inches above the top of the rock before there came the report of a rifle, and the shale was splintered into a hundred bits.

Carrigan lowered his flag and gathered himself in tighter. The accuracy of the other's marksmanship was appalling. He knew that if he exposed himself for an instant to use his own rifle or the heavy automatic in his holster, he would be a dead man before he could press a trigger. And that time, he felt equally sure, would come sooner or later. His muscles were growing cramped. He could not forever double himself up like a four-bladed jackknife behind the altogether inefficient shelter of the rock.

His executioner was hidden in the edge of the timber, not directly opposite him, but nearly a hundred yards downstream. Twenty times he had wondered why the fiend with the rifle did not creep up through that timber and take a good, open pot-shot at him from the vantage point which lay at the end of a straight line between his rock and the nearest spruce and balsam. From that angle he could not completely shelter himself. But the man a hundred yards below had not moved a foot from his ambush since he had fired his first shot. That had come when Carrigan was crossing the open space of soft, white sand. It

SILENTLY obeying the command of the woman whom Carrigan recognized as the one who had shot him several hours before, Bateese—who might have been old Jack Ketch himself, bending over to give the final twist to a victim's neck—slipped his long arms under David, gently raised him to his feet, and then, as easily as he might have lifted a child, trundled him up in his arms and walked off with him over the sand to the canoe

had left a burning sensation at his temple—half an inch to the right and it would have killed him. Swift as the shot itself, he dropped behind the one protection at hand, the up-jutting shoulder of shale.

For a quarter of an hour he had been making efforts to wriggle himself free from his bulky shoulder-pack without exposing himself to a *coup-de-grace*. At last he had the thing off. It was a tremendous relief when he thrust it out beside the rock, almost doubling the size of his shelter. Instantly there came the crash of a bullet in it, and then another. He heard the rattle of pans, and wondered if his skillet would be any good after today.

For the first time he could wipe the sweat from his face and stretch himself. And also he could think. Carrigan possessed an unalterable faith in the infallibility of the mind. "You can do anything with the mind," was his code. "It is better than a good gun."

Now that he was physically more at ease, he began reassembling his scattered mental faculties. Who was this stranger who was pot-shotting at him with such deadly animosity from the ambush below? Who—

Another crash of lead in tinware and steel put an unpleasant emphasis to the question. It was so close to his head that it made him wince, and now—with a wider area within reach about him—he began scraping up the sand for an added protection. There came a long silence after that third clatter of distress from his cooking utensils. To David Carrigan, even in his hour of deadly peril, there was something about it that for an instant brought back the glow of humor in his eyes. It was hot, swelteringly hot, in that packet of sand with the unclouded sun almost straight overhead. He could have tossed a pebble to where a bright-eyed sandpiper was cocking itself backward and forward, its jerky movements accompanied by friendly little tittering noises. Everything about him seemed friendly. The river rippled and murmured in cooling song just beyond the sandpiper. On the other side the still cooler forest was a paradise of shade and contentment, astir with subdued and hidden life. It was nesting season. He heard the twitter of birds. A tiny, brown wood warbler fluttered out to the end of a silvery birch limb, and it seemed to David that its throat must surely burst with the burden of its song. The little fellow's brown body, scarcely larger than a butternut, was swelling up like a round ball in his effort to vanquish all other song.

"Go to it, old man," chuckled Carrigan. "Go to it!"

The little warbler, that he might have crushed between thumb and forefinger, gave him a lot of courage.

Then the tiny chorister stopped for breath. In that interval Carrigan listened to the wrangling of two vivid-colored Canada jays deeper in the timber. Chronic scolds they were, never without a grouch. They were like some people Carrigan had known, born pessimists, always finding something to complain about, even in their love days.

And these were love days. That was the odd thought that came to Carrigan as he lay half on his face, his fingers slowly and cautiously working a loophole between his shoulder-pack and the rock. They were love days all up and down the big rivers, where men and women sang for joy, and children played, forgetful of the long, hard days of winter. And in forest, plain, and swamp was this spirit of love also triumphant over the land. It was the mating season of all feathered things. In countless nests were the peeps and twitters of new life; mothers of first-born were teaching their children to swim and fly; from end to end of the forest world the little children of the silent places, furred and feathered, clawed and hoofed, were learning the ways of life. Nature's yearly birthday was half-way gone, and the doors of nature's school wide open. And the tiny brown songster at the end of his birch twig proclaimed the joy of it again, and challenged all the world to beat him in his adulation.

Carrigan found that he could peer between his pack and the rock to where the other warbler was singing—and where his enemy lay watching for the opportunity to kill. It was taking a chance. If a movement betrayed his loophole, his minutes were numbered. But he had worked cautiously, an inch at a time, and was confident that the beginning of his effort to fight back was, up to the present moment, undiscovered. He believed that he knew about where the ambushed man was concealed. In the edge of a low-hanging mass of balsam was a fallen cedar. From behind the butt of that cedar he was sure the shots had come.

And now, even more cautiously than he had made the tiny opening, he began to work the muzzle of his rifle through the loophole. As he did this he was thinking of Black Roger Audemard. And yet, almost as quickly as suspicion leaped into his mind, he told himself that the thing was impossible. It could not be Black Roger, or one of Black Roger's friends, behind the cedar log. The idea was inconceivable, when he considered how carefully the secret of his mission had been kept at the Landing. He had not even said goodby to his best friends. And because Black Roger had won through all the preceding years, Carrigan was stalking his prey out of uniform. There had been nothing to betray him. Besides, Black Roger Audemard must be at least a thousand miles north, unless something had tempted him to come up the rivers with the spring brigades. If he used logic at all, there was but one conclusion for him to arrive at. The man in ambush was some rascally half-breed who coveted his outfit and whatever valuables he might have about his person.

A fourth smashing eruption among his comestibles and culinary possessions came to drive home the fact that even that analysis of the situation was absurd. Whoever was behind the rifle fire had small respect for the contents of his pack, and he was surely not in grievous need of a good gun or ammunition. A sticky mess of condensed cream was running over Carrigan's hand. He doubted if there was a whole tin in his kit.

For a few moments he lay quietly on his face after the fourth shot. His eyes were turned toward the river, and on the far side, a quarter of a mile away, three canoes were moving swiftly up the slow current of the stream. The sunlight flashed on their wet sides. The gleam of dripping paddles was like the flutter of silvery birds' wings, and across the water came an unintelligible shout in response to the rifle shot. It occurred to David that he might make a trumpet of his hands and shout back, but the distance was too great for his voice to carry its message for help. Besides, now that he had the added protection of the pack, he felt a certain sense of humiliation at the thought of showing the white feather. A few minutes more, if all went well, and he would settle for the man behind the log.

He continued again the slow operation of worming his rifle barrel between the pack and the rock. The near-sighted little sandpiper had discovered him and seemed interested in the operation. It had come a dozen feet nearer, and was perking its head and seesawing on its long legs as it watched with inquisitive inspection the unusual manifestation of life behind the rock. Its tittering note had changed to an occasional sharp and querulous cry. Carrigan wanted to wring its neck. That cry told the other fellow that he was still alive and moving.

It seemed an age before his rifle was through, and every moment he expected another shot. He flattened himself out, Indian fashion, and sighted along the barrel. He was positive that his enemy (*Continued on page 128*)

OLD WISDOM

By Margaret Widdemer

It will seem so easy, when I look back some day,
All the things I should not do, all I leave undone;
"Why, it was so simple, was so foolish," I shall say,
"A silence here at morning, a swift word at set of sun!"

It will be so clear then, when I recall, and see
The far years, the past years, unchanging then as stone,
All I build or shatter now, all that baffles me;
Saying, "But this thing was plain; but that I should have known!"

I shall mock her blindness then, under sunset skies,
The foolish girl who gropes today in morning sun and storm . . .
O far-off woman I shall be, done with life, and wise—
Give me of your wisdom now, while life is wild and warm!

IRA L. HILL'S STUDIO

MRS. ELIZABETH SEARS of New York is the godmother of the Federation. As official organizer, she visited every state in the Union during the past year, leaving three hundred clubs in her wake. Because of her unique experience Mrs. Sears knows more business women throughout the country than any other woman in America. And more than all this, she is the mother of two sons who served overseas during the war

What *Business* Teaches Women

As Shown by the Second Convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women

By Elizabeth O. Toombs

WHEN Mrs. Maud Wood Park and her committee of women voters appeared before the Rules Committees at the Republican and Democratic conventions, her opening words not only won the friendliness of the men but captured their interest. "Gentlemen," she said, "we come not to blame you for anything done in the past. We know that if women had been in control of government during these centuries, we, too, would have placed the interests of our own sex first. We would have passed laws and governed our communities for the benefit of women. We, too, would have ignored the demands of the less important sex, even as you men have done. This is but human, and we do not question your motives in making this a man's world. We would have made it a woman's world. But we women today stand politically on an equal footing with you men, and we now desire our share in the government of the future."

The attitude expressed by Mrs. Park is exactly that assumed by the woman who has gone into the business and professional world. She realizes that this great outside world has been made by man, and that until recently woman has been given but a grudging place in it. The past decade has witnessed as great an advance in woman's place in business as in politics. To stabilize her position and further increase her authority, five hundred members of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women met at St. Paul a few weeks ago. More than fifty professions and many thousand women were represented at this second convention of the Federation, and more than one popular misconception was severely scotched.

A composite picture of the business woman as she appeared at St. Paul is eye-opening. The first impression is one of intense good health. Where is the fragile lady of yesteryear? In her place is a radiant creature with good physique, strong clear eyes, splendid vitality. She is filled to the brim with the zest of living and of victory, for the successful business woman has necessarily come off victor in many a fight. She is intelligent and thinks clearly and forcefully. She speaks and acts with authority, because she has learned how to handle money, other women, and, above all, herself. She is essentially human and as proud of her ability to make and keep a home as any masculine breadwinner could be. She serves in the Chamber of Commerce, the last stronghold held by the business man, (*Continued on page 192*)

FRANK WESTON BENSON, for over thirty years an instructor in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, has put on canvas and the metal plate many subjects of rare merit. The etchings shown here were selected from almost a score, all of them worthy of praise, showing wild ducks and geese in many stages of flight. Hunters and nature lovers will treasure them for their beauty as well as their correct delineation of the motion of these splendid water-fowl

COURTESY OF KNOEDLER GALLERIES, N. Y.

LAND O' DREAMS

THESE pictures are not for everybody. "Just some more birds," you may say, but the memories of the elect will glow as they recall how, perhaps on some far-off day, they stood in dew-wet meadows or shadowed marshlands or on a November hill and thrilled to the sudden whir of ducks tearing out of the morning or dashing into the sunset, or to the stately, unhurried trailing across the skies of orderly flocks of geese. Imagination flew with them, picturing their goal, the land of their desire. And always there was wonder that a living thing could move with such terrific speed or a ponderous body mount with such ease and grace and fly so tirelessly. The inventors of human flight must have been led into their own land o' dreams through the conquest of the heavens by these living, heavier-than-air machines

"Such old stories—it's too long ago!"
"My land, it's awful interestin' "—it's

THE SECRET

By Mary Brecht Pulver

Illustrated by Walter Biggs

THE night was drawing in fast. Already, through the window facing east, the skyline had darkened. It had gone a thick violet gray, a wintry dun, with here and there across the wind-swept meadows, with their carpeting of snow, a spear or two of golden light where some farmhouse lamp had just been lighted. But to westward, looking from the little window where old Emily King still sat sewing, there was a rosy glory, a ball of radiant color swathed in sheeted pearl. There was still enough light easily to see the line of tiny, invisible stitching she was removing in the impalpable cloud of snowy crêpe that lay over her knees. It went beyond her knees. It billowed down over the clean towel she had drawn over her black mohair skirt, and on to the capacious lap of a rocking chair, and even the most untutored mind would have sensed the atmosphere spelled by that spotless fluff with its touch of crushed virgin satin and tracery of tiny seed-pearl beads.

It was bridal finery Emily sewed on—the last stitches to some marriage garment which she handled with deft, swift fingers. The thought of all three women in the room converged upon it inevitably. Only a moment earlier Lotty Boardman had deplored the fact that it was to be worn at a November wedding.

"So cold and bleak-like," Lotty pronounced, creaking comfortably back and forth beside the parlor heater on the little rattan rocker. Lotty was apt to make any chair creak—a full-bodied, black-eyed woman still under forty, the wife of the blacksmith, and the mother of three strapping youngsters.

She had been to a meeting of the Lady Maccabees, and had dropped in on her way home to see if Emily King could make her new green waist. She had been a very poor young girl and quite beneath even the Kings, but what with being twice married and living now in the neat, new house Abel Boardman had bought, and being on the same committee with Mrs. Squire Stiles, and having on her best blue suit and plumes this afternoon, she was inclined to be a bit condescending in her position of patroness to old maid Em'ly King.

She had been more or less exacting about details and minutiæ on the green waist, as one who would give the impression of accustomedness to certain niceties, standards. There had been an undercurrent of doubt as to whether Emily could please her. But now they had all come to Clarice Burden's wedding tomorrow.

"I wouldn't be married in the wintertime, let come what might. I say June or May's the only decent time. You want all the flowers you can get," she added, surveying her sleek, thick hands complacently. The glow of the firelight came through the isinglass and painted them rosy pink. There was a big near-garnet on her finger, that gleamed like a crimson eye.

"Oh, a wedding's sweet any time," demurred Emily politely. She was a tall, frail-looking woman of sixty, with iron-gray hair crimped neatly over her ears, a long, rather pensive, pale face, two pairs of spectacles riding her nose, one steel-rimmed, slightly below the other. She had on a gray flannelette waist with a small, black shoulder-shawl. A tape hung around her neck, and a little, olive-green velvet pin-cushion was pinned at her belt to hold her pins, but she had forgotten this evidently, for the front of her blouse bristled with them, thrust in horizontally. Lotty Boardman had already noticed this amusedly.

"My heavens, she's thin. Wouldn't I screech if I done that!" she thought, comparing her amplitude to Emily's meagerness.

"Oh, you women that never had a wedding always say that." She wanted to say "old maids," but politeness constrained her. "I say there's weddings and weddings. You tell me she won't have a veil. I'd call that a pretty poor kind. I wore veils to both mine. I say you don't feel a bride unless."

"Yes, I think a veil's pretty—like mist. But Clarice's wedding will be small. She'll wear some flowers and this Georgette dress. I'd like to have made her wedding-dress, but they're so smart now with their ready-mades. I didn't need to do but a little pinching-in to fit it."

"Em'ly's made a lot of wedding-dresses in her time." It was Emily's old mother who spoke, a thin, shadowy old lady with a cracked, sweet voice, sitting in the dimness on the other side of the room. She remembered buying buttermilk from little Lotty Ruggles years before, just a dirty-faced, bare-legged little village girl then. She remembered it plainly. She did not like Lotty, her vulgarity, or her manner with Emily. But Lotty had some money now, and beggars can't be choosers.

"She made a great many. There was a time no girl thought she could be married 'less Em'ly made her dress."

"Now, ma, don't boast."

"Yes, I s'pose," Lotty conceded politely.

She kept on with her creaking, turning her garnet ring round and round, while her eyes absorbed the details of the little sitting-room parlor—the looped-back Nottinghams; the mantel with its silkoline drape, its sheaf of family "photos," its tremulous-voiced clock, a miscellany of china bits, a flowered cardboard plaque with "The Lord Is My Shepherd" on it. No detail, from the iron window-standards and faded gray-brown ingrain to the motley chairs of cane, horsehair, and rattan and the shabby dresses of the two women, but brought a complacent glow to her heart. She thought inevitably of the warm splendors of her own parlor—the lamp with its red glass shade; the green plush rope portières, the silver-framed photographs; the birch piano with its hand-painted scarf—pansies on parrot-green satin; the soap-premium Oriental rug of vivid reds and blues.

The two Kings were "bad off" and no mistake. The warmth from the fire penetrated her pleasantly. As the final expression of bodily comfort, Lotty opened her purse and extracted a pack of mint chewing-gum and slipped a powdery brown rectangle into her mouth.

"Have one," she offered, but the others declined.

"I don't s'pose it is real elegant," she laughed, "but it helps me when I get heartburn. Yes, I s'pose Miss Em'ly's made lots of wedding-dresses," she reverted.

"More'n a hundred. From way back when Mrs. Judge Ellsler got married. Em'ly was only a young girl to handle such a fine dress. They got the stuff in Philadelphia—some kind of brocade with a tarlatan overskirt and little crystal bugles. It was a pull-back made over a bustle, and Kate Ellsler—she was Kate Todd—certainly looked fine going up the aisle. A fine-looking girl, but I d'know which was more flustrated, the girl getting married or the girl that made the dress. It was a lovely wedding. They had the ice-cream in fancy molds. I remember mine was a sheaf of wheat. It was so pretty I wanted to keep it.

"But then there were other fine dresses too. That Miss Marion Wallace, the reciter who married a man out of her own concert company, sent her measurements all the way down from Bennington to Em'ly. I've got a piece of her dress saved somewheres yet—and Mis' Emory Wilson's. Hers was heavy white satin; it almost stood alone. Em'ly had to make it over a pattern that came all the way from France. And then there were all the others—some fine, some quite cheap goods, like the little Madison girl's that was only cotton mull, but Em'ly made them all pretty. And I d'know but the muslin ones were full as sweet as the silk. Em'ly got such a look like white flowers to them."

"Now, ma," old Miss Emily said amusedly.

"MOTHER always admired Elwood," Miss Em'ly spoke musingly. "But you didn't set any great store by him—is that it?" "Yes," said Miss Em'ly slowly, "I set a great deal of store by him." She stopped and after a moment spoke as though to herself, "You see, I loved him"

"Well, well, but ain't that like life! Makin' all those weddin' dresses fur other people, but not gittin' one herself," Lotty philosophized.

"It's not but what she could have had one." The frail old voice sharpened. "It was Em'ly's choice not to have one."

"Now, ma," old Emily King lifted her head with a faint flush and spoke more briskly. "I wouldn't go into that. I wouldn't go to talking that way."

"Well, it's the truth, Em'ly. You never did tell me why you differed. But I could tell it was you. Elwood Clark set a lot of store by you with his gifts and coming here so regular. If ever there was a nice beau for a girl, he was one—and nobody more respectful to a girl's mother. And I'm not going to have Lotty here think you had no beau."

"A beau—one beau!" Lotty laughed a little. "My goodness, how funny it'd seem just to have one beau! To a person that's had lots, I mean. Ma used to say she couldn't move around fur steppin' on fellas when I was a girl."

"Well, I never had much attention." Miss Emily smiled above her fluff of crêpe, but her cheek grew faintly pink.

"'Twas your fault, Em'ly. With the others, Em'ly was sort of stand-offish when she was young. She was a pretty girl, pretty as any, but stand-offish."

"Well, that don't pay—if a girl wants comp'ny," Lotty averred.

She studied old Em'ly King with idle speculation—the flannelette waist, the olive pincushion, the double spectacles, the iron-gray hair. Impossible that old Emily King had ever been pretty—pretty, say, with full young curves, round, red cheeks, and snappy, black eyes—the Abe Boardman ideal! Not but what some folks construed prettiness in queer ways. Clarice Burden, now—a young, college-bred bean-pole, without a speck of color and queer, greeny-gray eyes. They said she'd been engaged twice, and some folks even said she was beautiful. But every one to his fancy, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. Emily King—she couldn't have been pretty!

"Yes, but that was Em'ly's way, though not so much with Elwood Clark. I remember the Sunday he walked home with her first time. Em'ly had a new dress, a challie with a little pink sprig—sort of a polonay it was—and a shell hat with a pink feather. My, you wouldn't know it to look at Em'ly now. Her face was all lit up when she came in, and Elwood stayed all evening. A grand young man, too, well-raised. He had a little mustache, sort of Frenchified, and a checked suit. He was here for the summer, writing some kind of book, and well—they were certainly sweet on each other. There was a while he was with her every blessed evening."

"Ma, I wish you wouldn't. T'won't interest Lotty here. Such old stories—it's too long ago."

"My land, it's awful interestin', I'm sure," Lotty yawned politely. "I never thought of you havin' a beau at all, Miss Em'ly."

It occurred to her vaguely that she had never considered old maid Em'ly King as a woman at all, hardly as a human being, even; only as a sort of animated tape measure and needle-case. Something impersonal, inhuman, forever dissociate from human emotions and experiences, a person exactly where she belonged, a servitor to other people's wishes. Now it occurred to her that there had been another Miss Em'ly, somebody with young blood. Somebody who "lit up" when a man had singled her out—who, perhaps, had felt as she herself had felt the night Abel Boardman with his handsome muscles and boldly admiring eyes had come up to her the first time, at the Raffertys' party, that curious sensation of the woman chosen. But it was funny to think of it in connection with Emily King. Under the pressure of her thought Lotty felt a faint, perfunctory interest in old Emily's youth, what like of woman she had been, what manner of adventure she had known.

"Well, she had a fine beau, an' a good one, I'm telling you. Elwood Clark was a polite young man, I always say. Em'ly didn't treat him right. He brought her beautiful things, too—albums and an inlaid work-box. You couldn't buy the like in the village here. And a little teakwood elephant that came from Ceylon. And why Em'ly didn't want him!" The old voice sounded suddenly fretful. "I remember he said to me himself, 'Em'ly'd be a grand wife for a man.' Land knows, he wanted Em'ly enough. I asked him myself once what there was to it, and he said—I remember it as plain—the last evening he was here, 'Em'ly's got a real hard heart, Mis' King. She won't listen to me.' An' I always say if she'd married and taken Elwood, she wouldn't be at everybody's beck and call, sewing for any Tom, Dick, and Harry—Well, Em'ly, I won't say another word, if you don't like. I'm sure I wasted enough breath at the time trying to p'suade you." The old lady rose suddenly irritated, smoothing down her shabby skirts with tremulous hands. "I'll go out and start supper. I'm going to cream some dried beef, and if you could go up to the bakery for fried cakes, Emily—"

"I'll go, mother. I'll walk up with Lotty."

The old mother moved noiselessly from the room, and Emily snapped her thread above the last stitch. It was too dark now to take another, if one were needed. A moment her hands lay idle in the soft crêpe fluff, her eyes turned out to the western fields where the sun had almost gone, leaving a layer of rich and angry purple across the lustrous field. The room was so dim now that only the core of fire glowed, and the scarlet spark on Lotty's finger. The women's faces were mere gray-white daubs against the shadow.

A sense of great creature comfort filled the air, a warm, secure, wrapped feeling here close to the fire, in utter contrast to the steely November evening without. Under its touch Lotty, relaxing more and more, had slipped away, reverting to stored memory of her own, perhaps. She spoke suddenly, with a little, philosophic sigh:

"Men—men can certainly mess up a woman's life. Can't they, Miss Em'ly?"

Old Em'ly King turned her head, black-etched against the pane. "I don't know. I don't know anything about—men. Just the one," she added quietly.

"Oh, I know you don't. One's nothing. You gotta know 'em a lot, an' even then a person's got to be sharp. Still," Lotty added politely, "one's that much better'n none. Provided he's the right kind. Like this Elwood your ma tells about."

"Mother always admired Elwood," Miss Em'ly spoke musingly.

"But you didn't set any great store by him—that it?"

"Yes," said Miss Em'ly slowly. "I set a great deal of store by him." She stopped and after a moment spoke as though to herself, "You see, I loved him."

It was not the voice of old Em'ly King. It came startlingly abrupt, new, and alien to Lotty's ear, a deeper, more womanly note than the dressmaker's usual mild treble. It was patently not the voice of the gaunt, old spinster with her tape and olive pincushion, but of some one younger, more living—some hidden being that slept beneath Miss Em'ly's surface.

It came so raw and abruptly nude of phrase that Lotty brought her feet together abruptly, a little startled. "Then conscience sake, Miss Em'ly, why didn't you marry him, like your ma said? I shouldn't think you'd be the one to play fast and loose, raised like you were."

"Fast and loose!" Miss Emily's voice came back slightly agitated, as though her bosom rose in troubled, conscience-stricken repudiation, her delicately scrupulous nature were outraged at the implication. "I *couldn't* play fast and loose, Lotty. I wasn't the kind. That's mother's idea. I should have corrected it. It—it throws one in a wrong light. And yet—how could I let her know? It was enough for me to bear—You see, it wasn't I who didn't care to marry. It was Elwood who wouldn't—marry me!"

"He wouldn't marry you!" Lotty drew a long, hissing breath. A sudden rich, compassionate condescension toward Miss Em'ly filled her.

"My land, (*Continued on page 198*)

The Wonderful Story

by I. A. R. Wylie would make any magazine distinguished. It is only one of the twenty stories and features that will make the Christmas Good Housekeeping a wonderful magazine. Published November 20

The most weighty of Washington institutions is ca'ling, for custom demands that all calls must be returned by the hostess. On her first day at home Mrs. Daniels received 968 calls

Being a *Cabinet Member's* Wife

Mrs. Josephus Daniels *talks to* Marjorie Shuler

WHAT is his wife like? What has she done? What can she do? These questions concerning the wives of national political candidates are coming in rapid fire from the millions of American women who have the responsibility and privilege of casting their first vote in November.

The American people have always been interested in the private life of the men upon whom rest the responsibilities of government. There has always been a demand for information regarding the home-making qualities and the social attainments of their wives. It has perhaps not been so clearly understood that women in official life have, of necessity, always been concerned with political affairs. Now with the increasing understanding of citizenship and its duties which is coming to all women throughout the country, it is demanded of these women that they more openly prove their ability to give public as well as home service.

From some city of our country, a woman will go to Washington within the next few months to take up the duties of "First Lady of the Land," standing more conspicuously, perhaps, than has any other wife of a President of the United States before the people of the country. Less from her than from her predecessors will be demanded the little personal stories of family relationship and social leadership. But more from her than from any other "First Lady of the Land" will be expected in the way of leadership in national welfare.

Shortly after her arrival in Washington there will be summoned ten other women from the length and breadth of the country to accompany their husbands—the ten members of the new President's cabinet. Because they will come from many different sections, these women will be personally known to thousands of American women. The unusual situations in which they will find themselves, the joys and difficulties of their days, will interest many other women.

While the heaviest burden falls upon the woman who is mistress in the White House, exacting requirements will be made, too, on these women who, with their husbands, will compose what is called the President's official family.

No matter how trained they may be in organization affairs, no matter how skilled in managing their relationships with other people, they will find awaiting them an overwhelming task. They will encounter traditions and precedents which have been in the making ever since President Washington summoned three men to his aid in administering national affairs, down to the present cabinet of ten men, named by the President, endorsed by Congress, and placed in charge of the ten most important departments of what is termed the executive branch of our national government.

Mr. Daniels often says that the duties of a cabinet member's wife are as strenuous as those of a cabinet member, and the youngest of my four boys asked me during the first year of our residence in Washington, "Doesn't a cabinet lady have a single day off?"

The average morning of a cabinet member's wife is filled with letter writing, reading newspapers and magazines dealing with public affairs of which she must have knowledge, philanthropic duties, and organization meetings. Her afternoons are taken up with charitable affairs for which she often acts as patroness, social affairs, and that most weighty of Washington institutions, calling. An evening at home is rare indeed, for dinners and receptions crowd the season.

Many of the laws of the calling system, hitherto regarded as inviolable as any of the Medes and Persians, were broken under the pressure of war work, and will probably never again be enforced as vigorously as before. Each official group in Washington has one day at home during the week, the cabinet women having Wednesday. On my first day at home in Washington I received 968 calls, which custom demanded that I return. That is an extreme number, but on my day at home each week I have from 250 to 450 calls. Since forty calls are considered a large number to be made in one afternoon, it can easily be seen that if every afternoon were spent in that fashion a hostess would still not be able to keep up with her list. Seventy is the largest number of calls I have made in a single afternoon. When it is understood that calls should be made on the hostess' (*Continued on page 225*)

The children are starting another crusade. This one will not fail, because it seeks no useless
of frontiers and races and religions, they are being bound together in a service for one an-

The CHILDREN'S

By Rose Wilder Lane

This is one of the stories for which we sent Mrs. Lane to Europe. If she got nothing else, this one magnificent, heart-throbbing story would have repaid

IN the houses on that pleasant American street, it was not necessary to look at the clock to know that it was noon. The voices of the children announced it in a burst of joyous clamor, when the open school doors poured them out upon the sidewalks. For the moment the other business of the street disappeared before them; their coming was like an invasion from another world, for what can we really know of that intense and passionately interesting life bounded by the school walls, preoccupied with lessons, recitations, notes slipped from hand to hand, interlacings of secret glances, rivalries, friendships, all in an atmosphere of chalk-dust and erasers whispering on blackboards? These little beings that are the very core of our lives have a life of their own now, filled with its own facts and dreams. Out of it they burst upon us abruptly with surprises, with requests and statements logical to them and amazing to us; for the things that are important to us have no meaning for them, and the great matters that absorb them fill us with hidden laughter.

The sound of the children's voices in the street was a signal to my hostess. She lifted the lid of the little oven on the gas burner to test the baking potatoes, and opened the ice-box. I sliced bread while she filled the glasses with milk, and in a moment, with a banging of doors and a clatter in the hall, the children were there. Rosy, happy, bursting with all the news of the morning, they climbed into chairs and seized knives and forks, and the business of eating proceeded in that distracted incoherence that children always bring to a table.

"But, dear, perhaps he was mistaken. I'm sure his mother wouldn't—No, Helen, eat all your potato, first. Dear, *please* don't hold your knife that way. I think I put the whistle on the shelf in the hall closet. Are you sure the teacher wants you to bring it?—Bobby, you really mustn't take such big mouthfuls—"

Through this customary confusion a request cut its way suddenly.

"Mama, give me a quarter?"

"Yes, mama, I want one, too!"

"So do I!"

It was one of the tiny crises that filled their mother's busy, homemaking days. There are so many ways to spend seventy-five cents. And there were still bills for the new school clothes and books, shoes were already scuffed out at the toes, tablets and pencils and hair-ribbons must be bought, Christmas was coming.

How could the children know what arguments would move the incomprehensible adult mind? They knew only that it was infinitely important that they have that money. They could do nothing without her assistance; they were helpless, but valiant. "Everybody's going to take a quarter," they said. And, "It's for poor children in—in France and places." Then with an air of finality they pronounced the name of a great organization to which, for four years, Americans had given with lavish hands. Their mother sighed.

"Well, bring me my purse. It's in the top bureau drawer."

They kissed her, warmly and shyly, and started away with a heedless rapidity that disturbed the hall rugs, and were called back to put on their rubbers, and were gone, leaving the nervous house to settle into quietness again.

While we washed the dishes their mother said thoughtfully: "I suppose we should be glad to have enough to eat and wear—of course when you think of the children in Europe—but surely there ought to be some way for Europe to begin taking care of them by this time. I don't want to be

goal, but a better world for childhood. In terms of the twentieth century, and across barriers other that must ultimately make the world united and peaceful—a spiritual league of nations

C R U S A D E

Decorations by W. T. Benda

her, but she has already sent another powerful, disturbing one called "The Insidious Enemy"—an enemy of all men. It will appear in an early issue

selfish, but after all we have our own to think of, and it seems to me I've done nothing for four years but give and give."

Thinking of our own American children in slums and factories, of our thousands of babies dying for want of food and care, of the ignorance, malnutrition, and disease in our own country, her feeling seemed justified. It has taken eight thousand miles of travel by land and sea and a thousand years of going backward into primitive conditions of living to show me how wrong we were in this attitude. I am humble about it, for it seems to me now that the children knew. It seems to me that they understood, somewhere in that secrecy of children's souls to which we never quite penetrate, that they were not offering a day's charity to a day's hunger, but that they were embarking upon a great adventure in living. I think the fourteen million of them in America know, as the children of France, Italy, Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, and Montenegro know, that they are beginning again, in terms of the twentieth century, a Children's Crusade toward a better world than we have given them.

In every country the movement has its shepherds who have seen a vision, but it is the faith of the children that is making it a movement history will record when the great war has become a date to be memorized. Children are so weak, so dependent, so charmingly funny in their first startled encounters with facts, that even when we love them we do not consider them seriously, as we consider parliaments or armies. They grow up around our feet, as saplings grow in a forest. But tomorrow they will be the forest. In thirty years the children will be the world, they will be its parliaments and armies; and today they are uniting, across barriers of frontiers and races and religions, in a movement to make that world united and peaceful.

They are meeting on the one fundamental human basis, for the one experience common to all human beings is the experience of being a child in an unknown world; and they are saying to each other: "Let us begin our investigation of this strange planet by knowing that we are friends. That is the first fact. And the second fact is that we are all alike. We all want to be happy and good, each in our own way; we all want to be loved, and to play and to learn and to taste the curious flavors of living, to climb mountains and measure stars and watch the ways of insects and animals and plants. We like the same fairy tales, dream the same dreams, and feel the same pains. If there are quarrels between us, they are only little quarrels that we shall soon forget, for we have begun by playing together and picking each other up when we fall, and we shall go on to studying and working together. We are really friends and always shall be."

They do not say these things with words; children need not trouble with the clumsiness of words, for their clear feelings are not yet obscured by the complexities of thinking. But this is the spirit in which, from the red-gabled houses of France, from the olive groves of Italy, from the shadow of medieval castle walls in Austria, the low, white villages of Czecho-Slovakia, and the windowless stone huts of Montenegro, the children are rising to join the children of America, as their spirit marches eastward across Europe. There is something in this too big to be written. There is a hope in it that flutters and grows faint when it encounters the harsh realities we know. We have learned too much since the thirteenth century to believe that children can redeem the sins of the world. One must be a child again to believe that. (*Continued on page 175*)

Elodie upbraided the war for his failure the night before. It had changed everything. It had changed the heart of France. Andrew leaned toward her, his hand held up as a signal of arrest. "The fault is not that of France, my dear Elodie. Perhaps the war may have something to do with it. But the fault is mine"

The MOUNTEBANK

By Wm. J. Locke

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

WHILE Lady Auriol Dayne was rocking about the Outer Hebrides, we find Andrew Lackaday in Paris confronted with the grim necessity of earning a livelihood. His pre-war savings had amounted to no fortune, and in spite of Elodie's economy and occasional earnings with her birds, his money was well-nigh spent. The dearness of everything! Elodie wrung her hands. Where once you had change out of a franc, now you had none out of a five-franc note. Andrew could still carry on comfortably for a year, but that would be the end of it.

When he propounded the financial situation, Elodie did not understand.

"I must work," said he.

"But generals don't work," she protested incredulously.

Even the war had developed little of the Marseilles *gamine's* conceptions of life. A general—she knew no grades, a modest brigadier ranking second only to a field marshal—was a general. He commanded an army. A military demi-god invested with a glory which, *ipso facto*, of its own essence, provided him with ample wealth. And once a general, always a general. The mere fact of no longer being employed in the command of armies did not matter. The rank remained, and with the rank the golden stream to maintain it.

And, when Andrew had patiently explained:

"They give you nothing at all for being a general?" she almost screamed. "Then what's the good of being a general?"

"None, that I can see," he replied with his grim smile.

Elodie's illusions fell clattering round about her ears—not her illusions as to generals, but her illusions as to Andrew and British military prestige. She was bitterly disappointed. She had lived for nearly a year in Andrew's glory. Now

there seemed to be no shine in it whatever. He wore no uniform. He received no pay. He was a mere civilian. He had to work for his living like any demobilized *poilu* who returned to his counter or his conductor's step on the tramway. And she had made such a flourish among all her acquaintance with "her husband, the general." She went off by herself and wept.

For a time Andrew sought in France that which he had failed to find in England, but with even less chance of success. In France he found no employment at all; the gates round which the demobilized wistfully gathered led nowhere. As at the War Office, so at military headquarters in Paris. Brass-hatted friends wrung him warmly by the hand, condoled with his lot, and genially gave him to understand that he stood not a dog's chance of getting in anywhere. Why hadn't he worried the people at home for a foreign billet? There were plenty going, but as to their nature they confessed vagueness. He had put in for several, said he, but had always been turned down. The friends shook their heads. In Paris, nothing doing. Andrew walked away sadly.

Notwithstanding his supreme qualities of personal courage, command, and military intuition Andrew Lackaday as a would-be soldier of fortune proved a complete failure. For him, as he presented himself, the tired world, in its nebulous schemes of reconstruction, had no place.

Every day, when he got home, Elodie would ask:

"*Eh bien?* Have you found anything?"

And he would say, gaunt and worried, but smiling, "Not yet."

As the days passed, her voice grew sharper, until it seemed to carry the reproach of the wife of the laborer out of work. But she never pressed him further. She knew his moods and his queer silence, and the inadvisability of forcing his confidence. In spite of her disappointment and disillusion, some of the glamour still invested him. A man of mystery, inspiring a certain awe, he frightened her a little. A No Man's Land, unknown, terrifying, on which she dared not venture a foot, lay between them. He was the kind and courteous ghost of the Sergeant and the Major with whom she had made high festival during the war.

At last, one afternoon, he cast the bomb calmly at her feet.

"I've just been to see Moignon," said he.

"*Eh bien?*"

"He says there will be no difficulty."

She turned on him her coarse, puzzled face. "No difficulty in what?"

"In going back to the stage."

She sank upon the yellow and brown striped sofa by the wall and regarded him, open-mouthed. "*Tu dis?*"

"I must do like all other *démobilisés*—return to my trade."

Elodie nearly fainted.

For months the prospect had hung over them like a doom—ever since the brigade which he commanded in England had dissolved through demobilization, and he, left in the air, had applied disastrously to the War Office for further employment.

Put him in the midst of a seething mass of soldiery, he could command, straighten out chaos into mechanical perfection of order, guide willing men unquestioned into the jaws of death. Put him on the stage of a music hall, and he could keep six plates in the air at a time. Outside these two spheres he could, as far as the world would try him, do nothing. He had to live. He was young, under forty. The sap of life still ran rich in his veins. And not only must he live, but the woman bound to him by a hundred ties, the woman woven by an almost superstitious weft into his early career, the woman whose impeccable loyalty as professional partner had enabled him to make his tiny fortune, the woman whose faithful affection had persisted through the long years of the war's enforced neglect, the woman who without his support — unthinkable idea — would perish from inanition — he knew her — Elodie must live, in the comfort and freedom from anxiety to which the years of unquestioning dependence had accustomed her. Cap and bells again; there was no other way out.

After all, perhaps it was the best and most honest. Even if he had found a semi-military or administrative career abroad, what would become of Elodie? Not in a material sense, of course. The same provision would be made for her welfare as during the last five years. The very conditions of such an appointment would prevent her accompanying him. The problem had appeared insoluble. Desperately he had put off the solution till the crisis should come. But he had felt unhappy, shrinking from the possibility of base action. The thought of

Andrew sat by the wooden table in front of a cracked and steaming mirror and transformed himself from General Lackaday into the mountebank, Petit Patou

Elodie had often paralyzed his energy in seeking work. Now, however, he could face the world with a clear conscience. He had cut himself adrift from Lady Auriol and her world. Fate linked him forever to Elodie. All that remained was to hide his honors and his name under the cloak of *Petit Patou*.

It took him some time to convince Elodie of the necessity of returning to the old life. She repeated her cry that generals do not perform on the music-hall stage. The decision outraged her sense of the fitness of things. She yielded as to an irresistible and unreasoning force.

"And I, then? Must I tour with you, as before?" she asked in dismay, for she was conscious of increased coarseness of body and sluggishness of habit.

HE frowned. "It is true I might find another assistant — "

But she quickly interrupted the implied reproach. She could not fail him in her duty. "No, no. I will go. But you will have to teach me all over again. I only asked for information."

"We'll begin rehearsals, then, as soon as possible," he replied with a smile.

A few days afterward, Bakkus, who had been absent from Paris, entered the salon with his usual unceremoniousness and beheld an odd spectacle. The prim chairs had been piled on the couch by the wall, the table pushed into a corner, and on the vacant space, Elodie, in her old dancer's practising kit, bodice and knickerbockers, once loose but now tight to grotesqueness, and Andrew in undervest and old gray flannels, were perspiringly engaged with pith balls in the elementary art of the juggler. Elodie, on beholding him, clutched a bursting corsage with both hands, uttered a little squeak, and bolted like an overfed rabbit.

Bakkus laughed out loud. "What the devil? Is this the relaxation of the great or the aberrations of the asylum?"

Andrew grinned and shook hands. "My dear old chap, I'm so glad you've come back. Sit down." He shifted the table which blocked the way to the two armchairs by the stove. "Elodie and I are getting into training for the next campaign." He mopped his forehead, wiped his hands, and with the old acrobat instinct jerked the handkerchief across the room. "You're looking very well," said he.

"I'm splendid," said Bakkus. "But what's the meaning of this"—he waved a hand—"this reversion to type?"

"You behold *Petit Patou redivivus*," said Andrew.

Bakkus regarded him in astonishment.

"But, my dear fellow, generals can't do things like that."

"That's the cry of Elodie."

"She's a woman with whom I'm in perfect sympathy," said Bakkus.

Elodie entered, cooler, less dishevelled, in her eternal wrapper. She rushed up to Bakkus and wrung both his hands, overjoyed to see him. He must pardon her flight, but really, she was in a costume—and not even till she took it off did she know that it was split—*ah, mon Dieu!* Right across! With a sweep of the hand she frankly indicated the locality of the disaster. She laughed. Well, it was good that he had arrived at last. He would be able to put some sense into André. He, a general, to go back to the stage. It was crazy! He would give André advice, good counsel. That was what he needed. How André could win battles when he was so helpless in other things, she could not understand. She seized him by the shoulders and smiled into his face.

"*Mais toi, qui es si intelligent, dis quelque chose.*"

"To say anything, my dear Elodie, while you are speaking," remarked Bakkus, "is beyond the power of mortal man. But now that you are silent I will say this. It is time for *déjeuner*. I've made a contract with my family—no work at all. Agreement—just to bury the hatchet. Theophilus—that's the Archdeacon—performed the funeral service. I invite you both to eat with me on the Boulevards. Then we can discuss these high matters."

"But it is you that is crazy," cried Elodie, gasping at the unprecedented proposal which in itself shook, like an earthquake, her intimately constructed conception of Horatio Bakkus. And on the Boulevards, too! Her soul rose up in alarm. "You are wanting in your wits. One can't eat anywhere—even at a restaurant of the second class—under a hundred francs for three persons."

Bakkus, with an air *Louis Seize*, implied that one, two, or three hundred francs were as dirt in his fingers. But Elodie would have none of it. She would be ashamed to put so much money in her stomach.

"I have," said she, "for us two, eggs *au beurre noir* and a *blanquette de veau*, and what is enough for two is enough for three. You must stay and eat with us as always."

"I wonder," said Bakkus, "whether Andrew realizes what a pearl you are?"

SO he stayed to lunch and repeated the story of his good fortune, to which Elodie listened enraptured, as to a tale of hidden treasure of which he was the hero, but never a word could he find in criticism of Andrew's determination. The quips and causticities that a couple of years ago would have flowed from his thin, ironical lips were arrested unformulated at the back of his brain. He became aware, not so much of a change, as of a swift development of the sterner side of Andrew's character. Of himself he could talk sardonically enough. He could twit Elodie with her foibles in his old way. But of Andrew, with his weather-beaten mug of a face marked with new, deep lines of thought and pain, sitting there courteous and simple, yet preoccupied, strangely aloof, the easy cynic felt curiously afraid. And when Elodie taxed him with pusillanimity, he glanced queerly at Andrew.

"He has made up his mind," he replied. "Some people's minds are made up of sand and water. Others of stuff composed of builders' weird materials that harden into concrete. Others again have iron bars run through the mass—reinforced concrete. That's Andrew. It's a beast of a mind to deal with, as we have often found, my dear. But what would you have? The animal is built that way."

"You flatter me," grinned Andrew, "but I don't see what the necessity of earning bread and butter has to do with a reinforced concrete mind."

"It's such an undignified way of earning it," protested Elodie.

"I think," said Bakkus, "it will take as much courage for our poor friend to re-become *Petit Patou* as it took for him to become General Lackaday."

Andrew's face suddenly glowed, and he shot out his long arm with his bony wrist many inches from his cuff and put his delicate hand on Bakkus' shoulder.

"My dear fellow, why can't you always talk like that?"

"I'm going to," replied Bakkus, pausing in the act of lighting one of Elodie's special reserve of pre-war cigars.

But Elodie shrugged her fat shoulders in some petulance. "Men always stick together," she said.

XV

THE unventilated dressing-room of the Olympia Music Hall in Marseilles reeked of grease paint, stale human exhalations, the acrid odor, creeping up the iron stairs, of a mangy performing lion, and all manner of unmentionable things. The month of June is not the ideal month to visit Marseilles, even if one is free to pass the evening at a café table on the Cannebière, and there is a breeze coming in from over the sea; but in copper-skied, thundery weather, the sirocco conditions of more southerly latitudes, especially when one is cooped up in a confined and airless space, Marseilles in June can be a gasping inferno. Andrew, in spite of hard physical training, was wet through. His little white-jacketed dresser perspired audibly. There was not so much air in the dressing-room as tangible swelter.

He sat by the wooden table in front of a cracked and steaming mirror, the contents of his make-up box laid out before him, and transformed himself for the first time save for one private dress rehearsal carried out in surroundings of greater coolness and comfort, from General Lackaday into the mountebank clown, *Petit Patou*. The electric lights that should have illuminated the mirror were not working—he had found to his discomfort, that manifold things in post-war France refused to work—and two candles fainting into hopeless curves took their place. Anxiously, over a wet skin, he painted the transfiguring lines from lip corner to ear, from nostril to eye, from eye to brow, once the mechanical hand twist of a few moments, now the painfully concentrated effort of all his faculties.

He finished at last. The swart and perspiring dresser dried his limbs, held out the green silk, high-heeled tights which reached to his armpits. Then the grotesque, short-sleeved jacket. Then the blazing crimson wig rising to the point of its extravagant foot height. He felt confined within a red-hot torture-skin, a Nessus garment specially adapted to the use of discarded brigadier-generals. He sat on the straight-backed chair and looked round the nine-foot-square, flyblown room with its peeling paper and its stained, sooty skylight which all the efforts of himself and the dresser had failed to open. It was nailed down from the outside. As proof, the broken cords.

"Tell the manager that if it is not unnailed tomorrow, I shall smash a hole in it," said Andrew.

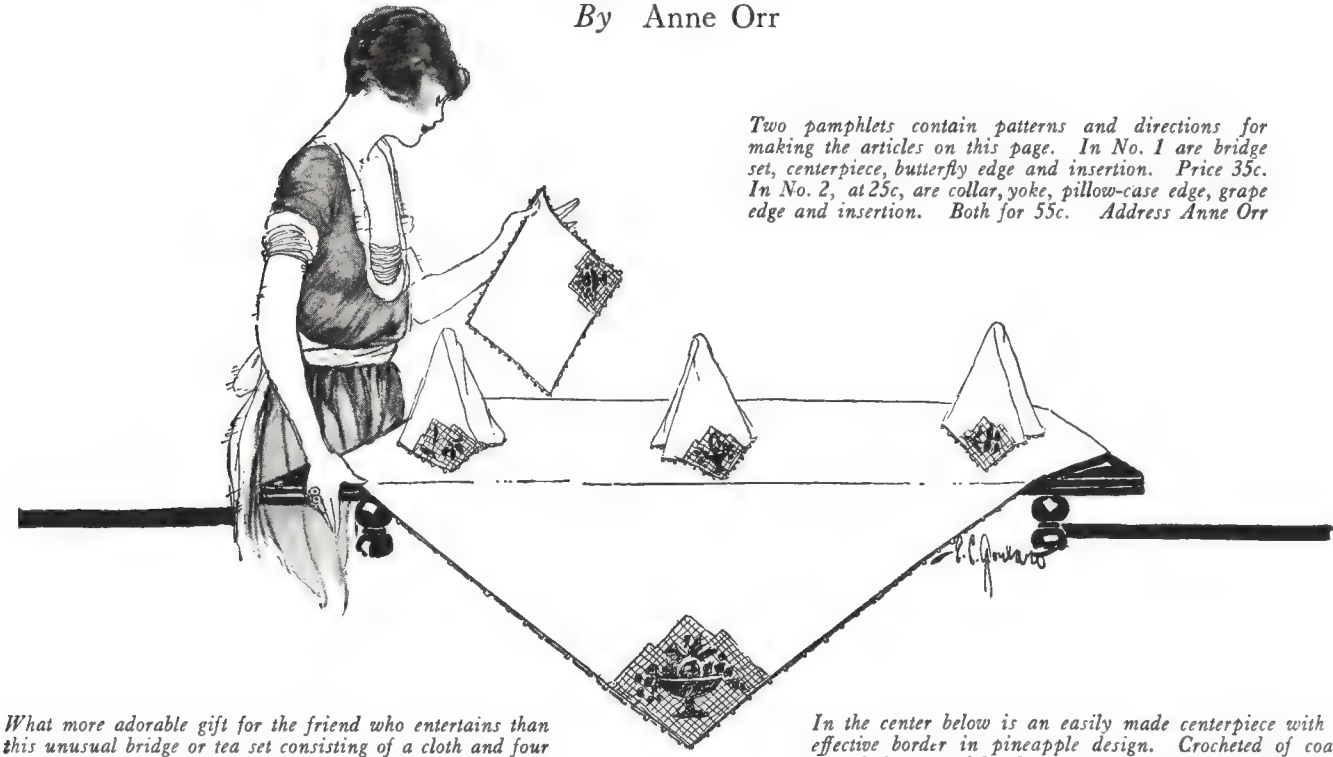
It did not matter now. In a few moments he would be summoned from the suffocating den, and then, his turn over, he would dress quickly and emerge into the open air. Meanwhile, however, he gasped in the heat and (*Continued on page 164*)

ELODIE followed Andrew into his dressing-room, palpitating with excitement and perplexity, and, clutching both his arms, looked wildly into his face. "You are not pleased with me?" For a moment or two he regarded her with stupid hostility, and then, getting a grip on himself, he saw things from her point of view and smiled. "It is only you who could have dared," he said

HOPE CHEST *or* CHRISTMAS BOX

Either Will Be the Richer for One of These Dainty Creations

By Anne Orr



Two pamphlets contain patterns and directions for making the articles on this page. In No. 1 are bridge set, centerpiece, butterfly edge and insertion. Price 35c. In No. 2, at 25c, are collar, yoke, pillow-case edge, grape edge and insertion. Both for 55c. Address Anne Orr

What more adorable gift for the friend who entertains than this unusual bridge or tea set consisting of a cloth and four napkins? The cloth is one yard square, and each of the four corners shows a filet motif of different design. One of the four is repeated in one corner of each napkin, and both napkins and cloth are edged with a tiny picot The set would be equally charming in either écru, white, or oyster

In the center below is an easily made centerpiece with an effective border in pineapple design. Crocheted of coarse thread, it can quickly be completed—a decided virtue at this busy season. Adjoining it are butterfly and grape insertions with edges to match, which readily suggest themselves as finishes for towels, curtains, sheets and pillow slips, dresser scarfs, or fascinating table runners and luncheon cloths

The charming gown yoke just below consists of six pointed medallions showing a bowl of flowers as the theme. At the foot of the page is a scalloped pillow-case edging that would delight the bride-to-be. The same edging could be applied to a sheet and curtains or to a dresser scarf

To impart a "dressed-up" touch to the dark winter frock, what could be better than a filet collar like the one below? Being composed of a series of separate medallions joined only at the top, it can be adjusted to a neck opening of almost any shape. The jonquil motif has unusual charm

MANY OTHER CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE MAY BE FOUND ON PAGES 146 AND 147

Lamp Shades You Can Make

By
Lillias Piper

THE lamp-shades of today are expensive luxuries to buy, but any woman can afford to have a shade that would sell for from forty to seventy-five dollars on Fifth Avenue, if she is willing to pay for it in time and effort instead of in dollars and cents. When we analyze the cost of a high-priced shade, we find that labor is a far larger item than the materials. Indeed, unless one goes in for antique brocades or old Italian velvets, the expense for coverings and trimmings is comparatively small—even negligible if one is fortunate enough to be the possessor of some left-overs of the right color from hangings or cushions, or even from last year's evening frocks. When materials *must* be bought, watch out for remnant sales, but be sure to arm yourself with samples of the other textiles in the room where the shade is to be placed. Otherwise you will almost inevitably take home some irresistible bargain that will harmonize with nothing else in the entire house!

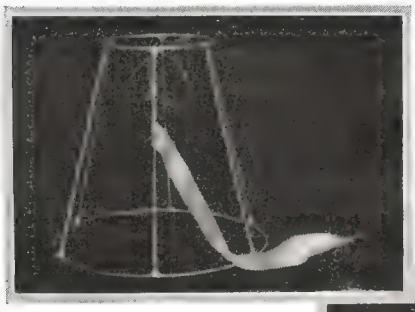
The first, and in some respects, the most difficult step is to procure the right sort of frame. It is sometimes, but not often, possible to obtain a satisfactory frame ready-made, but beware of the clerk who assures you that "Twenty-two-inch frames are being used this year, and this shape is the very latest style." You would not think of ordering a hat from such a description, and it is no less important that the lamp in your living-room or boudoir should have a becoming shade. Begin, then, by studying your lamp and thus determine what size and shape of shade its height and contour demand. Of course a lamp may look well with shades of more than one style, just as you yourself find it possible to wear hats of different shapes; but there are two general rules governing height and diameter which will be found of great assistance in arriving at a decision. They are as follows:

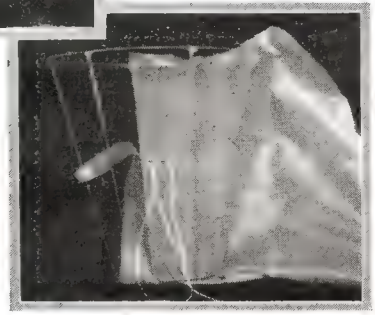
1. The bottom diameter of the lamp-shade should approximately equal the height of the exposed portion of the lamp.
2. The height of the shade, including fringe if used, should be approximately two-thirds the height of the lamp. Note that the latter does not include the electric bulbs and sockets, but only that part of the lamp which properly should be exposed when the shade is in position.

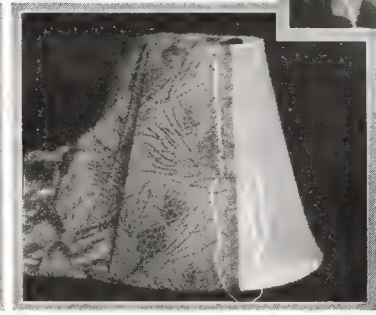
In the case of the two finished shades on the lamps illustrated at the top of the page, these proportions have been observed with most satisfactory results. The pictured shades, however, appear a trifle larger than the originals, owing to the distortion produced by the lens of the camera.

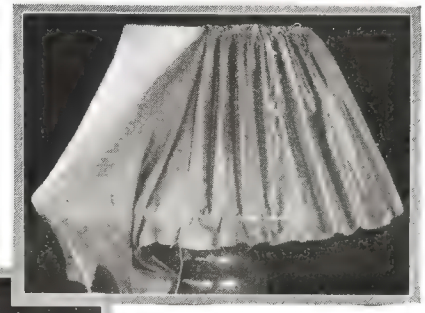
The quickest method of determining the correct dimensions for a shade is to sketch a side view on a piece of wrapping paper in accordance with the measurements above, cut it out, and hold it up to the lamp base. When any necessary alterations have been completed satisfactorily, make a diagram the full size, showing both top and side views. Take this to a local wire worker and have him make a frame. Be sure to specify flat joints, as when the vertical wires are looped or knotted around the horizontal ones—as in the average ready-made shade—an ugly lump results which is bound to show in the finished shade, especially one of the plain type. It will also be necessary to tell the frame-maker whether the lamp has one, (*Continued on page 118*)

Painted wrapping paper, cretonne, and wallpaper make these shields









ALL PHOTOS BY BRADLEY & MERRILL

At the top of the page are shown two lamps with shades of well-related form and proportion

Beginning at the left, these pictures show successive steps in the making of a gathered shade

In the upper illustration, observe the fine scale of the overmantel picture, and the harmony between the simplicity of the mantel itself and that of its decoration

Ship models make interesting and individual fireplace decorations and, as in the case above, may help solve the perplexing problem of the awkward, "two-story" mantel

How to Treat Your MANTEL

By

Mary Harrod Northend

IN a room that contains a fireplace, interest invariably centers around the hearth, and the decoration of the mantel should therefore be made the subject of a care commensurate with its importance.

To say that the fundamental principles of scale, consistency, balance, and restraint should be applied to the choice and arrangement of ornaments for a five-foot shelf may savor of much ado about nothing, but a glance at a mantel composition in which these basic rules have been ignored —and this, unfortunately, means at least seventy-five percent of all mantel decorations—will prove how necessary is their observance.

In selecting ornaments for the mantel, it must never be forgotten that the fireplace is an architectural feature of the room, essentially formal in character, and that in order to create harmony its decoration likewise must be formal. Of course there are varying degrees of formality, and objects which would be wholly incongruous upon a stately and ornate mantel (*Continued on page 84*)

The conventional but always harmonious mantel garniture of mirror, clock, and vases finds a happy interpretation above. A novel touch is supplied by sconces adorned with metal flowers. Their paired arrangement, together with that of the small pictures, gives admirable balance

The mantel decorations above a
the left show fine restraint, scale
balance, but the bronze is lacking in

The YELLOW TREE

By

Rebecca Hooper Eastman

Illustrated by
Maurice L. Bower

After reading this story three times we are not sure whether it is an old love story or a young one. Miss Melita was sixty-three, they tell us, but she is the youngest thing we have met in the fiction of the last year. We'll guarantee that no débutante ever had a gayer wedding or made a sweeter bride

For generations the path had curved around the sat sewing of fair afternoons, rocking the new-

IT stood in front of the house, just where the path had once led in a geometric straight line to the front door. For an apple-tree, it was old; Miss Melita Greenaway's grandfather had called it the "old yellar tree," and Miss Greenaway herself, in order to avoid the homely vernacular, erred elegantly by referring to it as the "yillow" tree. Eaten raw, its yellow apples were good enough for anybody, but when they had been baked and came in on an old Canton plate with their yellow skin browned, and finely wrinkled like an old crone's and turned thin as tissue-paper, and barely containing the delicious meat—well, they spoiled you forevermore for an ordinary baked apple, no matter how grandly it was set forth on green leaves in silver dishes with lace paper mats.

For generations, then, the path had curved around the yellow tree, and on the other side of the tree had stood an old Windsor rocking bench, where the Greenaway mothers sat sewing, of fair afternoons, rocking the newest Greenaway baby in the other end of the bench. Somebody had sawed off the cradle end of the bench, where the arm was continued half-way across the front, and there, without the reminder of the empty cradle to tell her that the Greenaways were dying out, Miss Greenaway herself sat sewing of fair afternoons, according to tradition. Miss Greenaway, however, often dropped her sewing and gazed up into the branches of the yellow tree as if they and she shared a secret. Had you been watching her, you might sometimes have thought that the secret was a happy one, but there were days when you would have wondered about its being so happy after all. One thing was certain, there was a peculiar bond between Miss Greenaway and the yellow tree. A tree, of course, is no mean companion. It is always there, waiting for you, and yet, with its thousand moods and seasonal changes, it is never monotonous. Perhaps the best thing a tree does is to lean down and whisper things to you in summer.

In the dim, sweet, far-away time when Miss Greenaway was a little girl, even she, the daintiest, rosiest, and most feminine, had not been above daily tugging a chair over the grass, placing it against the trunk of the tree, and with this help throwing a chubby leg over the lowest branch of the tree and wriggling thence up into its very heart. Here she sat with demurely arranged skirts, surveying the great, green world with sweet and wondering approval. And now, when she would delicately have blushed at the idea of climbing, she often sat by her bedroom window, looking out into the tree and communing with its branches. Not that she was an idler or a sentimentalist; she wasn't. But there were certain spring mornings, when she woke to a world that was all apple blossoms and thin, black branches sprawling in Japanese patterns, when it was hard to bear oneself with the full dignity and sobriety of a Greenaway.

yellow tree, and on the other side of the tree had stood an old Windsor rocking bench, where the Greenaway mothers est Greenaway baby in the other end of the bench. And there Miss Greenaway herself often sat of fair afternoons

From May to October, inclusive, Miss Greenaway lived in the Doric-columned house, just back of the yellow tree, which had come to be called "Hollyhock House." What Miss Greenaway endured for the sake of Hollyhock House and the yellow tree would have discouraged any one less passionately devoted to material things which have grown to be symbolic. Everything had gone well with Hollyhock House until Miss Greenaway's father had died, then a railroad happened along and seized a right of way through the farm, and a straggling town sprang up rankly, like weeds, all about Hollyhock House. The cheapest, sorriest sort of town! From living in splendid isolation, Miss Greenaway came to have a hundred near neighbors, every one of them colored. But she kept Hollyhock House and two acres of ground to go with it, and surrounded herself with a high green fence, which made a fine background for her famous hollyhocks. Hollyhock House stood on the worst street in town, misnamed Love Lane. Any street less lovely would have been difficult to find.

Although the green fence shut the dusky dwellers of Love Lane from sight, it didn't wholly exclude them from Miss Greenaway's garden. On Saturday afternoons, at three o'clock, Miss Greenaway sat under the yellow tree and told stories to all the colored children over three and under ten. The stories were not very interesting, but they were listened to with concentrated attention, because at five o'clock, without fail, there was ice-cream and cake. The consequence was that as the years went on Love Lane was inhabited by quite a number of very small black people all with "Melita Greenaway" for their first two names. At supper time, all up and down the Lane, you could hear black mammies calling,

"Come heah, Meliter Greenerway!"

What Miss Greenaway's relatives thought and said and felt and wrote about her keeping Hollyhock House proved that

constant dropping does not wear away all stones. There was her widowed sister, Mrs. Chemford, who vegetated in a comfortable hotel in Worcester, and there were Mrs. Chemford's married daughter, Zelda, in Boston, and Mrs. Chemford's married son, Benjamin, on Park Avenue, New York, all vehemently objecting. But they wasted their voices and their ink. Once behind the high green fence of Hollyhock House and ensconced beneath the yellow tree in a circle of wide-eyed colored children in rainbow apparel, Miss Greenaway was impervious to what her relatives thought about her. Even more impervious to what people thought was Abby, who had been Miss Greenaway's mother's maid, and who was as tenacious of the soil as the yellow tree itself.

With the air of one who departs on a mission, Miss Greenaway, with the coming of each November first, unless it was Sunday, took a morning train for Boston, where for three months to a day, she dwelt in a cubicle in the apartment of her married niece. A veritable monster, disguised as a telephone, dominated Zelda's apartment, and it had made Zelda join twenty-seven clubs and hold office in eleven. Bright and early each morning it demanded that Zelda do the impossible, which meant hours of labor and strain and mental anguish for every one in the family. And when the impossible had been accomplished, the telephone wasn't satisfied; it immediately demanded something worse and harder to do. To the accompaniment of its ceaseless jangling, a procession of less and less competent maids trailed through the kitchen.

By some twist of logic, Zelda and her family, who insisted on Miss Greenaway's coming, thought they were conferring a favor on her, and that their sense of well-being was due to their hospitality and not to their being nicely mended up for once. They looked on the fact that the laundryman and the iceman and the butcher were suddenly pacified, as a coincidence. Things went well, somehow, during Aunt Melita's visits. Little did they realize that she was a master hand at straightening out the snarls which are incidental to human existence. They took Miss Greenaway to the theater when it was a *very* proper play, they expurgated their conversation, and they kept assuring her of their joy at having her with them in their *nice* steam-heated apartment!

They also never let a week go by without urging her to get rid of Hollyhock House. Both Miss Greenaway and they knew that their arguments were not wholly disinterested, for there were in Hollyhock House a few fine antiques which everybody coveted. It seemed to Miss Greenaway that they always discussed the advisability of getting rid of Hollyhock House at Sunday dinner, just as the sweet apple pickle was passed, which pickle had been made by Abby from the yellow tree apples. The more Zelda and her husband and offspring urged Miss Greenaway to sell the old place, the better Abby's sweet apple pickle tasted. If they argued too long, Miss Greenaway's blue eyes turned dreamy and wore the same expression they did when the yellow tree bent over her with its reminiscences and beguiling secrets.

And then, when the three months in Boston were up, Miss Greenaway, with the air, again, of one who starts on an even holier mission, packed her one trunk, which was closed, locked, and delivered to the expressman with none of the hysteria usual on such occasions, and took the morning train to pass the months of February, March, and April with her Park Avenue nephew, Benjamin, and his wife, Nancy.

Park Avenue was as different from the Boston apartment as the Boston apartment was from Hollyhock House. There were several telephones, but they were frankly disguised as French dolls, and the servants answered them if they felt like it. Nancy Chemford detested women's clubs; her days were filled with smart luncheons and dinners followed invariably by bridge games in which large sums changed hands. These events were her avocations; her vocations were looking beautiful and smoking. Strange to say, she adored having Miss Melita Greenaway. Perhaps she enjoyed the feeling of fine tradition which Miss Greenaway brought. For when Miss Greenaway arrived in New York, she underwent a curious transformation which would have surprised her Boston connections. She wore her old-fashioned best silks every day, and sometimes, when it was a very large bridge, her white point lace shawl.

Once in a while, when Nancy Chemford was so exhausted by doing as she liked that she had a nervous headache, she would ask Miss Greenaway to come and sit in her darkened room and tell her everything she could remember about Hollyhock House.

"Artistically and sentimentally, I see why you cling to it; practically, I should think the environment would kill it for you!" she would say in her crisp, colorless tones.

The BELLS *of* ST. JOHN'S

Will ring in a happy half-hour for you next month

It is by Grace S. Richmond

She took Miss Greenaway to the opera and to the latest play whether it was proper or not, and generally adored her. Zelda in Boston, who was so busy uplifting the world, patronized Miss Greenaway and addressed her as if she were slightly deaf. Nancy of New York, who accepted life as a gift not altogether to her liking, looked up to Miss Greenaway and eyed her with furtive pleasure.

May first again saw Miss Melita Greenaway on a morning train, a train that went up the Connecticut valley, this time. There was no air of starting on a mission this time; Miss Greenaway was going home. Abby would meet her at the station and would be so crazed with joy that she would endeavor to hide her feelings by telling Miss Greenaway everything that had gone wrong. After a short drive, during which Abby scolded, they would be at Hollyhock House, and Miss Greenaway would get out and go in ahead, and whether it was raining or not, she would stop—having already taken off her gloves in the station wagon—and lay both her bared hands against the still trunk of the yellow tree. The instant she touched it, the blood danced in her veins, and she wondered if the sap in the tree hadn't leaped faster in response.

Always, after she had been at home a day or two, there would come a complaining letter from Mrs. Chemford, inquiring why Miss Greenaway didn't spend a few months with *her* at the Worcester hotel. But Miss Greenaway was rarely persuaded, and then only for a day or two. In Worcester she was absent-minded and restless and said she hated idleness.

"But there's nothing for you to do on Park Avenue!"

"That's different!"

How it was different or why it was different, Miss Greenaway either could not or would not explain. And the elegant Mrs. Chemford refused to do anything more than call at Hollyhock House, now that it stood in *such* surroundings.

Zelda's children said Aunt Melita Greenaway had no right to go through life looking as if nothing had ever happened to her. It was Aunt Melita's business to look as if she had "lived." For barring the fact that her plentiful hair was now part silver, instead of being entirely gold, as in her girlhood, Miss Greenaway looked decidedly young, both as to her sweet face and slender figure. Her years showed only in the fact that she carried herself precisely and that she had a few lines in her face. These incipient wrinkles were more than counterbalanced by her still glorious color, which was the envy of her family.

The consensus of opinion, after a family discussion, was that Aunt Melita was obvious—a perfect darling, you know, but a painfully obvious darling. When Mrs. Chemford was present, she testified, somewhat meanly, that Miss Greenaway had never even had a beau. Nancy on Park Avenue, however, never wholly concurred with the family estimate. Nancy was never quite sure.

Suddenly the relatives realized that the heterogeneous town which had sprung up round Hollyhock House was changing into an important little city. The land round Hollyhock House became too valuable to be monopolized by the colored section. A skyscraper, the only one in town, shot up next door to Hollyhock House. Happily it was on the north side and didn't cut off Miss Greenaway's sun. A luxurious movie palace rubbed elbows with the barn and woodshed in the rear, and on the third side of Hollyhock House, where the potato patch used to be, sprang up the most modern of drug stores, all white tiling like a mammoth bathroom, with half a dozen white-jacketed clerks for the soda fountain alone. Miss Greenaway's taxes soared; the yellow tree became an

(*Continued on page 148*)

"THE last night I spent in town it was moonlight— I climbed up in the yellow tree and tried to make her elope with me out of her bedroom window. Much as she wanted to—for she loved me—she wouldn't. Your family never allowed me in the house, and she wouldn't go against their wishes"

Polly Goes to *Grandma's* for Thanksgiving

By Sheila Young

The mother of this little boy can get from the government more than a score of authoritative bulletins telling her in the most precise way just how to succeed with her chickens, from the eggs to the end of their days. But if she wants similar information for her children's sake she will find very little, at Washington or elsewhere, that goes beyond infancy—beyond the "better baby" age. The result is a great desert of ignorance concerning the years between infancy and school age—years filled with neglect that handicaps the child all its future life

The purpose of the League for Longer Life is to make the years of your life more efficient, useful, and happy as well as to increase their number. The work is a public service and is without cost to you. You will share its benefits the moment you decide that you will keep yourself fit—you and your house—and qualify for a long life. The first step is to send for a questionnaire, which, when filled out by a competent doctor, will show you what you need to do. A stamp sent to Dr. Wiley, Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C., will bring the questionnaire

The League *for* Longer Life

Conducted by DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

THERE is no period of infancy in chicken life. The baby chicken begins to talk the moment it is born. It also begins to look out for itself. Nevertheless, twenty-three Farmer's Bulletins on poultry raising have been published by the hundreds of thousands of copies. In addition to these, many circulars have been issued on the same subject.

Department Circular 14 deals with baby chicks particularly. This circular begins as follows: "The care of baby chicks is most important. They must be kept warm and comfortable, have proper food and water, and be carefully watched to detect any indications of sickness and disease that may appear, if they are to get the necessary start in life to enable them to grow and develop into large, hardy chicks and mature fowls." It is difficult even to estimate the number of persons in this country who have been taught how to care for baby chicks. It would not be very difficult to estimate the number of parents who have been taught to care for their infant children, and also for the young children of the very particular age from eighteen months to six years.

The years from one to six are four vitally important years in the growth of the child. Yet, how many mothers have any idea of the proper food which this child should have? If baby chicks can not, without proper care, "develop into large, hardy chicks and mature fowls," no more can children grow to make hardy, successful men and women unless they have a proper diet. And seldom do they have a proper diet. Of all the years of life those between one or one and-a-half and six constitute the period in which there is the most neglect. This is not because fathers and mothers do not love their children and would not be glad to do all in their power for their welfare. It is because they are almost entirely ignorant of the first principles of child growing We need more bulletins that tell parents how to care for their children.

Children from one to six have one advantage over almost any other class of humanity, namely, in their low death-rate. After the first year the child enters a period of comparative immunity. Of every thousand deaths, the child, from the beginning of its second year to the end of its fifth year, furnishes only seventy-six. It is fortunate for the child that this immunity comes at the period where he is the victim of the most ignorant environment. In infancy the child has the advantage of a normal diet, and in the period of young childhood it has not. The spark of vitality, nevertheless, is burning so vigorously in this young childhood that it escapes with a lower mortality than at any other period of life.

Every member of the League for Longer Life who has a proper conception of the purpose of this organization is interested in every movement which conserves the earlier years of life. We can not admit children as members of our League, because they are not capable of understanding the purposes and activities thereof. It is, however, the duty of every member of the League to aid in the protection of child life. This appeal, therefore, goes directly to every person who has children over the age of infancy and under the school age. This period is not less important because the child seems to be able to withstand neglect and ill-feeding. In fact, this very ability to endure neglect makes it all the more important that that vitality be conserved and passed on without handicaps. It will be a difficult task to restore it; with intelligence and care it can be fostered and increased.

The matter of food is of prime importance at this period. Fortunately it is possible to find out whether we are dealing fairly with our children. Nutritional elements translate themselves into height and weight, and by means of a table of averages we can determine to a large degree whether the proper kinds and quantities of foods are being eaten.

Following are the average heights and weights of children from the beginning of the second to the end of the fifth year.

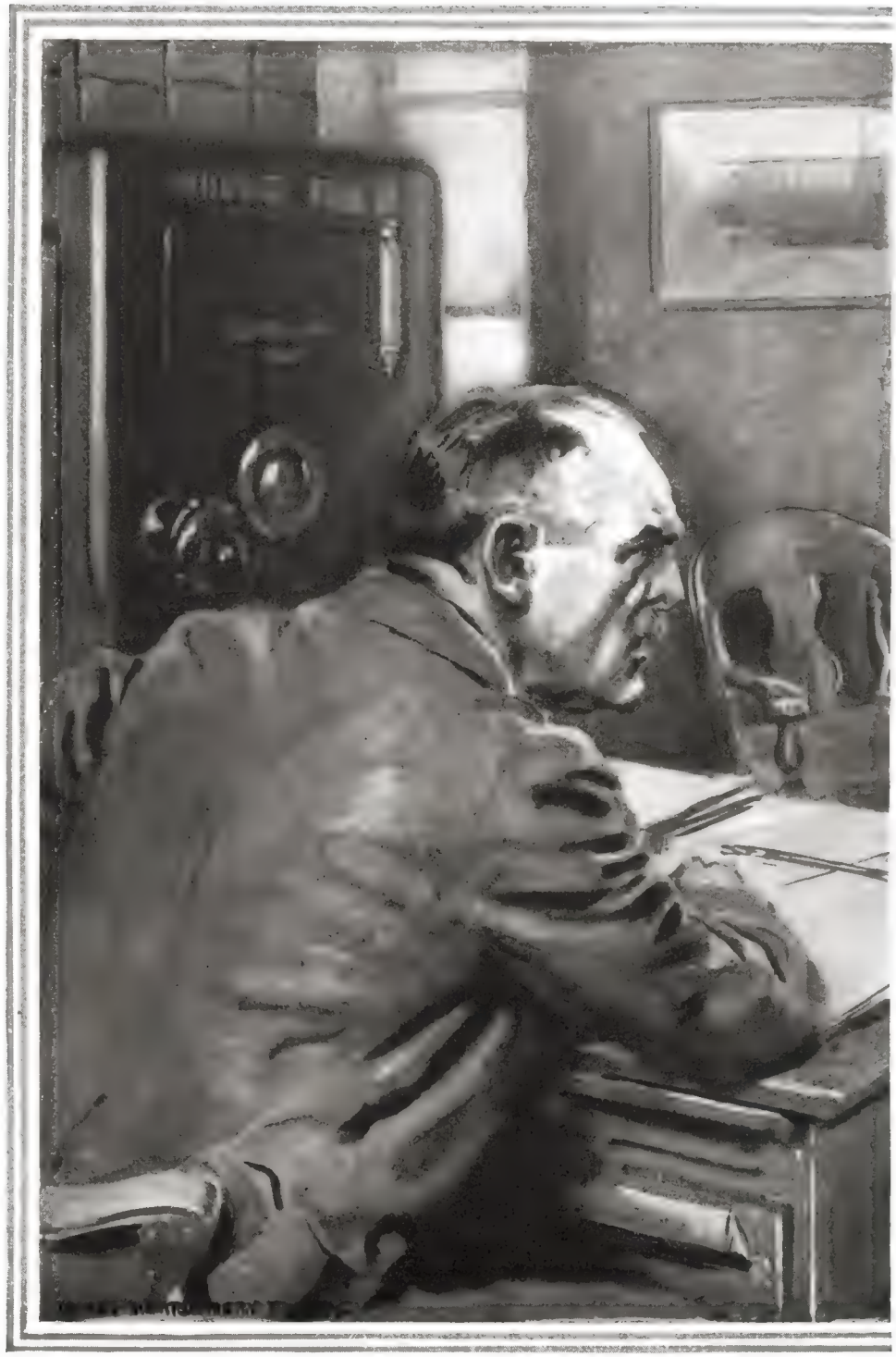
1 year	27	inches	21½	pounds
2 years	31	inches	27	pounds
3 years	35	inches	32	pounds
4 years	37½	inches	36	pounds
5 years	40	inches	40	pounds

After five years, weight in pounds goes ahead of height in inches.

The only fault in this summary is the undue stress placed on weight. The tables which give alleged normal weights for children are in error because they are based on data (*Continued on page 221*)

(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 72*)

MORE STATELY



"I mean to do better," said Nancy. "You'll never do better," said John K. everything I had in the world. And you've taken him and squeezed him dry and

By Ben Ames Williams

IT'S an old saying that girls are like their mothers—and most of them are. Nancy Vane had started to live the life her mother had lived before her—preying on the strength of her husband, demanding more and more luxuries and pretty things, taking all yieldings to her as only her due. Finally she drove her husband to forgery to pay for a house she had, without thought of its cost, set her heart on. Then, when she knew his guilt, she was struck by the sudden realization that more than anything else in the world she loved her husband, more than anything else she wanted him. She had forced him to take this mad step; it was for her to free him from the consequences of his crime. How she went about it is the subject of this instalment, the conclusion of a story that Ben Ames Williams says is his best

WHEN Nancy woke, her first thought was of Mark Scottow. She was quite unconscious of anything strange in this fact. It seemed perfectly natural to think of Uncle Mark, because she needed help. She must get help from some one, and Uncle Mark was her friend and Dick's friend, he was an old man and very wise, and—he knew what Dick had done. She had been impatient with Mark Scottow more than once in the few days past, and she had been furiously angry with him at least once. But she felt now a keen sense of understanding of the old man, and—she loved him.

She dressed hurriedly, paying to her toilet none of the acute attention she customarily bestowed upon it. Nancy had matured surprisingly since the afternoon before; she was quite definitely a woman now, where she had been a child. Dressed, she went down-stairs, found breakfast not yet ready, and went into the kitchen to see if Lucy needed help from her.

Lucy was surprised to see her. The girl said, "I'm sorry breakfast isn't ready, Mrs. Vane."

Nancy laughed cheerfully. "It's all right, Lucy. I'm down-stairs early. Can I help?"

"No, ma'am," Lucy told her. "I won't take long."

Nancy wanted to talk with Lucy. She wanted to talk with some one, with almost any one, and tell them all the new vision of life which had come to her. But a diffidence to which she was customarily a stranger possessed her now. She hesitated for a moment, then returned to the living-room, went to the front door for the morning paper, and glanced through it. Presently, at Lucy's summons, she went to the dining-room and ate her breakfast. She thought of Dick once or twice in a wistful, tender fashion, but for the most part she was thinking still of Mark Scottow. She meant to see him at once; meant to seek help from him, and guidance.

After breakfast she telephoned his home, asked for him, and when he came to the instrument, said quietly:

MANSIONS

Vane. "You're just like your mother. Clutching fingers, greedy—Dick was poisoned him and made him into a crook. You infernal, simpering, pretty doll!"

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"Good morning, Uncle Mark?"

"Nancy?"

"Yes."

"Good morning, Nancy."

"Uncle Mark, I'd like to see you," she told him.

"Why, all right, Nancy."

"If you're not too busy."

"Oh, I'm not a very busy man, nowadays."

"When can I see you, then?"

"I'll come over?"

She shook her head, as though she were talking with him face to face. "No, don't bother. May I come over there?"

"Why, all right. I'll be here all morning."

"May I come over right away?"

"Yes, Nancy."

Ten minutes later she rang at the door of his big, rambling old house, built some thirty years before, where he now lived alone, his Mary long dead, his children in homes of their own. He opened the door to her, bade her come in; and Nancy was taken with a sudden fit of trembling which made her angry with herself, as she followed him to the room where his desk and his papers were kept, where he transacted what fragments of business still occupied his attention.

He sat down at his desk there. A coal fire blazed with a low, steady heat in the grate, and Nancy took a chair before the fire and stripped off her gloves with quick, nervous movements, staring into the coals. The old man waited for her to speak, and after a little she looked toward him and smiled a little wistfully.

"You're not a lawyer, are you, Uncle Mark?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No," he said quietly. "No, I'm just a sort of real estate man."

"I've always understood lawyers and doctors were ever so good at keeping secrets."

"I'm not a doctor, either," he apologized, "but I can keep a secret if I have to, Nancy." He was smiling in a kindly way.

"Well," she said, a little unsteadily, "I want you to keep this a secret—that I've come to you, whatever we may say to each other. Will you, Uncle Mark?"

He was beginning to perceive that this was a Nancy he had never seen before. He told her seriously, "Of course."

"I know you're Dick's friend," she said. "And—mine?"

"Yes."

She did not know where to begin. She hesitated for a little, watching the fire, twisting her gloves nervously. But at length she swung toward him in her chair, leaning on one of its arms. "Uncle Mark," she said, "I want you to buy back the house from us."

He did not move, and Nancy was a little disappointed. She had expected him to be surprised, to be startled, to utter some exclamation. Instead, the old man simply watched her for a quiet moment, then asked:

"Why?"

"Will you do it?"

He moved in his chair. "I'll do anything I can to help you, Nancy. What is in your mind?"

"I want you to buy back the house," she repeated.

He smiled gently. "You will understand that this is a little—surprising, won't you?"

"I know it is, Uncle Mark."

There was another silence, broken by the man. "Suppose you tell me all about it, Nancy," he suggested. "If you're in difficulties, I can help you. And I will."

She could not, for the moment, meet his eyes; her cheeks were burning, as though from the heat of the fire. In the end she said slowly: "I want to get back the check Dick gave you."

He repeated slowly, "The check?"

"Yes." She swung toward him. "Please give it to me. And take back the house."

He seemed, she thought, to be measuring her. He said at last, "It is cashed."

"The check?"

"I deposited it that morning in my bank."

"The bank? The bank has it?"

Nancy was caught by a rush of terror. She had always been afraid of banks. There had once been a matter of an overdraft, when Dick was out of town, and she had been enormously impressed with the seriousness of what she had done. She cried swiftly, "You can get it from them?"

The old man considered. He glanced at the calendar on his desk, pointed to it. "I don't believe so. Yesterday was the first of the month, you see. It has probably been mailed to Mr. Vane with his monthly statement."

"Mailed to Mr. Vane?"

"Yes."

"Why should they send it to him?" Nancy was all alarm.

"With his statement, Nancy."

She shook her head impatiently. "I don't know what you mean."

"Why, banks return the checks that have been cashed against an account, at the end of each month, so that the depositor may check them off."

She nodded slowly. "Oh, yes. Dick always went over his checks, I remember." She also remembered that she had been inclined to dread these monthly accountings, when her own financial misdeeds were so apt to come to light, but she did not speak of this.

Mark Scottow asked, not ingenuously, "Why do you want the check, Nancy?"

She met his eyes squarely. "You must have seen."

"Seen what?"

She flung out her hands appealingly. "Don't be more cruel than you need. I didn't understand, Uncle Mark. I've been selfish, always, but I didn't understand."

He did not speak. She challenged him.

"You know I have?"

The old man nodded, said in a friendly tone, "You have been —a little unfair, sometimes."

"Dick forged the check," she told him.

She could not be sure whether Mark Scottow was startled, was surprised, or not. He did not move, but his head seemed to bow a little.

"Ah!" he said sorrowfully.

"You saw it, didn't you? Saw that it was forged?"

"I—was not sure."

"You were thinking about it, when you were talking to me yesterday."

He looked at her. "I was thinking it might be so. The check seemed strange to me. You see—Dick's father had told me he would not—" He stopped.

"Would not give us more money?"

"He said Dick must—hoe his own row for a while."

"Dick forged the check," she said again.

He asked with slow solicitude, "Are you blaming Dick very much, Nancy? Please—"

"I blame myself," she said. "I was to blame. I—love Dick enough to understand."

His eyes measured her, and he smiled in a wistfully happy way. "Nancy, you're grown; you're a woman grown, aren't you?" he said.

She did not answer that; she was too intent on her purpose. "Then Mr. Vane has the check?"

"I suppose it went to his office," Scottow said.

"He will have it?"

"When he comes back."

"He mustn't," she cried. "I'm going to get it back before he comes."

The old man shook his head. "I don't think you can, Nancy."

"I'll give them back the money; they'll have to give it to me. His stenographer, or his secretary, or some one."

"They would hardly do that, even if you had the money," he suggested. "It's one of those things that must be faced honestly, Nancy."

She shook her head. "Dick's father mustn't know. You'll buy back the house and give me the money, and I'll go to them."

He considered, said half to himself: "There'll be no difficulty about selling the house again. I believe you can make some small profit on it, Nancy."

"I don't want to make anything on it," she cried. "I *won't* make anything. I *won't*. All I want to do is to help Dick. Get back the check. You must buy back the house yourself, Uncle Mark. Then you can sell it again."

He told her gently, "Of course I will, if you want me to, Nancy."

She caught her breath with something like a sob; she held herself steady. "And give me the money?"

"Yes. Tell Dick to come to see me."

"But he's not at home. He's in Springfield."

"When he comes back."

Her fear that Dick had fled returned to her. "Oh, he may not come back, Uncle Mark. I think he's run away."

He shook his head. "Dick's not a coward."

"But he's run away."

"I think you ought to be careful to be fair to Dick, Nancy."

She bent her head a little. "I'm—sorry!"

"And I can't very well buy the house back without him, without his signature."

"I will persuade him, Uncle Mark, when he comes back. Only give me the money now."

"Why, there's not such a hurry, Nancy."

"Oh, there is a terrible hurry. I want to help him, to fix it all."

"You must wait till his father comes, at least."

"But before that, some one else will see that the check is forged."

He hesitated. "They may see, but they'll do nothing. Not when it is Dick."

She left her chair, came to stand before him, spoke very quietly. "Uncle Mark, you must. I don't know about such things, but I shall go mad if I can't do anything. When Dick comes, I'll tell him. We'll sign anything. We'll give you back the house. But you must give me the money now, Uncle Mark. You must. I'll get the check—somehow—when I have the money. Please."

There was an interval that seemed to Nancy endless, in which Mark Scottow, through the ancient habit of a man of business, still protested. There were horrible minutes on minutes when she pleaded desperately. But in the end he yielded, as most people yielded to Nancy. He yielded. She left the house with his check in her hand, tight-folded; left the house, and sought her car, and drove away.

Alone with Mark Scottow's check that meant, she thought, salvation, Nancy was inexpressibly happy; she was like a murderer who has been reprieved. She was a very humble Nancy, yet happy too. She was happy, not for her own sake, but because she thought her Dick was saved.

XII

NANCY'S intent, when she left Mark Scottow's house with the check that would make it possible for her to redeem Dick's crime, was to go at once to John K. Vane's office. She did not know, in detail, what she meant to do, but it seemed to her there must be some way, must be some one to whom she could

JOHNNY GRUELLE

is the name of a man—grown up and with children of his own—who is rapidly winning his way into the hearts of children everywhere because of the pictures he makes and the stories he writes about the things all children love—fairies and rag dolls and woozies and —and the Dwarfies. You haven't seen the Dwarfies yet; they're brand new. Watch for them next month, and tell the little folks they are coming

"Dick—I mean to be a better wife to you," said Nancy. "We've both changed, Nancy. We're better people for all this. And, whatever happens, I'm not afraid to look ahead so long as I have you"

appeal. She had left home, that morning, telling herself that she would get the money from Mark Scottow and reclaim the forged check. She had won the money; there was still the major portion of her task to be accomplished. To appeal to Mark Scottow had been relatively easy; she knew him, trusted him, counted on his understanding and his sympathy.

But with that encounter behind her, driving toward the city, she began to understand the difficulties that still blocked her way. She had visited John K. Vane once or twice in his office. There was a girl at the telephone switchboard who stood as a sentinel at the door, and Nancy had always been a little afraid of her. Besides this girl, there was Mr. Vane's own secretary, a somewhat austere woman of uncertain age, with that air of competence which her kind acquires. Nancy respected her, despised her a little for having given up a woman's birthright of beauty, and was distinctly in awe of her business ability. Consideration of these two figures, the telephone girl and the secretary, somewhat daunted (*Continued on page 88*)

The Coasting Carnival on Butternut Hill

By Harrison Cady

"MY!" exclaimed little Mr. Beetle, jumping right into the air. "What's up?"

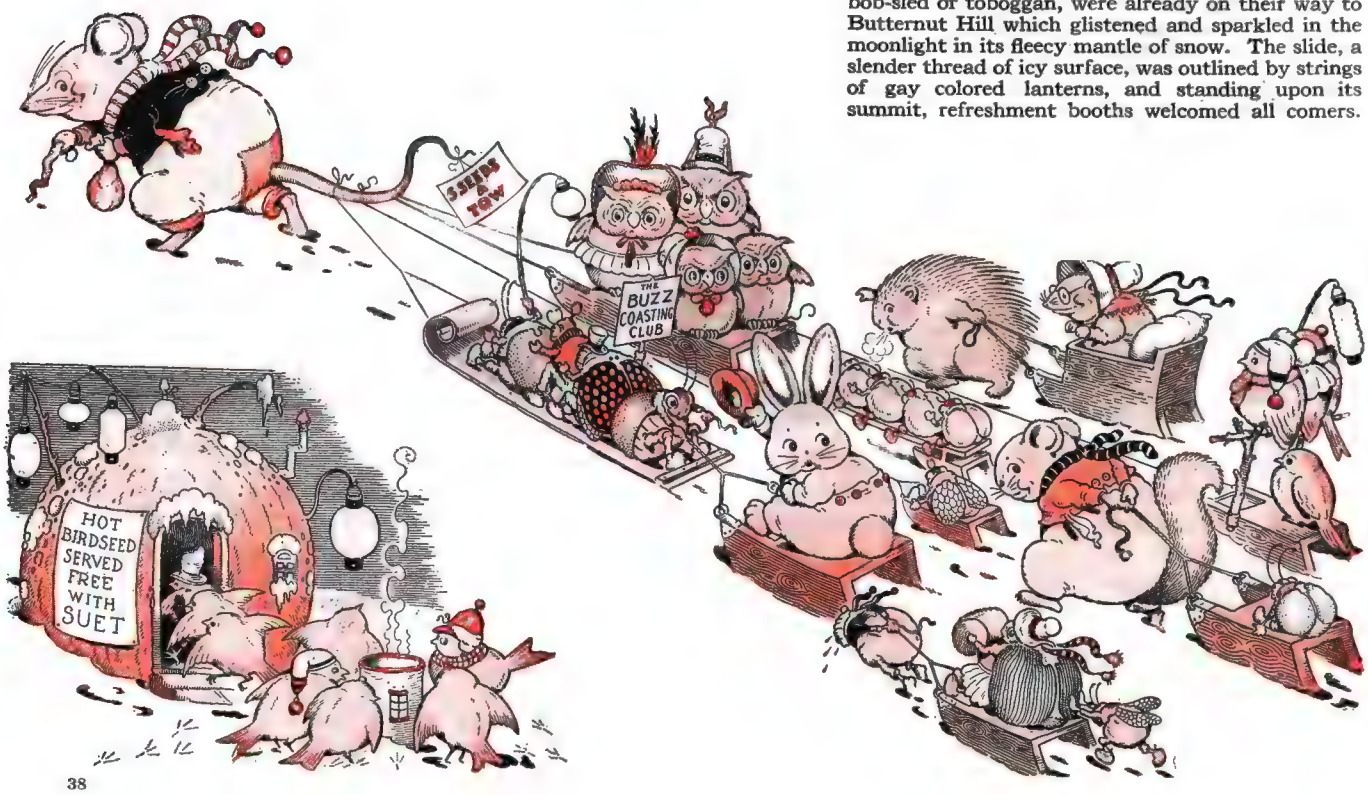
"Up!" shouted Mr. Squirrel, the nimble town crier. "There's a coasting carnival on for tonight on Butternut Hill, and every one's invited."

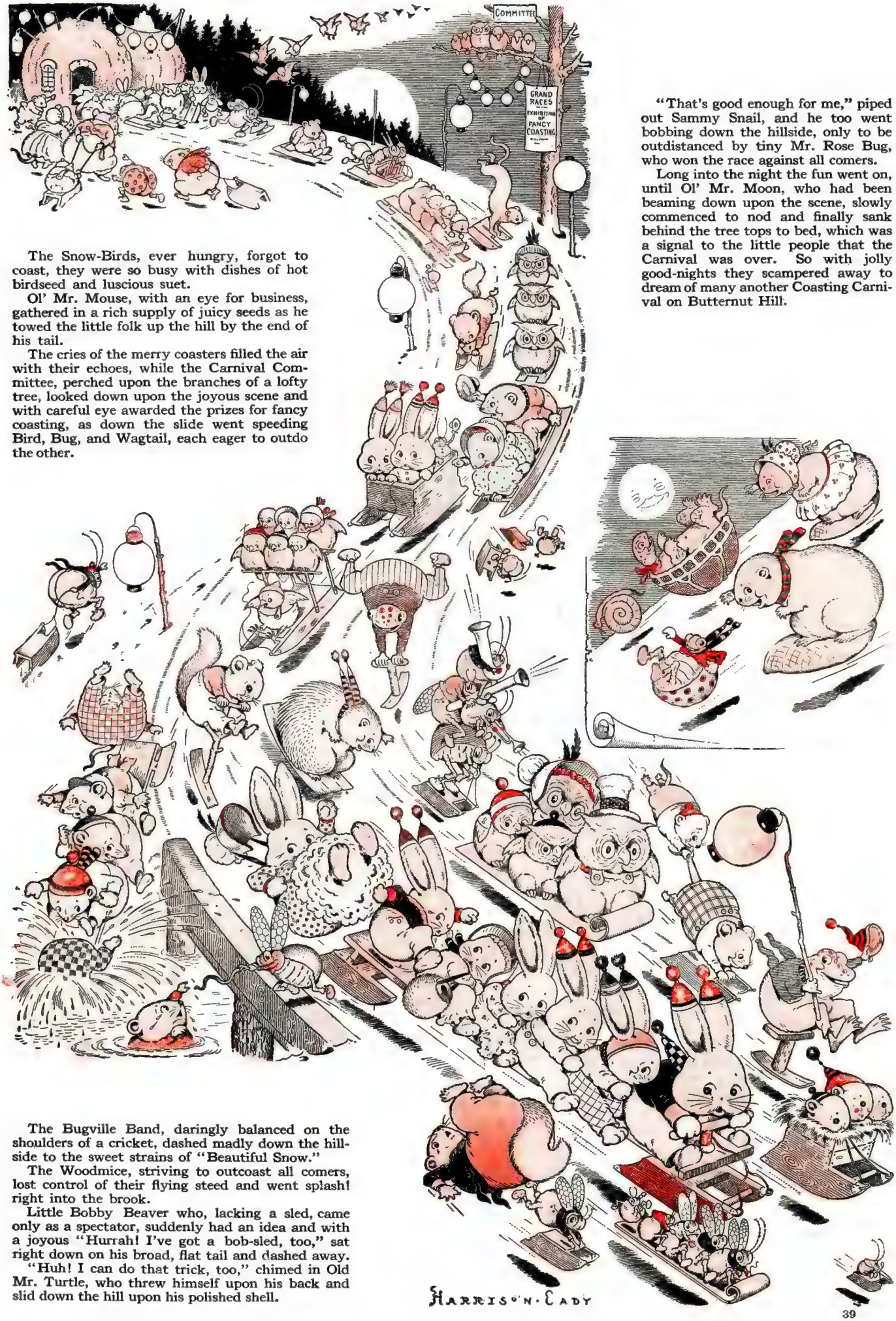
"Hurrah! that's the best news I've heard yet," returned Mr. Beetle. "I'll just get the rest of the family and head that way."

Already the news had reached the Funny-Bunnies, who with armfuls of mittens and tippets were busily engaged in getting their little ones ready for the great event.

"It'll be the best fun of the entire year," gleefully remarked Johnny Funny-Bunny, as he added a crimson earmuff to each little pink ear, "and we'll just keep sly Jack Frost from playing any pranks."

All the little people of the Great Forest, dragging bob-sled or toboggan, were already on their way to Butternut Hill which glistened and sparkled in the moonlight in its fleecy mantle of snow. The slide, a slender thread of icy surface, was outlined by strings of gay colored lanterns, and standing upon its summit, refreshment booths welcomed all comers.





The Snow-Birds, ever hungry, forgot to coast, they were so busy with dishes of hot birdseed and luscious suet.

Ol' Mr. Mouse, with an eye for business, gathered in a rich supply of juicy seeds as he towed the little folk up the hill by the end of his tail.

The cries of the merry coasters filled the air with their echoes, while the Carnival Committee, perched upon the branches of a lofty tree, looked down upon the joyous scene and with careful eye awarded the prizes for fancy coasting, as down the slide went speeding Bird, Bug, and Wagtail, each eager to outdo the other.

"That's good enough for me," piped out Sammy Snail, and he too went bobbing down the hillside, only to be outdistanced by tiny Mr. Rose Bug, who won the race against all comers.

Long into the night the fun went on, until Ol' Mr. Moon, who had been beaming down upon the scene, slowly commenced to nod and finally sank behind the tree tops to bed, which was a signal to the little people that the Carnival was over. So with jolly good-nights they scampered away to dream of many another Coasting Carnival on Butternut Hill.

The Bugville Band, daringly balanced on the shoulders of a cricket, dashed madly down the hillside to the sweet strains of "Beautiful Snow."

The Woodmice, striving to outcoast all comers, lost control of their flying steed and went splash! right into the brook.

Little Bobby Beaver who, lacking a sled, came only as a spectator, suddenly had an idea and with a joyous "Hurrah! I've got a bob-sled, too," sat right down on his broad, flat tail and dashed away.

"Huh! I can do that trick, too," chimed in Old Mr. Turtle, who threw himself upon his back and slid down the hill upon his polished shell.

After the manner of Poiret, this coat dress and pagoda hat of silk "fur" testify his approval of a fabric first launched this autumn. French ingenuity produced this substitute for fur, which already has been accepted by the grands couturiers. To relieve the severity of the coat, a gold girdle finished with ornaments defines the waist-line. A very smart tailleur is that at right, of black velour de laine braided and stitched in gray, which shows the season's box coat and the high, close collar favored by the Paris openings

FASHIONS

Straight Jackets, Low-Girdled Long Cloaks, The Moyen Age Frock, Low-Waisted, High-Necked and Long-Sleeved for Daytime, Draped and Long-Trained for Evening, Are the Winter Mode

EDITED BY
HELEN KOUES

After the manner of Worth, here is the season's creation in a new type of evening gown developed during the past months. Of orange taffeta, it is girdled with grapes

THE winter fashions are now determined. Straight, loose frocks with girdle or crosswise seam at the hips are still smartest of all, according to the great Paris dressmakers. Next comes the slender, beltless frock falling straight from shoulder to hem, drawn closely about the figure with the few resulting folds of drapery—often lifted a bit at the hips with godet-like folds falling out on one or both sides. This straight, loose line prevails in suits, wraps, and evening dresses, with variations according to the type of garment and material used.

Winter Jackets Are Longer

To be well-dressed for the street, this winter, three different types of costumes may be selected: the street suit, the dress with a fur coat, and the coat dress or practically full-length coat. The straight suit is smartest without a belt, either trimmed with fur or worn with separate furs. The materials should be of the softest, velvet-like fabric such as duvet de laine, duvetyn, or velour. The coats should be narrow-shouldered and should hang straight to the hips, varying in length, some ending between the hips and the knee, and others reaching to the knees. Although the very narrow string belt is still to be found in many suits, the smartest of all omit the belt. A suit of this type is illustrated on the opposite page.

Furthermore, it is wiser to spend $80 to $100 for a suit which has good material, without fur, and wear it with a separate fur scarf, than to buy a suit with fur, for about this price. In the latter case the quality of either the fur or the cloth has to be sacrificed. This season muffs will be carried again, but they can be dispensed with more easily than the neckpiece.

The two-piece skirt is still the smartest model, rather scant in appearance and also a trifle longer than the Paris frocks of last season, which were shorter than the skirts worn in America. The skirts are eight or nine inches from the floor, eight inches being the better average length.

As for colors in suits, there is a strong tendency toward brown, some shades of tan and beige, and a tremendous wave of

After the manner of Paquin, the Moyen Age influence speaks in a dinner frock of yellow taffeta showing the short sleeve, higher neck, long corsage, and cascade drapery

After the manner of Rolande, who sponsors once again, after many years of oblivion, the use of cloth in this black coat trimmed with ciré ribbon and caracul

After the manner of Chéruit, gazelle, a fur much in vogue in Paris, is selected to fashion this long street coat finished with a collar and cuffs of brown fur

Long coats are the verdict decreed by Paris. This coat of gray cloth and kolinsky is topped by a Russian turban to which a red aigrette lends color

black. In fact people returning from Paris continually emphasize the vast number of women dressed in black.

Furthermore, as there is a tendency to get away from the separate waist by the use of a dress, another street costume of the winter is a dress of velour or duvetyn worn with a separate fur coat which may reach just below the hips or to the knees. The shorter coats are particularly smart for general wear. They are comfortable to walk in, and warm, without being as heavy as the three-quarter-length coat.

The coat dress or long cloak is the third and distinctly ultra fashion of the winter. They are apt to take the low-belted or Moyen Age line and as a rule have a high fur collar and sometimes fur cuffs, with perhaps a bit of fur at the bottom of the coat as a band all the way around, or broad bands across the sides.

The hats for the walking costume are still somewhat small, come well down over the eyes, and are as frequently made of duvetyn as of velvet. Some of the very smartest ones are often of feathers. With them are worn face veils, in an open mesh; some of the new French veils this season show the chenille dot in a color to match the prevailing tone of the suit.

Correct shoes for the street costume, of a strictly tailored variety, are high buttoned or laced shoes with a somewhat flat heel; for a less tailored costume, walking oxfords or pumps with spats will be worn.

Moyen Age Frocks, High Necks, and Long Sleeves

Everywhere, at the openings of the great Paris houses, were high collars, long sleeves, and lines reminiscent of the Moyen Age. Though this high-necked and long-sleeved mode is new—an ultra note—it is not likely to be the prevailing style in America this winter, although it will make its first appearance. It will have a tendency, however, to make the open-necked dress a little higher, and the sleeves undoubtedly will be long, sometimes close fitting or sometimes flaring. The Moyen Age line also demands a longer skirt, so that the effect of length is frequently given the new frock by draperies, panels, and sashes which hang below the dress itself. This is particularly noticeable in the evening dresses. From Paris comes the news: "Premet shows a straight flat frock with a low flat girdle, a high collar which may be thrown open if desired, and long, bishop sleeves gathered into cuffs. Madeleine and Madeleine feature the slender, slightly-draped, beltless frock, their models being distinctly Moyen Age. All the Paris collections this season show the influence of the Middle Ages. The long corsage, loose or following closely the natural lines of the figure, the long sleeve, the high, close collar, and the rather long skirt appear everywhere.

"Skirts are longest at Premet's and at Poiret's, where many of the models are almost ankle-length. Some of the houses—Paquin's, for instance—attain a longer effect by means of pointed panels, the points falling below the skirt edge and

Of beige velours de laine, this French silhouette displays the new coat dress, characteristic of the Moyen Age influence in its high collar and low waist-line

A brown bure skirt and a corsage of rust red duvetyn combine in the costume at left. After the manner of Poiret, dull blue velvet fashions that at right

Velvet is again a favorite in Paris, as seen above in a coat of gray velvet completed by a hat of gray fur with copper and gold flowers as striking trimming

often touching the ankles. Lanvin shows a number of 1830 frocks—lovely, picturesque gowns—which are frankly ankle length; but as a rule skirts are only a trifle longer than those of last season and may still be termed short."

Let me advise here not to misinterpret the dictum that skirts are longer than last season. They will be longer in Paris than they were last season, but they will be no longer in New York than they were last season. American women have never worn their skirts quite as short as the Parisiennes. During this last summer skirts have been worn shorter than ever before in America, and during the winter they will even be lengthened a little.

While of easy walking width, the average skirt can not be called wide, although Poiret shows very wide skirts below very long, close-fitting or straight corsages with long sleeves or no sleeves at all.

Variety of Sleeves Now Worn

Sleeves are interesting this winter—long, straight Chinese sleeves, long, close-fitting sleeves, bishop sleeves. Poiret even shows one leg of mutton sleeve close fitting below the elbow. Madeleine and Madeleine show a long, close, black velvet sleeve with a small, shaped puff at the top of the shoulder, and another where the top of the shoulder is cut away altogether.

These straight dresses with the high neck-line, long, tight sleeves, and the low belt which is the Moyen Age line, depend for their beauty on their cut, their material, and the possibility of self or colored embroidery as a trimming. The embroideries are delightful touches of a different color. Beige on brown, tomato red or henna on black, blue, or brown, and Copenhagen on blue are all noticeable combinations. These embroideries have a happy background of soft velour, duvet de laine, or duvetyn, which are the materials chiefly used for this season's frocks.

An ultra feature in dress this winter is shown in the model in the center of this page to the left. In this the upper part is rust red, and the lower part is brown. This also shows the long sleeve and high collar. With this comes a Russian blouse jacket harmonizing with the color of the skirt.

With the afternoon dresses, the somewhat larger hat is permissible. Many of these show a broadening of the brim at the sides and a trimming of coque or ostrich feathers. Others show the mushroom brim with a soft crown encircled by flowers—not of the summer type, but of velvet, or cloth roses conventionalized.

With the formal afternoon gown suède or patent leather slippers with a low French heel and the smallest buckle are correct. The much bestrapped and ornamented slippers can not be recommended; single straps are all the law of good taste allows.

Evening and Theater Gowns

Quite a distinct type of evening gown to be used for semi-formal occasions has grown up. These are well typified in the two frocks shown *(Continued on page 184)*

Long Sleeves, High Collars and Low Waist-lines Proclaim the Influence Of the Middle Ages

After the manner of Renée, this frock of beige gabardine displays a novel skirt made of panels joined by loops of gabardine which are discreetly secured under the galon ciré trimming

After the manner of Lelong, who favors gorgeous brocades for evening, this Moyen Age gown of copper and silver brocade edges its side gores, which give width to the skirt, with skunk fur, and its hem with silver tissue. Fur trimming on evening gowns made its appearance at the Paris openings

After the manner of Alice Bernard who features the high collar as one of the points of winter fashions, the dress at right, of dark wool tissue, shows a touch of brightness in its red and dull colored embroidery. The jaunty hat is of black velvet and silver braid, giving the finishing touch to the costume

The Grace of the Moyen Age is Here Achieved by the Low Waist and Long, Slashing Trails

After the manner of Poiret, this dinner gown of black velvet and gold tissue embroidered with jet beads abides by the Moyen Age line. The twin trains are a feature of the Paris openings

After the manner of Lelong, this gown of startling beauty is fashioned of light blue and silver brocade, while ornaments of strass fulfil the double purpose of adorning the gown and of holding the panel trains on either side. This gown is characteristic of the new corsage drapery used for evening in Paris

Black, whether for evening or the street, is smartest in Paris this winter. The gown at left, of black velvet and black tulle with black jet straps over the shoulders, shows the long, narrow train of the season, lined with rich silver tissue, which gracefully reveals its beauty at every motion of the body

The Straight, Simple Lines of Evening Lend Themselves To Rich Brocades And Embroideries

Of gold brocade with a background of cathedral coloring in purple and red, the evening gown at left favors the straight silhouette and bloused corsage effect

A dinner gown of great charm is that at left below, of black velvet featuring the straight silhouette and low, broad girdle embroidered in jet and crystal

Many of the evening wraps take the form of capes. Here is one of unusual beauty in blue and silver metal brocade with a large, deep collar of flying squirrel

PHOTOS BY GEISLER AND ANDREWS

MODELS FROM EONWIT TELLER & CO.

Variety Marks Cloaks, Some Featuring the Cape Effect, While Others Favor Russian Lines

A side strap effect gives a striking back to the gray cheviot coat at right, while the front is long-waisted. The collar and cuffs are fashioned of Australian opossum

Only Callot's ingenuity could conceive the navy wool velour wrap at right below, with an odd cape, black patent leather, and Australian opossum trimmings

Russian in its blouse effect, the lines of which are accentuated by silver and gold stitchery, this soft green duvetyn wrap could be used for afternoon or evening

MARC

DRECOL

MODELS FROM
FRANKLIN, SIMON & CO.

CALLOT

IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

Write Us for the Dealer in Your Town Who is Carrying These Models

TO be smartly dressed is not so much a mattter of money, as it is a matter of selection. The hard thing for the woman who lives in a small community to know is what to select from the variety offered. She is told by the saleswoman, perhaps, that here is a new frock or waist, just from New York or Paris. She hasn't seen it worn by any of her friends, she hasn't seen it on the street, and it is difficult to know if it really is what the saleswoman claims. Her own sense of good taste tells her if she likes it, but is it a real fashion of the season, something that will remain in style, or only a freak of fashion?

To enable her to discriminate is the aim of this National Shopping Service. Here are models you can see for yourself in your town or near by, which are not only sold by the Fifth Avenue shops, but which we, who are making a constant study of the styles, endorse.

The waists of Georgette, crêpe de Chine and duvetyn here illustrated are models which you may procure by asking us what dealer in your own locality is carrying them.

Attractively stitched this blouse of crêpe de Chine comes in all the new shades to match the winter suits. In navy, brown, bisque, flesh, white or copper; 32 to 44; about $15

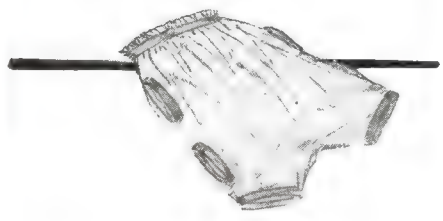
The embroidered Georgette overblouse at right comes in copper with navy, navy with henna or bisque, bisque with navy, white with flesh or flesh with white; 32 to 44; about $13.75

One of the new overblouses is this of silk duvetyn with a narrow leather belt and a new fur collar. In brown with a collar of nutria or in navy with squirrel, 32 to 44; about $29.50

Of Georgette the waist at left is effectively embroidered in contrasting colored beads and has a belt which ties in the back. In navy, brown, black, henna or bisque; 32 to 44; about $16.50

These sweaters are original designs made of a yarn distributed throughout the country. Directions for making the sweaters and the name of the yarn are sent on receipt of 2c.

Of pure gum sheeting with cemented seams these sanitary bloomers have ventilators, can be immersed in hot water, are light weight and durable; approximately $2



IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

The National Shopping Service Brings a Bit of Fifth Avenue to You

THAT the woman of the small town wants the same smart fashions that are worn in New York is made more and more evident by the demands that are made to get them. Perhaps the great evidence of this, which has awakened many a local merchant to what he is losing, is the fact that women in smaller communities have ordered by mail from the shops of New York and Chicago.

To prevent the continuation of this, the live merchants in a small town are today buying not only the staple or safe styles, but the newest styles which the season presents.

You who are a reader of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, who want well-made clothes, the models you would buy if you were shopping on Fifth Avenue, can buy them in your own locality, if you know what merchant is carrying them.

To help you know these styles we show the smart dresses on this page. They are models which are to be found on Fifth Avenue and which are also in some shop in your own locality. Write us to know the dealer who can show them to you, or who can get them for you.

A dinner dress showing a pretty combination of dyed lace and crêpe-back satin, is that shown above. It comes in black, brown, navy; approximately $55. All these dresses come in ladies' and misses' sizes

Showing the new Russian blouse effect which is very smart this winter, the navy tricotine dress at right has effective colored embroidery as trimming and a satin, self-colored sash. Approximate price $55

The smart black or navy velvet dress of the year is seen in center with white embroidery used as trimming. This is cut on straight lines and has the new low belt line. An extremely good value; about $79.50

This afternoon frock of satin-backed crêpe has the oval neck, longer sleeves, and the new low waist of the season. Ring embroidery with a center of drooping beads makes a novel trimming. In black, navy or brown; about $55

One of the prettiest frocks of the month is that at left, of navy veldyne, a velvet-like material which is here embroidered in squares in a soft mahogany shade. Also in twilight blue, black, or brown; about $79.50

THE SMART, NEW MODELS ILLUSTRATED ON THESE TWO PAGES ARE IN YOUR OWN TOWN OR NEAR BY. WRITE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SHOPPING SERVICE, 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, TO FIND OUT YOUR DEALER'S NAME

IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS

Winter Clothes with a Triple Alliance of Style, Quality, and Workmanship

DO you feel a risk in shopping by mail? When you look at the pictures, do you wonder if the material is of a quality you would consider wearing, or if the style is really as pretty as the picture? Of course, you do! Though we want the pictures to be pretty, first of all they must be faithful, and we believe you would find these suits and dresses even better than the pictures lead you to suppose, as they can be recommended for good workmanship and good quality of materials. The styles you can judge for yourselves.

Perhaps, it would be interesting to know something about these particular illustrations and why they were selected. If you went shopping yourself, you would probably look around at some of the most expensive dresses, and if they were more than you could afford, you would probably try to find a similar model for less, hunting around for a dress that would combine the newest style, which you deem becoming, with the best quality of material.

Now this is just what I have done in selecting these dresses; only I have tried to consider dresses that would be becoming to different types of women. In the suits, there is one with a high collar and one with a shawl collar to *(Continued on page 210)*

Distinctive and new is the Georgette cloth suit waist above, which shows the new, somewhat boxed front with a sash which ties in the back. The collar and cuffs are of finely tucked net edged with Valenciennes lace. The model is generally becoming because of its excellent lines and can be highly recommended for its fine workmanship. It is to be had in brown, taupe, Orient blue, or navy; 34 to 46; $8.95

There is always a certain type of woman to whom the tailored waist is most becoming. For her we have selected the model in the center, of white washable satin of good quality. This one-button model would be equally practical for general wear with the autumn suit, as a tailored waist always proves a necessity to the wardrobe. We recommend this waist for its fine tailoring. In sizes 34 to 46; $6.95

The selection of a suit as one of the most important items of the winter wardrobe is one that has to be given much care and thought. To help you we here illustrate a good tailored suit of midnight blue tricotine with a convertible collar which is smart either open or closed. The coat can be worn with or without the belt. This suit also shows a two-piece skirt in the new, somewhat longer length. Priced at $55

All the newest waists feature the overblouse in some shape or form. Above is a simple, straight model of tricolette which would be a happy selection for the winter suit. As embroidery is much in vogue at present, this blouse trims itself with contrasting braiding in all the suit shades. In navy braided in bisque, in brown with bisque, in bisque with navy, or in all black. Sizes 34 to 46; $6.95

To meet the tastes of different women the suit of yalama, a suède finish velour, at left features a long shawl collar of nutria. Here again the coat may be worn with or without the belt, as both styles are to be used this winter. This suit can be highly recommended for its excellent quality of material and good tailoring. Its two-piece skirt is the predominant style of the season. In brown or navy; $115

To facilitate your shopping difficulties we have a service by which we will gladly buy for you any of the models illustrated on either of these two pages. All you have to do is to write the department, Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and enclose a check or money-order for the selected article. We will do the rest. The article, if not satisfactory, may be exchanged

Following the precepts of Paris, this smartly-cut dress of navy blue tricotine for early autumn wear discards all idea of lining and falls limply from the shoulders with a narrow girdle loosely entwining the waist. The utter simplicity of the dress is relieved on the collar and side panels by an edging of black ciré braid. Because of its simplicity of line and fine material this frock recommends itself for practical use. Price $78

Embroidery is the cry of the winter! In some form it trims almost every gown, but its use seems particularly suited to afternoon wear, and its charm lies in its color scheme. An attractive afternoon frock of navy charmeuse is illustrated at right above, which discreetly reveals a narrow vest, side panels, and three-quarter-length sleeves of henna Georgette cloth embroidered in navy blue. This is a lovely frock for $79.50

A black dinner gown is the standby of the winter. Unusually smart is that at right of black dotted net over black satin, which shows a high back, décolleté front, and the handkerchief point drapery which lends itself so well to sheer materials. A notable feature of this dress is the low waist-line, which, though somewhat gathered to the figure in the form of a girdle, still gives the long, straight lines of the season; $68

A practical tricotine dress of good workmanship and material is that at left above, of navy blue with a black satin slip and vest. It is cut on straight lines and may have the belt adjusted at the normal or lower waist-line, whichever line is most becoming. This also shows the new, longer bell sleeve which is to be much worn this season on tailored dresses. A very good value is this dress, at a most reasonable price; $48

A tailored dress for the street is a necessity in the autumn and may well be worn later under a heavy coat. Good, straight lines characterize the tricotine dress at right above, its appeal lying in the long waist-line and touch of color of the season. It comes in navy blue with Copenhagen blue, henna, or self-colored wool embroidery. The touch of brightness given by the henna and blue is particularly attractive; $50

When gowns are not straight, a slight drapery is apparent, the latter being most favored for evening wear. The gown at left is of satin, typifying the conservative draped model which is generally becoming and very smart this season. The low girdle and long ends streaming to the bottom of the skirt are also new features of the winter. This gown comes in black only, but may be ordered in sapphire blue or gray. Priced at $72

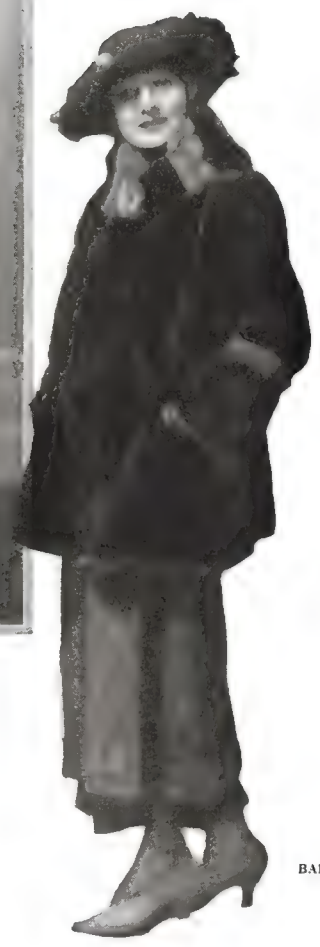
Squirrel reaches its zenith this winter, as seen above in a set featuring a long scarf with tails and the new, long, narrow muff with gathered ends to which Paris lends favor

Suitable for either street or sports wear, this coat of Australian opossum can be worn with or without the belt

Significant of the present mode is the Hudson seal box coat below, oddly trimmed with narrow weasel strips

Extremely handsome is the Hudson seal coat at right, which is appropriate for afternoon and evening wear, as its lovely lining is of gold and black brocade and its collar deep and swathing

PHOTOS BY GEISLER & ANDREWS



As Throughout Fashions the Straight Silhouette Prevails in Furs

MODELS FROM
BALCH PRICE & CO.

DRESSING *for* MATERNITY

By Careful Corseting and Proper Use of Jabots and Sashes Good Lines May Be Achieved

WHY do women take so little pains to make themselves attractive during this period when the most thought should be given to appearance, rather than, as most women seem to think, the least? The same standards should be maintained with a little more care as to daintiness and suitability to overbalance the handicap of the change in figure.

In the first place, you can not expect to look well, no matter how attractive your costume, unless you stand correctly. Correct posture is always important, but it becomes doubly so at this time. Hold the head erect, shoulders back, and abdomen in, and you will find that you not only look infinitely better, but also feel better. As your figure changes and grows more matronly, you will find that your carriage will suffer unless it is constantly kept in mind. The almost irresistible tendency to waddle from side to side must be overcome, for this shifting of the unaccustomed weight from one foot to the other will betray your condition more quickly than anything else. Acquire, then, a natural, easy gait that will not attract attention.

In the matter of foundation garments the maternity corset is, of course, the most important. This will help you to stand correctly and will give the necessary support to the child. I know that a great many women go corsetless at this time, but from the point of view of both health and appearance it is a sad mistake.

Over the corset should come the maternity brassière. The most satisfactory style is made of net, fitted, and longer in front than the ordinary style, so that it can come down over the top of the maternity corset—which is, of course, much lower than a regular corset. Proper proportion is the key word to maternity dressing, and for this reason care should always be taken to make the bust large enough to balance the ever-increasing size of the abdomen. This may be accomplished by ruffled pads sewn to the brassière on each side, and these pads should be kept stiffly starched to give the necessary fulness.

The next garment should be an envelop chemise. This should be loose around the waist, and if made of sheer material, the extra fulness will make no appreciable difference in the size of the waist-line.

Perhaps the most important foundation garment is the petticoat, and this should be studied with great care. The most satisfactory style is fitted across the front, the back breadth being separate to the hip-line and rather full. Both front and back breadths have tapes sewed to each end at the waist-line so that in putting the petticoat on, one would first tie the front breadth strings around the waist—the knot coming in the back—then tie the back breadth at the front, so that the breadth would lap a little over the hips. The special (*Continued on page 217*)

Patterns for the tea-gown, morning, afternoon, and street dresses above may be obtained upon receipt of sixty cents for each gown, or $2.40 for all four. Address all orders to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service, 119 West 40th St., New York City

The tea-gown plays an important rôle at this time and should be studied in every detail. That at extreme left, of Georgette crêpe over satin, shows an ingenious sash fastened at the sides, and a lace collar and jabot that give the necessary fulness

White satin stitched in a diamond effect is used on the vest, collar, and cuffs of the street dress of serge at the extreme right, thus giving desirable prominence to the waist of the dress and distracting attention from the rest of the figure

Of plain cotton serge, the morning dress at left trims itself with braid. The girdle hooks under an over-piece which hangs half-way down the back. For house wear the dotted silk at the right shows a becoming fichu effect of plain muslin

THE MOTHER

By Ruth Sawyer

Illustrated by Alexander P. Milne

THIS is a great story, for the message of it is hope. To those whose faith is as Ruth Sawyer's, death means no separation, but only a stronger union stripped clean of all the petty hindrances of daily life. Believer or unbeliever, we challenge you to read this story and be unaffected by it. It will do things to you, whether you like it or not. Just try it!

SHE lay in her bed and tried to piece together the things that were happening to her into a pattern that would show something familiar. Not that she was eager to plumb the depths of her experience; it was more a casual wondering, as you wonder about the people and the places you pass in a journey, conscious that you will never really find out about them.

As the wife of a plain, plodding man and the mother of six children, life had doled her an abundance of love, responsibility, and work. She had never learned to live on twenty-four hours a day. She had always been forced to borrow from the day after and had gone about her housework with a rare good cheer, firm in her belief that one day, when the children were older, she would pay back her debt to time and start even. Then there would be a chance of better adjustment. She would have time to think, to read and prepare her mind to keep pace with the children's; she knew she was doing little more now than feed, clothe, and keep them well. And in the midst of her inveterate borrowing had come this sudden call to the hospital.

For those few hours before her operation she had lain aghast as she went over in her mind the endless list of things left undone. The dishes had been left draining in the pantry—the beds unmade. The mending for the week and the week before lay untouched. Little Bob had no change of underwear; Johnnie was down to his last pair of mended stockings; the three pairs of bloomers Dot needed for school were only cut out, and she hadn't touched Jean's Sunday dress. And the knitting! Skating stockings for the two oldest and mittens all round. The kitchen sink had stopped up the night before, and she had not had time to send for the plumber— And so it went. She worried and gave a hundred futile directions to big Bob, who heard none of them. He was watching her with a white, strained face, thinking of nothing but what was before her. Concerning the operation she had worried not at all, and as they carried her away, she called back more directions to the dazed man still sitting beside her bed:

"The baby's formula is under the clock in the kitchen. Do you hear, dear? And don't forget—if the mending doesn't get done, there are the children's new stockings in the second drawer in the clothespress, and Jeanie will have to wear her plaid dress to Sunday-school until I—"

The swinging door cut off the last of it, and she turned her head away with a deep rebellion in her heart. Why did Providence let mothers go to pieces inside like an old quilt—just when they were needed most? And the last thing she said to the surgeon was:

"Please don't leave me unfinished like my little girl's new dress. Cut me out, and baste me and sew me, and turn me out all ready for wear as quick as you can."

Very clearly she could recall taking the ether. She could follow herself step by step into oblivion. She could tell almost to the instant when she had reached that wall of blackness through which she had struggled somehow back to a torturing consciousness. But she had been glad to struggle. It was borne in upon her that according to the measure of her will would be meted her chance of returning to the children, and those dishes draining in the pantry, and the stockings with a hole in every knee. So she fought, the face of her husband bending over her, his eyes a silent, steady challenge to a superhuman effort of will and soul. And somewhere, in the dim background of the room, were doctors and nurses doing their bit to help her win the battle that was so absolutely hers.

Suddenly she realized that the struggle was over. Evidently she had won. She could no longer see her husband, and the nurses and doctors bothered her no more. She closed her eyes, and then had come the wish to piece together all the happenings into something that might seem familiar—something that might prove to her her own reality. She felt strangely free of anxiety for the children and their crying need of her. Dishes and mending and unfinished dresses and stopped-up sinks somehow became trivial and inconsequential. She smiled when she thought of them, and wondered whimsically who had discovered the dust she had left under the rugs down-stairs. She had been too sick, the last day she had swept, to take them up—or even fold them back. Did a little dust really matter in the big scheme of things?

Again she felt that sudden dropping away that she had felt with the first whiffs of ether. Was she going to have another operation? Was not the first successful? Would she have to struggle up out of the blackness again, and again fight for her right to go back to her children? She wanted to beg the surgeon to leave her alone, to make big Bob understand, but somehow she could not open her eyes, and their voices came from so many miles away that they would not hear her.

Then came that quick, exhilarating plunge into space. It was like a plunge in the ocean, electrifying and vitalizing. In a strange way she thought of it as a baptism and smiled at the thought. Not for years had she been in the salt water—not since she was a girl—but the memory and the feeling now were the same. She emerged as from a deep sea dive and came up to look upon old, familiar places. Only this was space, not water. She knew that. There were three places that she saw, and they held all the beauty and intimacy that memory had given them.

First came the clump of white birches beside the cascade brook where she had played house when she was a very little girl. There were the three seed cookies, cut star-shape, on the flat rock, and beside them the red astrakhan and lump of sugar that served for daily provisioning. Under the juniper sat her two dolls—Kitty in the lavender silk and Cynthia Jean in the flowered muslin. And across the brook, sitting tailor-fashion, was her playmate washing the dishes left over from yesterday's play. Years had not laid a disturbing finger here, and she found herself waiting for the magic words that always put the spell upon them, "Let's pretend!"

Suddenly she passed beyond the brook and found herself scrambling up the cliffs that overtopped the sea. She was much older, turned seventeen, and having gained the top she threw herself down on the rocks where she could feel the spray on her face and hear the gulls as they screamed above the salmon nets. The sea was hers. Not a schooner or a pleasure yacht to claim it as far as eyes could span the horizon. Her heart was full of a strange, deep longing—a longing for life, the fulness of it. She knew she couldn't understand what life was, only sense it in a dim, far-off way, but she yearned for it, the good and the bad, the sweet and the bitter.

This same yearning was with her now for something beyond her knowledge and experience. It grew like an exquisite pain in her breast, and again she felt spindrift on her cheek and knew she was alone, as she had been alone with the sea.

She passed on to the mountains. It was the morning after her marriage, and she and big Bob were climbing the highest peak. They climbed hand in hand, without speaking. The trail led first through woods that were flecked with (*Continued on page 122*)

LITTLE Jean dropped her book and came over to her father. "You know," she said, "mother was always so busy. There was something to do from the time we got up till time to go to bed. Now it just sort of seems as if all mother had to do was to be with us and love us"

Department of HOUSEHOLD ENGINEERING

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

Mildred Maddocks, Director

Let Our Star *Guide You*

WHEN purchasing new equipment for your household, look for the red star in the oval—the seal of approval of Good Housekeeping Institute. At 105 West 39th Street, New York City, a laboratory is maintained for the purpose of testing household devices. Only those devices which have been thoroughly tested, and have come up to our standard in every respect, have the privilege of bearing our seal. Therefore, let our star be your guide; it will save you not only a considerable amount of time but money as well, and it will assure you of safety in making future purchases

USE A MANGLE

It Saves Long Hours of Work

JUST as the washing machine has been a boon in washing clothes, so the mangle or ironer has meant much in lightening the laborious task of ironing them. There is no one process in the home which consumes as many long hours as the process of ironing. Nevertheless, each week the housekeeper must face her seemingly hopeless basket of clothes. Without a doubt the electric iron has been a great labor saver in eliminating that continual walking back and forth to the stove for a hot sad-iron, but the mechanically operated ironer has taken a still greater stride ahead. It not only saves energy used in walking, but saves time, due to its large area of heated surface.

It is difficult to tell you just how much a mangle can do, because this is bound to vary with the hand that uses it. As with every other piece of machinery, the process will be rather slow until the operator has had a certain amount of experience. Originally the ironer was intended for flat work only, but it is now possible to do more than that. It is not too much to say that the skilled operator can successfully manage a large share of the garments ordinarily used in the home. Moreover, if mothers will select patterns for children's clothes of a type which will fold flat, they will find this part of the ironing greatly lessened in drudgery. The use of draw-strings instead of gathered bands is another good plan to follow. It is largely a question, you see, of adapting the garments to the mangle, remembering that ruffles are its Waterloo.

Wherever there are more than four beds to be cared for, a mangle electrically operated and gas heated is an economy. Provided the electric rate is around two cents per kilowatt hour, it is possible to use an electrically heated mangle at a reasonable cost, but at a higher rate it is not practical.

The so-called cold mangles, although much less expensive than the heated ones, have their limitations. They smooth out wrinkles successfully, and are satisfactory for towels and bed linens, but they can not produce the gloss that most housekeepers demand for table linen. The main point to remember in using them is to dampen the linen so lightly that it can be dried by a comparatively short airing.

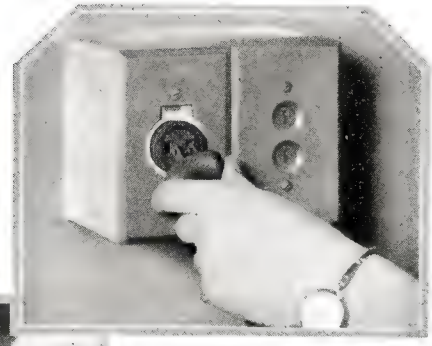
In selecting a mangle, its size will depend upon the general width of the table and bed linen in use in your family. For example, a ninety-inch sheet or cloth requires a forty-six-inch mangle; pieces eighty-one inches wide require a forty-two inch mangle, and seventy-two inches wide a thirty-seven-inch mangle. In other words, you will need a roll a little more than half as long as your bed or table linen is wide.

The photographs show the steps in the operation of a gas-heated and electrically operated mangle. First of all, light the gas and allow the mangle to preheat from ten to twenty minutes, testing the heat from time to time. Ordinarily electrically heated mangles will take longer to preheat than those heated by gas. There is no better way to test the heat than the old-fashioned one of touching the iron shoe quickly with a moistened finger, just as you would do a hand iron. While the shoe is heating keep the roll away from it. Indeed, never allow the roll to rest against the ironing surface when not in actual use. Then push in the plug and start the motor. Be sure that the roll is not in gear. Now start the roll, and send through a cloth pad several times to make sure that the shoe is clean. Since the shoe will retain heat for a long period of time, you can turn down the gas when you start to iron, provided you are not sending through a succession of heavy damask. Watch carefully to control the heat, so that the roll is not scorched. It is not possible to give time periods because the clothes are dampened to an uneven degree, and the wetter the fabric the more heat will be consumed in drying it out.

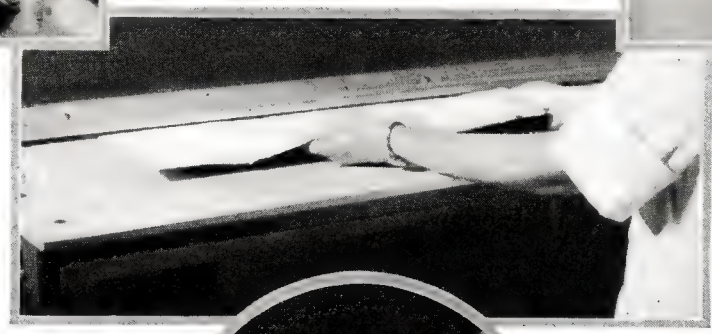
When absolutely necessary it is quite possible to put flat pieces through the ironer without having previously dried them. Of course, they must be wrung as dry as possible and then sent through the ironer several times until perfectly dry. This, as you know, is not the best kind of laundering, as all fabric should be hung in the air so that the oxygen may exercise its bleaching effect. But there

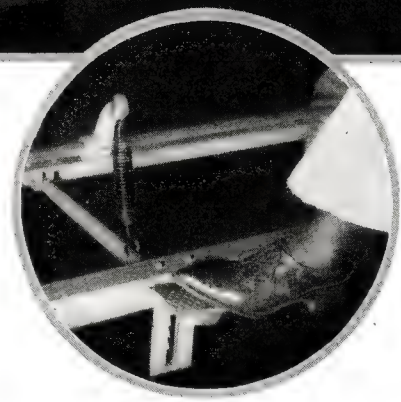
Turn on the gas, and light immediately through a small hole in the back of the shoe

A cloth pad impregnated with wax, sent through while the shoe is still warm, will keep it from rusting



The picture in the circle shows the release; be familiar with its operation





are circumstances when this might be most convenient.

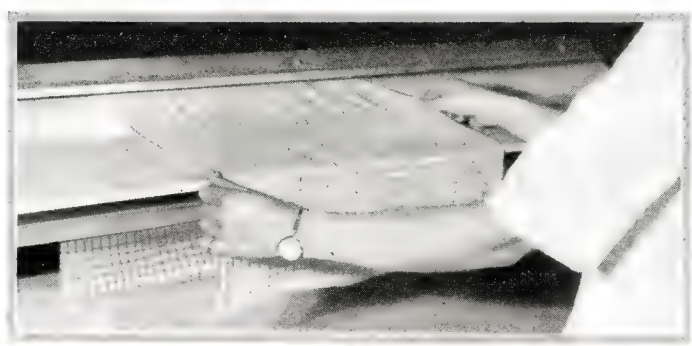
Fold the large pieces lengthwise. Towels, napkins, handkerchiefs, and small pieces should first be put through flat, then folded and sent through again. Feed towels and other small pieces alternately, first on each end and then in the center to assure even wear and prevent scorching. In folding send through a whole row of towels at once, as is illustrated in the lower left hand picture. This method will save considerable current. Iron the embroidered pieces with the right side toward the roll, to bring out the design. Buttons can be prevented from breaking and scratching the shoe if they, too, are kept toward the roll, where they sink into the fabric without cracking.

Mangles are equipped with various types of releases. There is the type with the flat, shelf-like board across the front which is pressed downward to release the roll. There is the lever or arm type of release. This arm controls the iron shoe, and by drawing down brings pressure to bear upon the roll. Still another type is the foot release which is illustrated here. This type, if well designed, is efficient because it leaves both hands free to guide the ironing.

Do not let any one, yourself or your employee, operate a heated mangle until she has become letter-perfect in handling the release. There is no denying the fact that an accident with the mangle is most painful, but it need never occur if one uses due care. The release loosens the roll so that the occasional towel which becomes wound around the roll can be unwound. The first step is, of course, to stop the roll, and the next to operate the release. Do this repeatedly before you attempt to heat the roll at all.

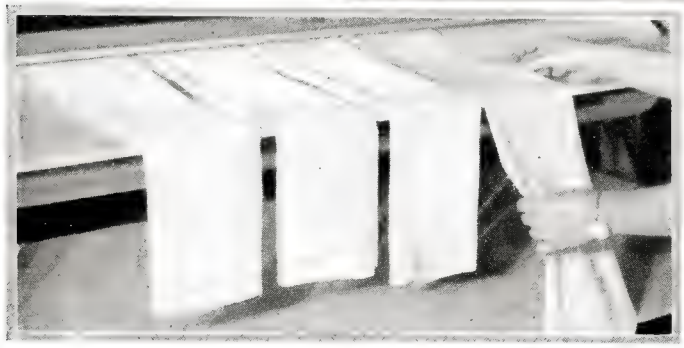
Like every other piece of equipment, the mangle must have a certain amount of systematic care to insure the best service. Oil the machinery frequently, as directed in the book of instructions which accompanies your machine. When not in use, keep it covered to prevent the accumulation of dust. Keep its ironing surface smooth and clean, using a knife or spatula for the removal of starch which may have adhered to it. A coat of wax will protect the shoe from rusting or from atmospheric action. Before you wax it, however, if there is any sign of rust, remove it with the finest steel wool No. oo. Then, while the mangle shoe is warm, send through a pad made of several thicknesses of heavy muslin impregnated with wax. This should be backed with clean muslin or oilcloth to prevent the wax from soiling the roll. Wipe off any excess wax with another cloth. When the cover of the roll becomes scorched or soiled, replace it by a new one, using perfectly smooth, unbleached muslin. The padding, too, may be replaced if necessary by a heavy wool felt. Padding will seldom have to be replaced, but just as with an ironing board, the muslin covering will probably need replacing occasionally. To put on a new cover turn the roll around until there is a loose end of the padding about six inches long. Place the muslin under this, then start the roll and wrap the cover around smoothly and evenly.

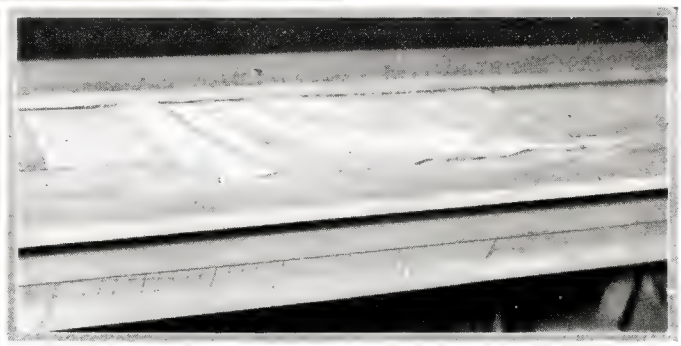
Although electrically operated mangles are most convenient and efficient, it is quite possible to purchase heated mangles operated by hand for localities having no electricity. This type of mangle has been found quite satisfactory, but requires two people for its operation—one to guide the clothes and the other to turn the crank handle operating the roll.



When folding, send through a whole row of towels to save both time and current

If this situation should occur, stop the roll, operate the release, and unwind the towel





The Business *of* Housekeeping

As Your Neighbors Work

DO you work by schedule? Realizing that the solution of the working hours of every housewife can only come through systematic planning, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE here offers you working schedules which have come to us from your sister housewives.

Here is the working schedule of a housewife from Washington:

"I am a business woman and manage an office of my own, and at the same time play at keeping house for my husband and myself in a four-room apartment, which, I believe, is possible only because we work by schedule. I have found GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE of great value in realizing this working schedule. My time-saving card index of recipes and menus is one result; my fireless cooker another; the arrangement of my kitchenette, small as it is, a third. Everything has a place where I can put my hand on it immediately.

6:30 to 7:30 A. M. Dress and prepare breakfast.

7:30 to 8:00. Breakfast.

8:00 to 8:30. Breakfast dishes, straighten rooms, make beds. This requires only half an hour because we leave things in order the night before.

8:30 to 8:45. Dress for business.

8:45 to 9:00. Car to office (one-half block from car).

9:00 to 5:00 P. M. Office. During these hours I forget the house entirely.

5:00 to 5:30. Marketing—More time if necessary. Materials for salad, fruit for dinner and breakfast, vegetables and meats for that night's dinner and for the next day so far as possible.

6:00. Home.

6:00 to 6:10. Dress for home.

6:10 to 7:00. Prepare dinner. At this time I plan breakfast and dinner for the next day and prepare ahead, getting the slower vegetables ready, perhaps cooking them so that they can easily be reheated or finished in the fireless cooker. Desserts also may be partially prepared—custards, gelatins, pastry shells, and so forth. Each day overlaps the next so the meals for the following day are partially prepared. Gas range, fireless cooker, and electrical appliances have simplified cooking.

7:00. Dinner. Always leisurely. Afterward the dishes, leaving the kitchenette in order; final planning for next day.

Evenings. Whatever may present. We enjoy reading aloud, concerts, theaters, or guests, although these are usually planned for the end of the week.

Monday evening. Odds and ends of mending.

Tuesday evening. Superficial vacuum cleaning and dusting—about half an hour ordinarily.

Wednesday evening. Light washing if necessary.

Friday. A woman comes all day, does the washing and ironing in the apartment house laundry, and thoroughly cleans the apartment, for fifty cents an hour. This leaves only the lightest of the work and the cooking for me during the week.

Saturday. I leave the office at one o'clock and do the heavy buying for the week—household necessities, staples, and so on."

From New Jersey comes this message to you:

"There are six in my family—two adults, one girl three and a half years old, one boy two years old, and twin girls six months old. I have one maid who takes care of the down-stairs but does no cooking. There is a large washing and ironing daily, but an electric stove, electric washing-machine, electric iron, and continuous hot water are of untold assistance. Four children are being raised according to schedule and are hundred percent babies. Here is my schedule:

7:00 to 7:30 A. M. Dress two-year-old boy; make two beds and one crib.

7:30 to 7:45. Help with breakfast.

8:00 to 8:45. Prepare 8 bottle feedings—fix cribs for twins. Clean five bedrooms with dry mop, carpet sweeper, and dust cloth.

8:45 to 9:30. Bathe twins, dress them, and give them bottles.

9:30 to 9:45. Bathe two-year-old boy and put him to bed. Three children sleep until noon.

9:45 to 11:30. Prepare vegetables, dessert, and do all the necessary cooking for dinner and supper.

11:30 to 12:00. Prepare dinner for two children.

12:00 to 12:30. Dress two-year-old boy. Feed twins.

12:30 to 1:15 P. M. Lunch.

1:15 to 1:45. Nap.

1:45 to 2:15. My own bath, and then I dress for afternoon.

2:15 to 3:30. Dress three-year-old girl, change rompers for boy, change twins' dresses, and give them bottle at 3:00 P. M.

3:30 to 5:30. Sew, read, and have partial supervision of children.

5:30 to 6:00. Supper.

6:00 to 6:10. Prepare four bottle feedings.

6:10 to 6:45. Give bottles to twins, help put other two children to bed.

6:45 to 10:00. Free time.

10:00. Twins' feeding.

5:00 A. M. Twins' feeding."

From the "piney" woods of Mississippi comes this housekeeper's working schedule:

"I wonder if there are any readers like myself, living out of civilization, where many of the labor-saving devices, not to mention the glorious luxuries of running water, gas, and telephone are impossible or prohibitive in price. I feel sure that there are other women on farms or in lumber or mining camps struggling as I am to maintain a decent standard of living against fearful odds. My husband works ten and often twelve and fourteen hours every day in a sawmill. There are three in the family—my husband, our adopted baby ten months old, and myself.

"I send the laundry—all except the baby's clothes, which I do myself each morning—to a negro woman who washes and irons for $1.75 per week. All our water for cooking and drinking comes from a well two hundred feet from the house, and the water must be drawn up in buckets.

In planning my work I take the standpoint that we must be clean and healthy first of all. I spend very little time cooking. We never have more than two or three things at one meal, but we have plenty of each and have the food well cooked and daintily served. This is my daily schedule.

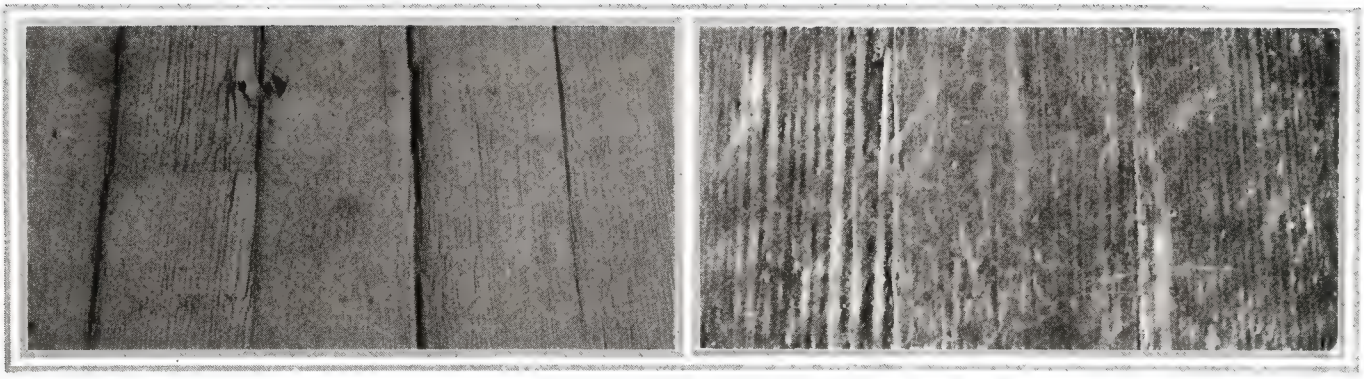
4:45 to 5:15 A. M. Rise, dress baby, and feed her.

5:15 to 6:15. Prepare breakfast, strain milk, put up husband's lunch; eat breakfast.

6:15 to 8:30. Wash dishes, sterilize all baby's milk utensils. Clean and fill oil lamp; sweep kitchen and three porches; mop kitchen floor.

8:30 to 9:15. Prepare baby's food for next twenty-four hours: feed baby.

9:15 to 10. Make (*Cont'd on page 121*



The Institute floor before and after treating, showing on the left the rough, cracked, splintery surface we found when we came, and on the right the much smoother surface we have now

Old Floors *Renewed*

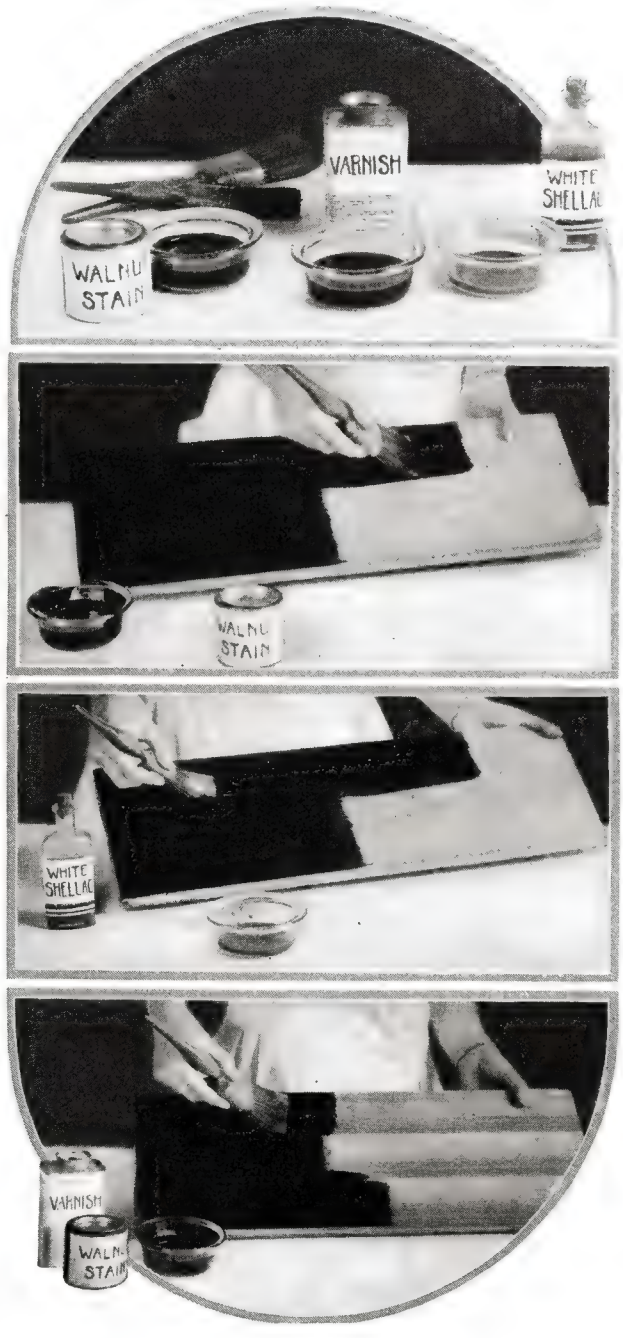
By the Director

PERHAPS you have a floor that shows roughness, splinters, and cracks. It is not so hopeless in your scheme of efficient housekeeping as first thought would indicate. A number of things may be done to it that will make it look well and be reasonably easy to care for—two things every housekeeper looks for in floor treatment.

First, have you thought of plain carpeting? I mean of the background felt type. It is not expensive as carpeting goes, and it can be found in the wood shades of brown that are neutral and lend themselves to all schemes of decorations, and that are easily cleaned. But, some one asks, isn't carpet dusty and unsanitary? Not at all, so long as our kindly friend, the vacuum cleaner, is available to make the cleaning dustless. Indeed the housekeeper's whole attitude toward carpeting will change, I believe, once she realizes that it is no harder to run the vacuum cleaner over an entire carpeted floor than to run it over several rugs on a bare floor.

The greatest objection to carpeting seems to be the cost. It is not the lifetime investment that a well-laid wood floor will prove to be. In a rented home, or where first cost is more important than considerations of wear, it is a floor treatment that may be considered.

If you have no vacuum cleaner, do not consider the carpeted floor. Instead there are wood floors and linoleum.



The materials needed for refinishing are few; they are shown in the topmost picture

Linoleum is unobjectionable in appearance even for living-room use, if you choose the neutral brown shades, but don't make the mistake of using parquet wood patterns. They deceive no one, and in house decoration, as in life, it is the attempt to deceive that most offends. Buy and use linoleum for what it is—a smooth, sanitary, easily-cleaned floor. For halls, bedrooms, nursery, and all down-stairs service rooms, it is excellent.

Painted or stained, varnished or shellacked floors are the cheapest in first cost. The cost of renewal depends upon the use and care to say nothing of the quality of the material selected. At the top of the page are two pictures. The one at the left shows you the rough, splintery floor, full of wide cracks, that the INSTITUTE acquired when it leased the top floor of this building. The picture at the right shows you the same type of floor after four and a half years of traffic over a stained and shellacked surface. It has never been scrubbed or washed with soap and water! We keep it clean by taking up the dust, and we protect it from scarring by polishing it with a very little liquid wax—not enough to soften and gum the shellac.

But the real secret of its fairly good appearance and durability lies, I believe, in the color—walnut brown. To be sure, the cracks are there, but no reflecting lights make the defects glaringly apparent. I doubt (*Continued on page 82*)

Apply a stain of desired color and follow with shellac, or use a ready-mixed varnish stain

Both Sides of Election Day

By Mary Stewart

THE women of Montana, like their sisters in other states, during their suffrage campaign planned a big parade in the capital shortly before election. In order to reach as many voters as possible they set the date coincident with the annual state fair held at Helena in the fall, to which thousands of people were drawn, chiefly for the horse racing. While the parade was in full marching order down the main avenue, a citizen just in from the races strolled up to the curb, hiccoughed his astonishment at the gala procession (this was in the days before the Eighteenth Amendment), and demanded in general of the watching throngs, "What's *this* race?" To which a little woman standing by replied, "This, sir, is half the *human* race."

Half the human race has at last won its right to entry. For the first time in the United States the whole human family constitutes a recognized and responsible citizenship.

Twenty-seven million women with the right to vote, ten million of whom are new to the privilege! The figures involve possibilities that at once intrigue and baffle the imagination. Twenty-seven million voting women! What couldn't they accomplish if they should move with a single and united purpose? But they don't and won't, and perhaps it is not desirable that they should. The new electorate is diffused, involved, and already in part assimilated in the interest and opinion of the old. None the less, since it constitutes a single sex to augment an existent electorate of a different sex, it is reasonable to expect some trend of influence, some bend in the whole, directly traceable to the new element. What will be its direction? This question politicians are asking with more or less anxiety; philosophers with cynical interest; reformers with hope; the average man with half-amused, half-troubled curiosity. And the women—the new voters themselves—what have they to say about it?

A woman's party? Well, we didn't like a man's party, and it was to take sex, as such, out of politics, not to put it in, that we fought for the Nineteenth Amendment—to round out citizenship as a human right, to emphasize the whole of the two halves rather than to insist on the cleavage.

It is not by chance that the women of America find themselves politically free for the first time on the eve of a national election, the most consequential since 1860, called to help in the molding of a peace that shall mark a new epoch in the world's progress. Countless forces operating from infinite sources throughout infinite time have culminated in one of those moments in history which we term crucial because they mark the end of an old order and the beginning of a new. The political freedom of women is but one resultant of the same large forces that clashed in the great world war and triumphed in the victory of the western world with its ideal of popular government. Women's political freedom, along with these other freedoms, is intrinsic in the theory of popular government. And the time had come when the principle must break unless its logic prevailed. The principle, shaken in an unparalleled, titanic struggle, did not break. And this "next step" was taken along with others, not yet so clear in direction as women's suffrage but quite plain in import. This is the mark of a living principle—that it must be forever trying out. Its capacity to lead always to a newer and larger manifestation is the proof of the validity of the last.

And our next step? Human enough, surely; commonplace and unheroic almost to the point of sordidness in some of its phases, but immediate and indubitable, the plain duty at hand—namely, to take part in the practical politics of the fall elections!

Was it for *this*—? I hear some brave idealist begin, her face still alight with the glory of the cause. And I must answer *it was for this*. The enlistment is always for the trenches in the end.

As we have been citizens whether we knew it or not all these years, so now we are voters whether we like it or not in a world of things as they are. The obligation that now rests upon us is as American citizens and not as suffragists or antis. The woman who wanted to vote and thought other women ought to; the woman who didn't want to vote herself or allow any other women to do so; the woman who didn't care what anybody else did so long as she was let alone to bridge or battenberg or bake according to her heart's desire—here we are, all sorts and conditions of women, in every possible state of grace—and gracelessness—VOTERS, to be or not to be independent, persuaded, lured, bought, bulldozed, brow-beaten, victimized, or led honestly, intelligently—voters to go gloriously free to the polls on Election Day or to stay ingloriously away.

To women who were part of the long, long fight for suffrage the right to vote means vastly more than the vote itself. It is the sign and symbol of freedom, the right of way to dare and dream and do. It opens doors to unknown vistas, marks the dawning of a new day whose far noon is vaguely yet splendidly radiant. Thousands of these women in little towns, in remote mountain camps, in crowded city blocks, and along the countryside gave themselves to the cause with a sacrifice and a devotion little short of religious. To them it was a crusade, a veritable spiritual baptism. Some of these women find it difficult to adjust themselves to practical politics where public service sometimes gets so sadly confused with private advantage that it seems almost lost. Paradoxically enough, these women feel toward politics much as the anti felt toward suffrage work. Their advice sounds to their robuster sisters a (*Continued on page 213*)

"GOOD citizenship means team work, and it is an all-the-year-round job, not merely a campaign stunt. It is not enough to let our candidates know that we are checking up both sides of election day; we must *back up* both sides of election day as well. Watch the Legislature, the Congress, the Bench, and the Executive Chair to hold up their hands as well as to uncover their records. Good government is a cooperative affair. The vigil doesn't end for the citizen with the counting of the ballots any more than for the candidates. The tone and quality of the citizenry mark the measure of the government's achievement. Official heads can not be much better than the rank and file; they dare not be much worse. Freedom is a growing thing which is forever being won anew, with each new fight, with each new law, with each new institution. The citizen—every citizen—has a stewardship as well as does the public official. The welfare of our country checks our account. Together with it we are all on trial, and perhaps, in this hour, we women most of all. For ours is the new consecration, the long and special preparation"

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL, SEATTLE

Singing a difficult rôle at a moment's notice, Mabel Garrison won the praise of the New York critics for the beauty of her voice and the perfection of her technique

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN SING

the advice of a great soprano, Mabel Garrison, *will be of much help to you*

WHEN I was asked to offer some suggestions that might be of interest and value to aspiring American singers, my first impulse was to give one single, short, blunt statement, "Do not try to be a professional singer!" The impulse was a natural one—a most human one, in fact. The farmer feels it when he urges his son toward another occupation than his own; it is the impulse that prompts a physician's wife to pray that her daughter will not marry into medicine. We all shrink from the responsibility for another's possible unhappiness in following the road we have taken, and the weight of this responsibility is particularly heavy in dealing with a professional musical career.

The glamour of such a life takes hold of youthful fancy, and no obstacle looks big enough to stand in the way of achievement. But the obstacles are there, seen and unseen, and I shall not expect too much gratitude for pointing them out. Artists are constantly open to unkind judgment for their failure to swell the hopes of young talent, and like others, I have often expressed a frank opinion when flattery was really what was wanted, and my sincerity did not win friends. Right here let it be said for the thousandth time, vanity is the young singer's most dangerous enemy. If it is in you, smother it. Be honest to yourself and able to listen to unpleasant truths with profit. The majority of students never will accomplish this. Instead of acknowledging a debt of real gratitude to an honest critic, they go in search of some one who will gratify their vanity, and unfortunately the search is never a long one. The average student is not able to see her limitations, and she does not care to.

So my first recommendation is: if you belong to the majority, forsake it, resign; join the minority before you read any further. Otherwise all the advice in the world will not help you.

I have read many things supposedly written for the edification of students, and marveled that so many words could say so little. There must be countless others who have felt the same way, and looking back over my own preamble, I discover with some uneasiness that up to this point, these observations might be criticized for the same reason. I shall make haste, then, to offer something tangible and, if possible, of benefit; something that at least (*Continued on page 187*)

DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY

Good Housekeeping Institute

Mildred Maddocks, Director

For a centerpiece de luxe lay fruit at the base of a yellow pumpkin slit to insert oak leaves

Illustrations used on the Institute pages are from photographs by Bradley & Merrill

The Holiday Season

BRINGS with it its round of entertaining, and mingled with the delight of home-comings and fond greetings come the hustling and bustling of preparations for the already busy housewife. These pages are planned to help make this work lighter and easier and thus give the housewife and hostess as much leisure time as possible to enjoy with her guests. All the recipes, menus, and helps have been carefully tested by the Department of Cookery in the laboratory kitchen of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, 105 West 39th Street, New York City

Thanksgiving Cheer

By Rachel F. Dahlgren

Every Recipe Tested by the Department of Cookery

THANKSGIVING, to most of us, spells home, and even the city apartment dweller, on the last Thursday in November, feels the pull of Mother Earth. Fortunate for us if we can return on that day to the old roof, or gather a younger generation under our own! Something at least in the welcome, the decorations, the fare itself, should recall the origin and emphasize the significance of the festival.

We have forgotten, perhaps, that all the early Thanksgiving dinners were game dinners, and the turkey simply the biggest and finest bird of the wilderness. Game is at its best in crisp November, and now that in many states deer are as common as when our forefathers went forth with their matchlocks, a haunch or shoulder of savory venison is not too much to hope for. Lacking this, a fricasséed rabbit or a squirrel potpie will take its place capitally, or for Southerners a fat 'possum —"Keep on a-bastin' an' a-bastin' till yo' possum am jes' lak my color"—with sweet potatoes swimming in gravy! Then there are grouse, quail, woodcock, Hungarian partridges—any of which will give a wild savor to the feast.

And now for our menu:

MENU

Shrimp Cocktails
Tomato Bouillon Bread Sticks
Oyster Croquettes
Roast Venison Currant Jelly with Mint
or
Roast Turkey Cranberry Sauce
Sweet Potato Mashed Potato
Cauliflower Celery
Pigeon Pie
Pickles or Chutney
Brown Bread and Butter
Sweet Cider or Grape Juice
Endive Salad Cheese Wafers
Pumpkin Patties Indian Pudding
Lemon Snow
Home-grown Fruits Home-made Sweets
Coffee

This dinner, which is ample to do honor to a large family gathering, may be conveniently simplified by omitting the soup, croquettes, pigeon pie, and Indian pudding. If no game is forthcoming, crown of pork—a skillful butcher's arrangement of spare-rib—is a time-honored substitute; and a chicken, duck, or guinea-hen is better than a turkey for a small family. Soup, croquettes, pies, and puddings may be made on Wednesday, and this is the time to stuff the fowl, boil the sweet potatoes, and arrange the fruit. Crêpe-paper decorations are out of place on the Thanksgiving table. Use an Indian basket—perhaps handed down from pioneer days—filled with polished red and yellow apples, russet pears, and native grapes, with a wreath of oak leaves and acorns or ripe grain at the base—nothing in the way of a centerpiece could be more fitting and more beautiful. Other suitable centerpiece suggestions are illustrated on these pages.

Shrimp Cocktails

Remove the intestines from the contents of a small can of shrimps and divide into six portions. Arrange in cocktail glasses or red pepper cups. To each portion allow one tablespoonful of tomato catchup, one tablespoonful of grapefruit juice, one teaspoonful of spiced vinegar, a dash of tabasco, a sprinkling of salt, and a dusting of chopped parsley. Pour the seasoning

Indian centerpiece and favor suggestions in keeping with the original spirit of the day

over the shrimps and let them stand in a cold place for an hour or two.

Tomato Bouillon

Simmer together for an hour one quart of canned tomatoes, two carrots, two stalks of celery, and one small onion all chopped, one teaspoonful of salt, and four peppercorns. Add one pint of well-seasoned rich brown stock and season further by adding one-half teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Strain before serving. Bouillon cubes may be used for making the stock, if preferred.

Oyster Croquettes

Cook one quart of oysters in their own liquor until they are plump. Drain and cut in small pieces. In a saucepan, melt two tablespoonfuls of margarin, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and cook together until bubbling. Stir in gradually one cupful of top milk and cook until thickened. Season with one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of white pepper, and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Add to the sauce the oysters together with one teaspoonful of granulated gelatin dissolved in one tablespoonful of hot oyster liquor. Pour out on a platter and let get thoroughly cold. Form into croquettes, roll in crumbs, then in an egg beaten slightly to which two tablespoonfuls of water have been added, then again in crumbs. Let them stand for half an hour, then dip in egg and crumbs again and either fry in deep fat or bake in a hot oven, basting, when needed, with bacon fat.

A haunch of venison should be roasted in a brisk oven for from three to four hours. Lacking a large, covered roaster, it may be covered with oiled brown paper which should be lifted for frequent basting; when nearly done, remove the paper and dredge with seasoned flour. Either potatoes or parboiled lima beans are delicious if browned in the pan during the last hour.

A fore-quarter of venison is good stewed or braised as well as roasted, and may be served cold garnished with lemon and parsley. With either venison or duck, offer currant jelly, and to give it a delicious flavor, add a tablespoonful of finely cut mint leaves to a glass of jelly, and whip lightly with a fork.

The side dishes and relishes are what give individuality to a dinner. To eat with pork, try adding to unsweetened apple sauce an equal amount of chopped, boiled onions, season highly, and serve very hot. Or instead of the onions, add one tablespoonful of horseradish to every pint of cooked apples. Tart apples pared and cored, the centers filled with spiced cranberries, then baked in a covered dish, are fit for a king, and quite as good and more unusual are quinces boiled whole, then peeled, halved, cored, sprinkled with sugar, and carameled in the oven. These, like the cranberries, can be prepared on Wednesday or even earlier. For a jellied cranberry sauce, put the fruit through the food-chopper and to one quart allow one cupful of water. Cook six minutes from the time they begin to boil, add two cupfuls of sugar, boil three minutes longer, and pour into a mold to set.

A miniature Plymouth Rock surrounded by seaweed, and shells as nut-holders, make an attractive and practical centerpiece for the seashore home

No stuffing can equal chestnuts for turkey or the larger game birds. Cut a bit of shell from each nut, boil five minutes, and roast in a hot oven for six or eight minutes. Remove the shells and skins, and add two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of broth, letting them cook very slowly on the back of the stove until this is absorbed. Season with salt, white pepper, and savory or other sweet herbs. This amount will fill the small cavity of a partridge or pheasant. For a turkey the same amount may be added to a rich breadcrumb dressing, moistening with cream or oyster liquor as preferred. For stuffing a duck, one-half cupful of black walnut meats and one-half cupful of chopped celery added to two cupfuls of light, well-seasoned mashed potato makes an excellent dressing.

Sweet Potato Boulettes

Boil and skin six medium-sized sweet potatoes, and while hot, put through a potato ricer. Season with two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of margarin. When cool enough to handle, mold in round balls two inches in diameter, sprinkle generously with chopped bacon, and brown in a quick oven. Pile on a plate cannon-ball fashion, and garnish with parsley.

Just Cauliflower

Choose a large (*Continued on page 81*)

Cranberries are in season all the year round to lend tartness to a meal

CRISP CRANBERRIES

By Mabel Jewett Crosby

Recipes and Menus Evolved in the Institute

TOO often we associate cranberries with the Thanksgiving dinner and then proceed to forget them during the rest of the year. As a matter of fact, cranberries can now be procured almost all the year around, and there is no good reason why we should not use them more freely and plenty of reasons why we should.

Cranberries counteract the acid-forming tendencies of meats, fish, and eggs, foods which are the chief sources of protein. Cranberries are rich in the phosphates, sodium and potassium salts, as well as iron. In fact, they contain all the mineral salts demanded by the body for good digestion and assimilation. In a single portion of cranberries weighing 215 grams, the following mineral salts will be found in these amounts:

CaO (Calcium Oxide)	.051 grams
P_2O_5 (Phosphates)	.06 grams
Fe (Iron)	.0013 grams

Then, too, cranberries contain salycylic acid, often given to control symptoms of rheumatism. Some one has called the cranberry the rheumatism berry. Most important of all, this sharp acid aids the digestion of all fatty foods. If a sharp acid sauce were served with fat meats, fat fish, and fried foods generally, it would prove a valuable aid to digestion. The combination of baked beans and sour pickles served by our Puritan ancestors was founded on the most scientific of dietetic laws.

The cranberry is not exclusively American, for it grows in some parts of Europe. The wild berry, however, is very astringent and acid, and it is in America that the cultivation of the cranberry is most extensive. The size of the berry has been doubled by cultivation, and its flavor improved by enriching and draining the soil. It is generally understood that the darker the berry, the richer and more delicious is the flavor.

Cranberries blend with any meat and should be served freely as a meat accompaniment. Pork and apple sauce are good, but fresh pork with hot spiced cranberry sauce is still better. Veal cutlets with cranberry jelly are a new but palate-tickling combination. Mutton chops with chilled cranberry sauce are just as good, and there is no need for one to speak of cranberry sauce with the Thanksgiving turkey!

For those who like sweet conserves, cranberries form an ideal base for combination with other fruits such as prunes, oranges, raisins, and apples—choose the sweet fruits that need the sharp cranberry acid to bring out the flavor. Jelly making has been revolutionized. The housekeeper now knows that she can make jelly from many of the sweet fruit juices, provided she adds enough acid to make the juice "jell." Cranberry juice is just the thing for this purpose. It is plentiful, comparatively inexpensive, and blends with all the fruits, making new and palatable combinations.

Bottled cranberry juice is as delicious and useful in making punches as grape juice and has the added advantage of making even more attractive color combinations. Cranberry juice can be used especially in summer in the making of fruit punches, sherbets, and ice creams.

Cranberry pie is a characteristic American pastry dessert, and though we serve it open-faced, cross-cut, or covered, it will still be cranberry. Then, too, there are the combination pies and other desserts as well. The cranberry lends just the tartness which is lacking in many a meal.

Dinner Menus

Veal Loaf Spiced Cranberries
French Fried Potatoes
Creamed Onions
Lettuce and Celery Salad
French Dressing
Cheese Coffee Crackers

Grape Fruit
Broiled Chops Potato au Gratin
Buttered Asparagus
Cranberry Milk Sherbet Angel Cake
Coffee

Luncheon Menus

Finnan Haddie with Cheese Sauce
Macaroni Nests
Watercress with French Dressing
Prune and Cranberry Pie

Tuna Fish and Green Pepper Salad
Potato Chips Hot Biscuits
Cranberry Apple Sauce

Supper Menus

Hot Waffles Maple Sirup
Baked Ham Sliced Thin
Cranberry Pie

Cold Sliced Chicken
Cranberries Cooked in Sirup
Buttermilk Biscuits Hot Cocoa

Cranberry Milk Sherbet

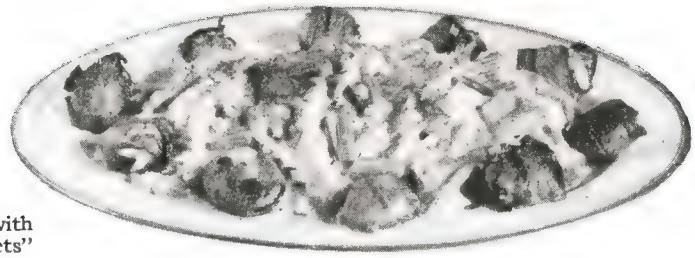
To two cupfuls of cranberry cooked and forced through a puree sieve add two cupfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, and three cupfuls of milk. Pour into a two-quart freezer and freeze as usual, using three parts of ice to one of salt.

Cranberry and Prune Pie

Mix one-and-one-half cupfuls of cranberries cut in halves, one cupful of prunes soaked until soft and cut in small pieces, three-fourths cupful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of flour. Turn into a pie-plate lined with pastry, dot over with one tablespoonful of butter, cover with strips of pastry, and bake in an oven registering 450° F. This may be baked in double crust if preferred.

Cranberry Trifle

Soak two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin in one-half (*Continued on page 157*)



Surround Creamed Celery with delicately browned "pigs in blankets"

Do Not Forget Vegetables

By Florence Spring

Every Recipe tested by the Department of Cookery

BY this time we have said goodby to the more delicate vegetables, but there are still many remaining before we settle down to canned ones and the old-fashioned winter varieties. Do not forget, however, that vegetables are quite as important a part of the winter dietary as of the summer. Tomatoes, carefully gathered and stored, are still a dependable crop, and may be used for some time in preparing numberless delicious and savory hot dishes particularly adapted to the cooler days.

Have you ever tried Neapolitan Tomato and Macaroni? Mix two cupfuls of cooked macaroni or spaghetti with one cupful of medium-thick white sauce in which one-half cupful of grated cheese has been melted. Spread this in the bottom of a buttered, deep, glass pie plate. Lay over the top uniform-sized tomatoes cut in halves, cut side up, pressing them slightly into the macaroni. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, sift dried bread crumbs lightly over all, dot with butter, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven until the tomatoes are soft but not broken, and the top is a rich, golden brown.

Perfection Turnips: Pare and dice fine-grained, mild-flavored turnips, and cook until tender in boiling water, salted during the last part of the cooking. Drain carefully, and to each quart of diced turnips add two tablespoonfuls of butter and let them stand on the back of the stove until the butter is absorbed. Just before serving, pour over them one and one-half cupfuls of highly seasoned white sauce, combine carefully, and serve very hot. These turnips will have an unusual flavor on account of stewing them in butter.

Though I made the acquaintance of Chinese cabbage only recently, I am most enthusiastic in regard to it, whether used as a salad or cooked. I should advise those unacquainted with it to lose no time in trying it. It is also called the "celery cabbage," and, used as a salad, seems to be a cross between the two. These salad combinations using it are delicious:

If the opportunity comes, do not fail to try Chinese Cabbage as a new salad ingredient

Salad Blanc: Shred the desired amount of white Chinese cabbage and with it combine a few thin shreds of red, sweet pepper. Just before it is required, combine lightly with mayonnaise dressing to which a little stiffly whipped cream has been added. Lay on white lettuce leaves and pile a little more dressing on each serving.

Concordia Salad: Mix together lightly two parts of shredded Chinese cabbage, one part of diced pineapple, one part of pieces of orange pulp (remove pulp with a coffee spoon from the divisions after cutting the orange as for eating with a spoon), and one part of seeded white grapes. Lay on white lettuce leaves, and pile whipped cream mayonnaise over all. Top with a cherry and serve.

Luncheon Salad: For this salad, ordinary white cabbage may be used; the Chinese cabbage is even more delicious. Shred fine the required amount of white cabbage. Add to it tart, ripe apples cut in matches, enough shredded red pepper or pimientos to give a pretty contrast, and one-fourth cupful of coarsely chopped nut-meats. Mix lightly with mayonnaise or boiled dressing, lay on a bed of white lettuce leaves—or green ones shredded—mask with a little more of the dressing, ornament with more of the shredded peppers and a few quartered nut-meats, and serve at once. Do not prepare this salad until needed. For luncheon serve with hot cheese dreams.

The whole of the Chinese cabbage may be cooked, or just the green portion which is left from making salad may be used. In any case, pull the leaves apart and boil in salted water until tender; drain. Place in a hot serving-dish and pour around it mock Hollandaise or cheese sauce.

Celery Combination: Cut celery into inch lengths and boil until tender; drain and combine with enough well-seasoned white sauce to moisten well. Place in the center of a deep, small platter and surround with a ring of "pigs in blankets" (oysters or scallops wrapped in thin bacon and crisped quickly).

Cauliflower with Mushrooms: Break a cauliflower into rather large flowerets and boil in salted water until tender. Prepare rounds of hot, buttered toast, place on a hot serving-dish, and heap the pieces of cauliflower on them. Pour over these the following sauce and serve at once with parsley garnish:

Chop about one cupful of fresh or canned mushrooms and put them in a saucepan with a cupful of the juice and two tablespoonfuls of butter. If fresh mushrooms are used, add part of the water in which the cauliflower was cooked. Simmer until the mushrooms are tender. Then add one-half cupful of cream or top milk, let come to a boil, thicken with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour cooked together, and add one teaspoontul of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper.

Savory Tomato Rice: Spread a layer of cooked rice in a buttered pie plate; dot with butter. Peel and halve tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and lay, rounded side up, on the rice. Bake quickly until tomatoes are soft. Lay over each a slice of thin bacon; crisp in a hot oven.

Pies — They Are All *Pies*

You will Find a Recipe for Every Occasion

Every one has been tested for you

Cranberry Pie

2160 Total Calories — *78 Protein Calories*

1 cupful cranberries chopped fine
¾ cupful cold water
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
¼ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful grated nutmeg
1 tablespoonful butter
Pastry
1 cupful sugar

Mix the sugar, salt, nutmeg, and cornstarch together, and combine with the cranberries and water. Pour into a plate lined with pastry, dot over with the butter cut in bits, cover with a top crust, and bake.

Mrs. Geo. W. Dodson, 24 Belmont St., Lawrence, Mass.

Mock Mince Pie

2900 Total Calories — *150 Protein Calories*

PART I

½ cupful molasses
½ cupful brown sugar
¼ cupful any good shortening
¼ cupful vinegar
Pastry

PART II

1 beaten egg
3½ tablespoonfuls cracker crumbs
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
½ teaspoonful cloves
½ teaspoonful salt
¾ cupful chopped raisins
Juice and grated rind of half lemon.

Boil together for one minute the ingredients of Part I, and then add ingredients of Part II mixed together. Bake in two crusts for a half-hour.

Mrs. Frank A. Russ, 933 W. 4th Ave., Gary, Ind.

Sliced Pineapple Pie

2500 Total Calories — *142 Protein Calories*

¾ cupful sugar
1 cupful thin cream
2 eggs
1 tablespoonful butter
1 cupful sliced pineapple, diced
1½ tablespoonfuls cornstarch
Pastry shell

Heat the cream, saving a quarter-cupful to mix with the corn-starch; add cornstarch and cook until somewhat thick. Cream the butter, sugar, and eggs, slightly beaten, add to the first mixture, cook till thick, then add the pineapple, cool slightly, pour into a rich pastry-shell, and set aside to cool.

Mrs. Roger T. Wilcox, 318 Euclid Ave., Westfield, N. J.

Vegetarian Mince Pie Filling

3095 Total Calories — *120 Protein Calories*

8 medium-sized apples
½ cupful walnut meats
½ cupful almonds
¼ cupful dried figs
⅛ cupful citron
½ cupful currants
1 teaspoonful salt
2 cupfuls brown sugar
Juice of 2 lemons
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
¼ teaspoonful mace
¼ teaspoonful cloves
1 cupful sweet cider or fruit juice.

Chop the apples. Put the nuts and dried fruits through a food-chopper. Mix all the ingredients together and cook about one hour, or until the apples are soft. This amount will fill three pies. To keep for some time, seal while hot, in glass jars.

Mrs. I. L. Peabody, 460 Westbook St., So. Portland, Me.

Butter Pastry

1355 Total Calories — *75 Protein Calories*

½ cupful butter
1¼ cupfuls pastry flour
½ teaspoonful salt
4 tablespoonfuls ice-water
1 teaspoonful melted butter
1 tablespoonful flour
Milk

Chop the butter into the first quantity of flour in a wooden bowl. After the butter is well blended, add the ice-water, continuing the mixing with a knife. Roll out pastry dough, spread melted butter over it, sprinkle with the one tablespoonful of flour and roll in. Roll up like a jelly roll and put away long enough to chill. Then cut in halves, roll out for two crusts, and brush the top of the pie with milk.

Mrs. Earle L. Ovington, Newton Centre, Mass.

Chocolate Pie

2653 Total Calories — *260 Protein Calories*

1½ squares chocolate
1⅔ cupfuls scalded milk
⅔ cupful powdered sugar
½ tablespoonful cornstarch
½ teaspoonful vanilla extract
4 eggs
9 tablespoonfuls sugar for meringue
Pastry

Melt the chocolate over hot water, then add the hot milk and cook together until smooth. Add the sugar sifted with the corn-starch, and stir until the boiling-point is again reached. Cool slightly. Add one whole egg, and the yolks of three eggs slightly beaten, and the vanilla. Bake in a single crust till firm. Make a meringue of the three egg-whites as follows: Beat very stiff and dry, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar for each egg-white, and beat again until stiff, then add one tablespoon of sugar for each egg-white, and a few drops of vanilla. Beat again and pile the meringue on the pie. Bake until a golden brown in an oven heated to 300° F.

Mrs. G. W. Pierce, Hotel Polhemus, C & 7th Sts., San Diego, Cal.

Send for Your
BULLETINS

Washing Without Boiling.	$ .15
The First Kitchen	.15
Canning by Safe Methods	.15
An Efficient Home Laundry	.10
Fireless Cookery	.10
Cooking by Temperature	.10
Menu Building by Calories	.06
Quarterly Supplements to Household Engineering: each	.10
(set of 10)	.75

Squash Pie with Condensed Milk

1415 Total Calories — *135 Protein Calories*

1½ cupfuls sifted squash
1 teaspoonful flour
1 egg
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
⅓ cupful condensed milk
⅔ cupful water
1 tablespoonful molasses
¼ teaspoonful each, cloves, ginger, nutmeg, and salt
Pastry

Mix the flour and the spices with the squash, add the molasses, milk, and water. Stir in the well-beaten egg last. Bake with one crust.

Mrs. R. E. Abbe, 1216 Park Rd., W. Hartford, Conn.

Sugarless Pie

1855 Total Calories — *80 Protein Calories*

1½ cupful cooked stoned prunes
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
1 cupful raisins
Pastry
1 to 2 tablespoonfuls prune juice

Wash about one-half pound of prunes several times, cover with boiling water, and cook very slowly on the back of the range, over a simmering burner on a gas range, or in a fireless cooker for twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Add water as needed to keep covered, and at last let the juice cook down till it is thick. Stone the prunes, measure, and add the raisins, prunes, and lemon juice. Bake in one crust with narrow strips of pastry over the top. This makes a small pie.

Grace W. Marshall, 8 Oak St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Chocolate Nut Pie

2700 Total Calories — *208 Protein Calories*

2 medium-sized potatoes
1 tablespoonful butter
¼ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful powdered sugar
1 cupful finely chopped nut meats
¼ pound cake milk chocolate
1 cupful pastry flour
½ teaspoonful baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
4 tablespoonfuls shortening
1 egg
1 teaspoonful vanilla

To make the filling, mash the potatoes, add the butter and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and beat together. Add the sugar, nuts, chocolate melted, and vanilla. Beat together until light and fluffy. Set aside to cool. To make the pastry, sift the pastry flour, baking-powder, and salt together, cut in the shortening thoroughly, and add the egg unbeaten. Mix and turn on a floured board; roll thin. Bake on inverted muffin tins. Cool and fill with the chilled mixture. Garnish with whipped cream.

B. D. Rosenberg, 1422 Scott St., Little Rock, Ark.

Rhubarb Custard Pie

2452 Total Calories — *159 Protein Calories*

2 cupfuls rhubarb, diced
1 cupful sugar
1 cupful milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls flour
1 teaspoonful lemon juice
¼ teaspoonful salt
Pastry
6 tablespoonfuls sugar for meringue

Stew the rhubarb in three-fourths cupful of sugar until soft; cool and add milk and the yolks of the eggs beaten with one-fourth cupful of sugar, the flour, and the salt mixed together. Add lemon juice. Pour into a pie pan lined with pastry with a fluted rim. Bake until almost firm, cover with meringue, and return to a slow oven to finish. To make the meringue, beat the egg-whites very stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each egg-white, beat again, then add another tablespoonful of sugar to each egg-white; beat, flavor with a few drops of lemon or vanilla extract, and spread on pie. If fresh rhubarb is not in season, and you are the fortunate possessor of some which you have canned, you may use it in place of the fresh rhubarb called for in this recipe.

Mrs. Culver Vanderbeek, Linden Ave., Englewood, N. J.

DRAWN BY ABE MARTIN

A colonist returning home after the business worries of the day

Thanksgivin'

By Abe Martin

HAVE you ever heard of Abe Martin—that sly, drawling humorist who furnishes a smile a day to every reader of the Indianapolis *News?* We can't all live in Indiana—even if we should all want to—so here is a longer specimen of the work of the favorite fun-maker for the Hoosiers

THE great New England festival o' Thanksgivin' wuz inaugurated in 1621, at th' close o' th' first year after th' colonists landed, an' if ever'thing we've read about th' hardships an' dangers o' that first year is true, they should have kicked 'emselves instead o' bein' thankful. Jest think what a time they had tunnelin' around in th' snow, cuttin' down trees t' build a fort, an' all ther trunks an' scenery settin' out in th' weather, an' a stiff, cuttin' breeze right off th' Atlantic whistlin' around ther ears all th' while. In th' evenin', when they quit work with ther backs full o' arrows, ther wuz no warm near-beer parlors, or cheerful hotel lobbies, t' drop into. They had t' huddle an' take chances. But ther wuz no unrest an' walkouts in them days, an' soon ther forts wuz built on th' costless plan, an' then they wuz heeled in an' safe from th' Injuns. An' they had plenty o' wood an' cranberries an' turkeys. That's the reason no modern Thanksgivin' is complete without turkey an' cranberries. If ther had been plenty o' owls instead o' wild turkeys, why th' owl would be th' Thanksgivin' favorite. A colonist could step ten feet from his home into a dense forest an' fire off a short, clumsy blunderbuss with a barrel like a tuba horn, an' wild turkeys would fall like hail within a radius o' two miles in ever' direction. Sometimes a shot would hit his wife who wuz splittin' wood in th' snow jest back o' him.

Ther hain't no national legal holidays. Th' President may recommend that a certain day be set aside in th' District o' Columbia as Thanksgivin' Day, an' then it's up t' th' gov'nors o' th' various states t' do th' same. If Thanksgivin' come before our fall elections instead o' after them, we'd have some wonderful proclamations, but as it is they're evidently written by a syndicate.

Thanksgivin' Day is th' time t' express gratefulness, but gratitude is becomin' as rare as corsets in a gypsy camp. Folks are gittin' t' believe more an' more that anything they kin git is comin' t' 'em. But what shall we be thankful fer this year? Surely not fer sixteen-dollar shoes, coal strikes, seventy-five-cent eggs, fifteen-cent bread, fifty-cent hair cuts, ninety-five-dollar cotton an' wood fiber business suits, one-dollar-an'-thirty-cent non-exchangeable round steaks, an' thirty-cent sugar.

All these things are mere trifles. Gratitude is not th' inevitable result of a full stomack an' plenty o' silk shirts. We should be grateful we are here. It's only when we're about t' undertake t' cross a down-town street that we fully realize that after all life is a wonderful thing. We should be thankful fer what we have—th' beautiful cloud effects in th' skies, th' rollin' hills an' sublime forests, th' pure, invigoratin' air, an occasional free street pe-rade. All o' these precious priviledges kin not be marked up on account o' th' war. They are ours to enjoy, an' we should make th' most o' them even if we are not full o' pie an' dolled up. Our country is torn. Our people are clumped in factions, th' line is firmly drawn between steamfitters an' plumbers, ther's strikes an' threats o' strikes, irresponsible orators are screetchin' from ever' eminence, ther's an abnormal an' unhealthy rush fer material things, closed cars are almost prohibitive, white mule is bein' brewed in many homes, farmers are smokin' cigars, women's clothes are darin' an' soul-destroyin', our imaginations are out of a job, th' rustle of crisp, fresh fives an' tens is heard in th' market places, an' we cross th' busy thoroughfares with our life in one hand an' th' evenin' paper in th' other. But, oh, what a glorious country it is!

In many o' th' remote, back country communities Thanksgivin' Day is still observed in th' ole-time fashion, an' with much regard fer tradition. There we have th' musty parlor full o' company. On th' wall hangs a picture o' Pharaoh's Horses, an' life-size crayon reproductions o' mother an' father in massive frames throw th' room out o' drawin', an' over th' door is "God Bless Our Home." Th' family Bible reposes on th' marble-top table along with th' bulky album o' front-view photographs. A glass cane sets in th' far corner o' th' room, an' a friendly, smilin' conch shell is allus at hand waitin' an' anxious t' be picked up an' admired.

It's allus interestin' t' watch a house full o' company on Thanksgivin' Day. No matter how big a house is, ther's never but one easy chair in it, so th' folks sit around in stilted, uncomfortable attitudes, waitin' fer th' dinin'-room door latch t' rattle. They talk about (*Continued on page 145*)

Brite *and* Fair

By
Judge Henry A. Shute

Sum of the egs was lite and sum of them which were heavy had ded chickings in them. we broke 1 of eech kind to see which smelt the wirst and we coodent tell

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

OCTOBER 27, 186—this has been a grate day for the Terible 3. this time we have did sumthing that evrybody is glad of xcept jest a few fellers and sum wimen whitch aint wiling to maik enny sackrifise for the good of the town. bimeby peeple will see that the Terible 3 is able to do sum things that the poliseman cant do.

father sed tonite after he got home that it sirved old Swane the poliseman and old Mizzery Dirgin the poliseman that throwed me out of the hall that time that father was going to make a speach but dident dass to jest rite. that it was the law that a pedler coodent pedle things without a license and old Swane and old Mizzery Dirgin knowed it and hadent augt to have aloud him to do it and if they had did their duty father woodent have lost 2 dollers in bying a tin wach without enny wirks in it. father sed he woodent have missed it for 10 dollars and he wood like to know who done it. I sed perhaps it was the Terible 3 and he sed if it is peeple had augt to forgive them for what they did to old Biley and old Bill and old Ike and old Ward and old J. Albert. i wanted to tell him but of coarse my othe woodent alow me to tell. i bet father wood make a awful good member. if he was a member we wood have to call it the Terible 4 and then peraps Beany and Pewt wood have to have there fathers in it and we wood have to call it the Terible 6.

so i guess it is al rite to leeve it as it is, but if we ever get up another one father will have to join. jest imagine enny one ketching us and triing to lick us when father was round.

i havent stoped laffing yet over it. if enny of the peeple whitch got pluged ever find out who done it they will kill us dead. but they wont never find it out.

well this morning i got up and et my breckfast and done my choars and went over to Beanys and got him and we went up to Pewts and had a meating of the Terrible 3 and i told them what father sed and what the pedler done to him and that the pedler was going to pedle there tonite and that it was our chanct to do good wirk and to maik a naim for ourselfs. so Pewt took us out to where his father had set a lot of hens and there was lots of egs that dident hach. sum of them was so lite that you coodent plug them verry far and sum of them which were heavy had ded chickings in them. we broke 1 of eech kind to see which smelt the wirst and we coodent tell. both smelt so bad that we had to go out of the coop and wait till it aird out. then we pluged 1 of eech kind agenst the fence. the lite one popped the loudest and the chicking one spatered (*Continued on page 158*)

"Here is the ticket, it's clear
Which stands for a league of good cheer
For this candidate
I candidly state
I'll vote every day in the year."

★

The winning ticket

Campbell's Tomato Soup wins not only on its delicious flavor but on its wholesome quality and healthfulness.

It is one of the most valuable health-promoters you can have on your table.

The pure juice of vine-ripened tomatoes and the other choice ingredients with which we make it are nourishing in themselves and they also help to tone and regulate all the body processes which build up health and good condition.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, the usual way, its energy-yield is fifty per cent greater than that of milk.

Good soup once a day at least is a health rule which no one can afford to overlook.

Do not leave it to chance. Order a dozen of this appetizing soup at a time and have it handy.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Ever make Banana Whip?

1 envelope COX S GELATINE
½ cup (1 gill) cold water
2 cups (1 pint) hot milk
3 ripe bananas sieved
1 lemon
1 cup (½ lb.) sugar
½ teaspoonful red or yellow color

Mix Gelatine and water together, add milk, and when dissolved add bananas, strained lemon juice, sugar, and color. Beat until the mixture begins to stiffen, pour it into a serving dish, set in a cool place for a few hours and serve with milk or cream.

This is just one of the delicious rich desserts that can be made with Cox's Gelatine. Pure, unsweetened, and unflavored, Cox's Gelatine is the secret of many creamy puddings, appetizing savories, and dainty salads.

Keep a box or two always on the pantry shelf. You will find it convenient in making delicious desserts and different salads.

Our new book is brimful of recipes for making dainty and tempting desserts, salads, soups, etc. We shall be very glad to send you a free copy.

Write for Cox's Gelatine Recipes.

★ COX'S Instant Powdered GELATINE

THE COX GELATINE CO.
Dept. A, 100 Hudson St., New York

Sick Room DISCOVERIES

Good Housekeeping Institute

HAVE you discovered anything which would benefit other readers? If so, will you not give us the pleasure and opportunity of passing it on? All the suggestions we can use we will purchase at one dollar each. A stamped, addressed envelop secures the return of unavailable discoveries. Address GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, 105 West 39th Street, New York City

A Sick-Room Economy—An economy of real worth has been used in our home this winter. For a single bed we bought one yard of rubber sheeting and to two sides of this stitched cotton strips of the same width. The rubber covered a sufficient portion of the bed, leaving the white goods to be firmly tucked under the mattress, thereby saving the cost of rubber sheeting ordinarily used in tucking under the mattress.

R. B. T., Va.

A Dressing Help—My mother was saved much irritation by following this method of applying adhesive plaster. Instead of applying long strips from one side of the wound to the other, and then forcibly pulling them loose, apply on both sides a few two- or three-inch strips of adhesive plaster with ordinary tapes attached and tied over the dressing. Then in redressing the wound the tapes were simply untied, a new dressing put on, and tapes tied again, without disturbing the adhesive at all.

M. L. F., Miss.

When the Doctor Comes—Our doctor is a very busy man and his calls are necessarily short. Time and again, when he has whisked in and out, I have found that the very points which I intended to emphasize had slipped my mind entirely. Worst of all, sometimes these were important, and he has asked later, "Why didn't you tell me that at first?" *Now*, as soon as I call the doctor, I make a chart such as hospital nurses use, and fill in briefly the items which seem significant for that case: the temperature and pulse at different hours, appetite, mental condition, possible causes, home remedies tried, etc. The last part helps in a similar way. During the doctor's visit I write a few words in the blank spaces opposite the words "medicine," "diet," and "general care," and so avoid mistakes. Though the doctor smiled at first, he now considers it a great help and has recommended the chart habit to other mothers. As for me, the burden of nursing inevitable in a large family has been greatly lessened and a real worry put to flight.

Mrs. H. F. W., O.

Neuralgia Relief—A member of my family has found surprising relief by the permanent adoption of this idea of mine. As the sufferer is a man, he objected strenuously to the time-honored custom of tying the head up in a woolen scarf, so one night I spread a new piece of outing flannel over his pillow. When an attack comes on, or if the weather is cold or damp, I lay a very hot hot-water bag on the pillow for an hour or two before bedtime, which warms the feathers thoroughly. This man despises coddling or nursing, so that these ministrations had to be introduced at the psychological moment. Do not use old flannelette with the down matted. I always provide new material for this very real comfort. When the material becomes soiled, it may be washed and then converted into mop rags or cut in strips for use as a mop head.

Mrs. E. H. A., Calif.

For Tired Feet—For tired, aching feet use a mixture of talcum powder and baking soda in equal quantities. Even when just shaken into the shoe it will give relief.

Mrs. A. R., Va.

Oranges for Fever Patients—An invalid whose mouth becomes dry and parched during the night, or a fever patient, will find that an orange, cut into small pieces and placed within easy reach of the bed so that a piece may be held in the mouth from time to time, will be more beneficial than water. It has the added advantage that a patient can manage the pieces of orange more easily than he could a glass of water. *C. E. P., Pa.*

A Sick-Room Hint—If cracked ice is to be used frequently in a sick room, it will keep longer if you tie a piece of clean gauze or cheese-cloth over a bowl and place the ice on the cloth, thus letting the water caused from the melting ice drain through into the bowl. Then cover this bowl with another bowl and place a paper bag over both bowls. You will find this will save many steps to the kitchen for ice. *Mrs. J. W. S., N. Y.*

Clean Handkerchiefs—The discovery made by the director of physical training in one of our large cities deserves to be passed on as a timely suggestion. This official recently sent circulars to principals and teachers in the public schools under his supervision, urging them to instruct their pupils in the necessity of carrying a clean handkerchief to guard the mouth and nose when coughing or sneezing. Diphtheria, measles, colds, etc., recur annually in almoat epidemic form, but they can be prevented by thoughtfulness and common sense. Mothers can do their part by seeing that the children conform to this suggestion.

Mrs. W. H. B., W. Va.

For the Partially Helpless—In many homes there are old persons partially helpless. A simple device that enables them to turn in bed, or even pull themselves up to a sitting position, is the following. Take new, stout, cotton cloth. Fasten strong strips securely to either side of the bed frame. Make a good knot, easy to hold, in the end of each strip. The strips should be long enough to reach to the center of the bed. When not in use, the knots may be pushed up under the pillow. The ability to change one's position even slightly prevents the extreme nervousness and irritability often found in partially helpless patients. I have seen this simple device work like a charm many times.

A Trained Nurse, Mass.

When Using Vaseline—When sickness required the use of vaseline, I had used the common yellow vaseline. I found, however, that in spite of my care it stained the towels, bedding, etc. A trained nurse advised me to try white vaseline, which can be purchased in either tubes or jars. Now I have very little trouble with stained linen. *S. C. F., N. Y.*

When Mother's Away —

It's fun to make cocoa for lunch

★BAKER'S COCOA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

is easily made; of delicious flavor and aroma. Aside from the fun of making it, it is a most valuable addition to a meal, as it provides a large amount of nutrition in a readily assimilable form.

BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

KAYNEE
WASH SUITS

Substantially made and artistically designed . . . . Kaynee Wash Suits are happily adapted to hard play or dress-up occasions.

No details are slighted in Kaynees. The thread used is the finest made. Every button is first quality. All seams are lock-stitched to prevent ripping or tearing out.

The materials are dyed in the yarn to make them proof against sun and tub—they will not fade. Kaynee designs and styles are exclusive.

"Let them grow up in Kaynee" Creepers, Rompers, Wash Suits, Blouses, Youths' Shirts, Undertogs, Pajamettes, and Covertogs.

The KAYNEE COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
Over Thirty Years of Satisfaction

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelop accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets bearing on health and hygiene: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults: "Constipation," and "Reducing and Increasing the Weight." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps, apiece. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelop for the questionnaire, designed for The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and any defects corrected take an interest in this matter. There is nothing more important to business than the health and efficiency of those engaged in it. If traveling men generally could be enlisted in the suppression of venereal diseases, a great step forward would have been accomplished. I am glad you are convinced that the traveling men of today no longer assist in distributing venereal diseases and realize the business necessity of being gentlemen.

A Few Questions

I am asking you for copies of your Questionnaire of the League for Longer Life, and beg that you will answer a few questions. I eat very generously of wheat. I boil the whole grain after cleaning and picking it over. Is this boiled wheat as wholesome as it would be in the form of graham bread? If vegetables are left over after cooking until they are a bit sour, are they fit to eat if the germs are destroyed by scalding? Your correspondence relating to chickens eating potato peelings is very interesting to me. I have been feeding potato peelings to my chickens for over a year.

Mr. C. A. P., New Jersey.

In my opinion, boiled clean wheat, provided the water in which it is boiled is just sufficient in quantity to be entirely absorbed so that none of it is thrown away, is just as wholesome and nutritious as if the wheat were ground and made into graham bread. When left-over vegetables sour, the question of wholesomeness depends upon the character of the organism. Usually the sourness is due to the development of lactic acid. Lactic acid in small quantities is not injurious. Even if acetic acid should be developed, it is not injurious. Both lactic and acetic acid are completely burned in the body to carbon dioxid and water. It is not the acidity, therefore, which you need question. There are other products of bacterial activity which do not make themselves known by taste or smell; some of these are decidedly harmful. For this reason I should advise you not to eat vegetables that have become sour after cooking. I am glad that your experience tallies with my position on the celebrated question, "Do Chickens Eat Potato Peelings?" It is a pity the peelings have to be given to the chickens. It would be far better to feed them to the children. I hope M. M. will see this article.

Bringing It into Business

Your article in the July-August issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING made a decided impression upon me. I know a young chap who contemplates marriage, and my suspicions are aroused as to his physical condition. I am enclosing you an addressed envelop for your questionnaires so that I may let him look them over. Your aim is highly commendable, and if we all had this knowledge before matrimony, I am sure our race would be better able to cope with the world's needs. If I can be of service in placing some of your questionnaires with some of my boys, I shall be glad to do so, as they can be of much service on their travels. Our aim is to protect one another from the social evil which we find in every city our salesmen visit. Salesmen used to be called "wild," but this condition of former times is about remedied. Our aim now is to be gentlemen in selling our goods.

A. H. B., Pennsylvania.

I am glad you feel as you do regarding the benefit which will come to humanity if we can get them interested generally in our League for Longer Life. In regard to the distribution of our questionnaires by your traveling men, I would say that we shall be glad to send to any one who makes a personal request a set of them. There is such a great demand for them that we are keeping our printing presses busy. We have not adopted the plan of sending them out *en bloc*. I wish more business men would

Never Sure You Are Through with It

My husband went insane a year ago with syphilis, a condition of which I knew nothing. The doctors claim he has had it for twenty years, at last causing general paresis. I have one boy five years of age. Have had both Wasserman and spinal fluid examinations and both negative. He is a fine child, strong and never sick. I should like to know more about this awful disease. Should I have my boy examined again soon, also myself? I understand my husband can not live long. Any information which you can give me will be gratefully received.

Mrs. H. M. L., Massachusetts.

It would be impossible for me to give an accurate diagnosis of the condition of your five-year-old son and yourself. If you have not been afflicted with this syphilitic taint which your doctor says your husband has had for twenty years, you have had remarkably good luck. The fact that the boy has not yet developed any symptom of syphilis is comforting, but not altogether assuring. Syphilis is a most insidious disease. It may lie dormant for years and then suddenly develop. My advice to you is to keep your son under careful medical inspection. Let him go to the family physician say twice a year. He may entirely escape the disease. This is my fervent hope. You see now how important the League for Longer Life is, and what guarantees it holds for the future. The marriage of a syphilitic should never take place. It is a chance which no one is justified in taking.

Talking of Water Drinking

I have read or heard from some source that the amount of water which you drink each day is a very important factor, and that the proper amount is about two quarts and a half a day. Is there any merit in this suggestion and is the amount mentioned correct?

Mrs. O. A. P., Jacksonville, Fla.

If we would eat normal and natural foods, it would be unnecessary to drink any additional water, except perhaps in very hot weather. Vegetables contain about 90% of water; milk 88%; fresh meat about 60%; bread about 35%. Oil and sugar contain no moisture at all and butter only about 15%. Hard bread—biscuits, crackers, etc.—contains from 3 to 8% of water. Another important factor is the amount of salt and sugar which we eat. Usually we eat entirely too much of both. If one eats just a little bit of salt and no sugar at all, he needs very little water. There is one safe rule: Drink all the water you need to quench your thirst. When you do that, you have used the proper amount of water.

Let naptha loosen the dirt while the clothes soak

For especially soiled white pieces (cuffs, neckbands, spots) wet them, rub with Fels-Naptha and let them soak a half-hour or overnight. This gives the naptha a chance to loosen dirt, and gives the machine a good start for quicker, more thorough work. The clothes come out in short order sweet, sanitary, clean and bright, and the inside of your machine will always be free from stickiness.

Are you going to get a washing-machine for Christmas?

Increasing the wonder of the washing-machine

The two most effective clothes-cleaning agents ever invented go hand-in-hand today to ease the burdens in the modern home.

Fels-Naptha, the super-soap, unites with the washing-machine to save still more time in washing; and to save woman even more from hard work.

Flakes containing naptha!

The naptha in Fels-Naptha is a great help in washing finery. Just shave off some chips or curls of Fels-Naptha, dissolve promptly and work up bubbly suds. The naptha dissolves the dirt, and the soap washes clean. So much more economical, too!

How many uses in your home?

Besides being a wonderful laundry soap, Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, sink. *Safely* cleans anything cleanable.

Naptha (somewhat similar to gasoline) is that surprising dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen cloth. By the Fels-Naptha exclusive process *real naptha* is combined with good soap.

Smell it! You can tell it is there by the clean naptha odor. Every bubble of the foamy white suds contains naptha.

The naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt, and the washer throws the rich Fels-Naptha suds through the meshes of the fabric, thoroughly cleansing every fibre. Thus Fels-Naptha does all that good soap can do, plus all that naptha can do.

Fels-Naptha is therefore the ideal soap for the washing-machine.

Three things identify genuine Fels-Naptha—the red-and-green wrapper, the golden bar, and the clean naptha odor. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today.

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

© 1920, Fels & Co.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Eatmor Cranberries

Cranberries should be on the table every day

They are the most delicious—healthful—economical of fruits. 8 lbs. of cranberries and 2½ lbs. of sugar make 10 tumblers of beautiful jelly. Try this recipe—

Cranberry Jelly

Cook until soft the desired quantity of cranberries with 1½ pints of water for each two quarts of berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag. Measure the juice and heat it to the boiling point. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for five minutes; skim, and pour into glass tumblers, porcelain or crockery molds.

For the King of Sauces, try this recipe—

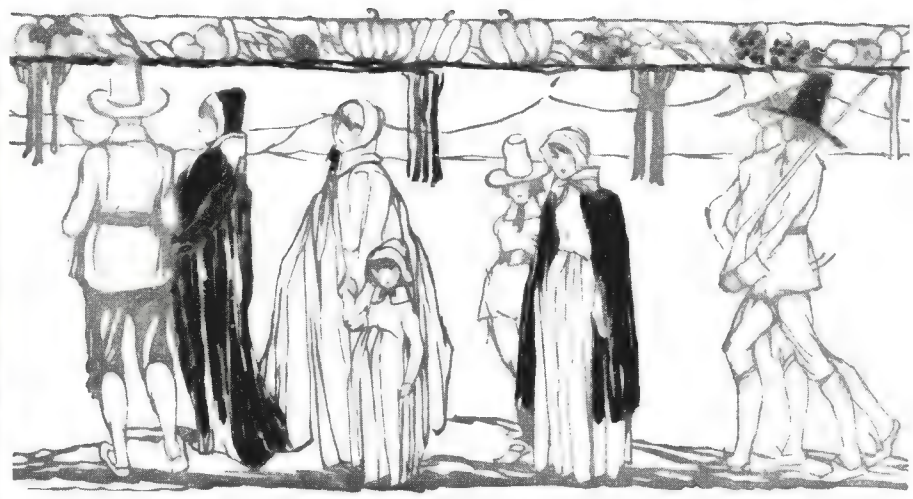
Cranberry Sauce

One quart of cranberries, two cups boiling water, 1½ to 2 cups sugar. Boil sugar and water together for five minutes; skim; add the cranberries and boil without stirring (five minutes is usually sufficient) until all the skins are broken. Remove from the fire when the popping stops.

Always cook cranberries in porcelain-lined, enameled or aluminum vessels—never in tin.

A recipe folder, containing many ways to use and preserve cranberries, will be sent free on request.

American Cranberry Exchange
90 West Broadway, New York



Landing of the Pilgrims Anniversary Party

By ELAINE, Entertainment Editor

FROM the beginning of November, this year, until Christmas, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims will be celebrated all over the country. Here are simple suggestions for a Pilgrim Anniversary which may be elaborated for an evening party, a luncheon or tea, or a Thanksgiving dinner.

Pilgrim's Progress Game

Prepare for each guest a slip of paper with the following story written or typed, leaving blanks where the words appear in parentheses. Award a prize to the guest who fills in the most blanks properly within a given time. A copy of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is an appropriate prize.

Because King (James) insisted on their allegiance to the Church of (England) a little band of men and women withdrew from the church, thus earning the name of (Separatists), and left England for (Holland), where they were free to worship as they pleased. After several years, however, they found their children were fast adopting the customs of the new country, so they determined to seek a permanent home where they might find religious freedom, yet retain English customs. Finally (America) was decided upon, and messengers were sent to (England) to ask the king if he would grant them religious freedom in the new land. He refused to do so. Despite this rebuff, the (Pilgrims) determined to follow out their original plans. The first company returned to England, and on September (6th) of the year (1620) they set out from (Plymouth) in two boats, the Speedwell and the (Mayflower). The Speedwell sprang a leak, however, and the (Mayflower) was forced to make the trip alone. For weeks furious storms threatened the safety of the little ship, but on November (21st) she triumphantly passed Cape (Cod), and dropped anchor in what is now the harbor of (Provincetown). After numerous exploring expeditions, the (Pilgrims) decided to locate at (Plymouth) which had already been named by (John Smith) of the (Virginia) colony, whose life had been saved by the Indian maiden (Pocahontas). Before they left the ship (John Carver) was elected governor, and (Miles Standish), who later sent (John Alden) to woo for him the pretty (Priscilla), was chosen military leader. At first the (Pilgrims) lived in continual dread of the (Indians), but after a little time the chief (Massasoit) came with friendly overtures, and made a treaty that was not broken for (fifty) years. Many of the (Pilgrims), among them Governor (Carver), died during that first hard winter, but when the (Mayflower) returned in the spring, not a (Pilgrim) was willing to go back to (England). In the fall when the harvest was stored for the winter, Governor (Bradford) who remained governor of (Plymouth) for thirty-seven years, appointed the first (Thanksgiving Day). After the hardships of that first terrible winter, the little colony grew. Another settlement was soon formed at (Salem), of witchcraft fame. Even the (Pilgrims) were not truly tolerant, and expelled one of their own number (Roger Williams), who with his followers founded (Rhode Island). Others settled in Connecticut and founded (New Haven), now the capital of that state. Four of these colonies finally banded together in 1643, and formed the first union of the colonies, drawing up the (Articles of Confederation), the real basis of our Union.

Crêpe Paper Pilgrim Costumes

Pilgrim costumes are very inexpensive and easy to make if crêpe paper is used. For the men, hats of gray crêpe paper may be made like those illustrated above. They are made over a frame work of light-weight cardboard. Broad, white, crêpe paper collars may be made to turn down over their coat collars Pilgrim fashion.

For the women gray crêpe paper capes and bonnets and white crêpe paper aprons are easy and inexpensive to make.

Special Pilgrim Crêpe Paper

There is a special Pilgrim crêpe paper, illustrated above, which was designed for use at Pilgrim Anniversary affairs. You can purchase it in your local shops, or Good Housekeeping Shopping Service will buy it for you here in New York for 35 cents a fold of ten feet: send check, money-order, or stamps with order. The paper is effective around the table, or the figures may be cut out and mounted on light-weight cardboard.

LEAP YEAR PARTY
CHILDREN'S PARTY
PATRIOTIC PARTY

On receipt of 15 cents in postage, complete instructions will be sent for a Leap Year Party, a Children's Party, and a Patriotic Party. Or they will be sent separately on receipt of 6 cents each for these plans. Address Elaine, Entertainmen Editor, Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40th St., N. Y. City

COMMUNITY PLATE

The Spoon for Serving Jelly, Honey in the Comb, &c.

$2.00 *each*
Packed in Velvet-lined Gift Case

The Service of Jelly

HERE is a still further refinement of service much in favor with women of taste. For *Jelly, Conserve,* the soft *Cheeses and Honey in the Comb* —this COMMUNITY JELLY SERVER, with its bowl sharp and flat on one side, it smoothly cuts the Jelly and lays it deftly on one's plate.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY
Ltd.

CORRECT SERVICE

"A Wall of Wood Around Your Food"

(The Book Is Ready—Are You?)

THE question of how food products are protected in their long—or short—journey from their source to your pantry may not have been considered by you before. We, however, *have* thought of it—and so are spending our money to tell *you.*

We raise the question here and now *for your protection.*

It is up to you to INSIST—and keep on insisting—that all the STAPLES—flour, sugar, salt, rice, vegetables, fruits, etc.—that you are asked to buy shall come in

NICE CLEAN Wooden Barrels

"The Good Kept In—The Rest Kept Out"

so you may have the pleasant—and satisfactory—feeling that they have not been subject to *any form* of contamination en route.

Because the *"en route"* is a devious one, leading through freight cars, warehouses, steamboats, docks, trucks, wagons, and across perspiring shoulders.

Many a husky pair of hands, many a stout back, has helped them along their journey. (Many *"close contacts."*)

You can see how *vitally important* it becomes that they have the "protecting wall of wood" between them and all forms of exposure to any form of contamination in their travels.

You should insist on it for the sake of your health and the family's. Just ask the grocer if what you are buying 'came in a barrel.' *He knows.* And he's interested. (He ought to be—for *your* sake.)

OUR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK
"Some Light in Dark Corners"

is an *illuminating* book in text as well as title.

It goes into some "pure food" facts and factors that are intensely interesting and *instructive.* It is written in a "light" vein, so as to make it easy to read.

It has a message for YOU that you NEED to read and act upon.

So, before you turn the page, write for this important book. You will be glad you did—but how can you be glad you did *unless* you do?

Use the coupon. Just write the "Slack" Division of

THE ASSOCIATED COOPERAGE INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA
"SLACK" DIVISION
2003 Railway Exchange, Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

HERE'S THE COUPON—Mail It NOW

"Slack" Division,
Associated Cooperage Industries of America,
2003 Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis, Mo.
Please send free book, "Some Light in Dark Corners."

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

In the treatment of fallen arches or flatfoot the above exercises are often efficacious. Rise on the toes 10 times and then walk about on tiptoe

HEALTH *and* BEAUTY

The Scientific Care of the Feet

By Nora Mullane

THE structure of the foot, while naturally strong and well-adapted for the work required of it, is also liable to distortion and injury through lack of care and the wearing of improperly fitted shoes. Of all the mistaken kindnesses that we inflict upon ourselves, there is nothing so disastrous from either a physical or a mental standpoint as crowding our feet into fashionable or stylish-looking shoes, regardless of the shape of the foot. Shoes are intended to protect the feet, not to distort them. We all, at one time or another, have felt the pain caused by the wearing of shoes which were too short, too tight, or of the wrong shape. That pain causes more new lines to appear on the face than would be imprinted there by the passing of years and they are difficult to eradicate.

To reduce overlarge ankles sit erect with hands in lap as shown below, and alternately flex and stretch the foot 10 times in the manner indicated

Another ankle-reducing exercise is shown at the left. Bend forward and use the hand as a support while the foot is rotated from the ankle

Let Them Romp

THEIR little feet and tiny fingers can do no great harm if your floors, woodwork and furniture are properly protected. **Johnson's Prepared Wax** will give this protection and at the same time polish and preserve the wood. A coat of Johnson's Prepared Wax answers the same purpose as plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top. It is impervious to finger marks, scratches and heel prints.

JOHNSON'S

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

PREPARED WAX

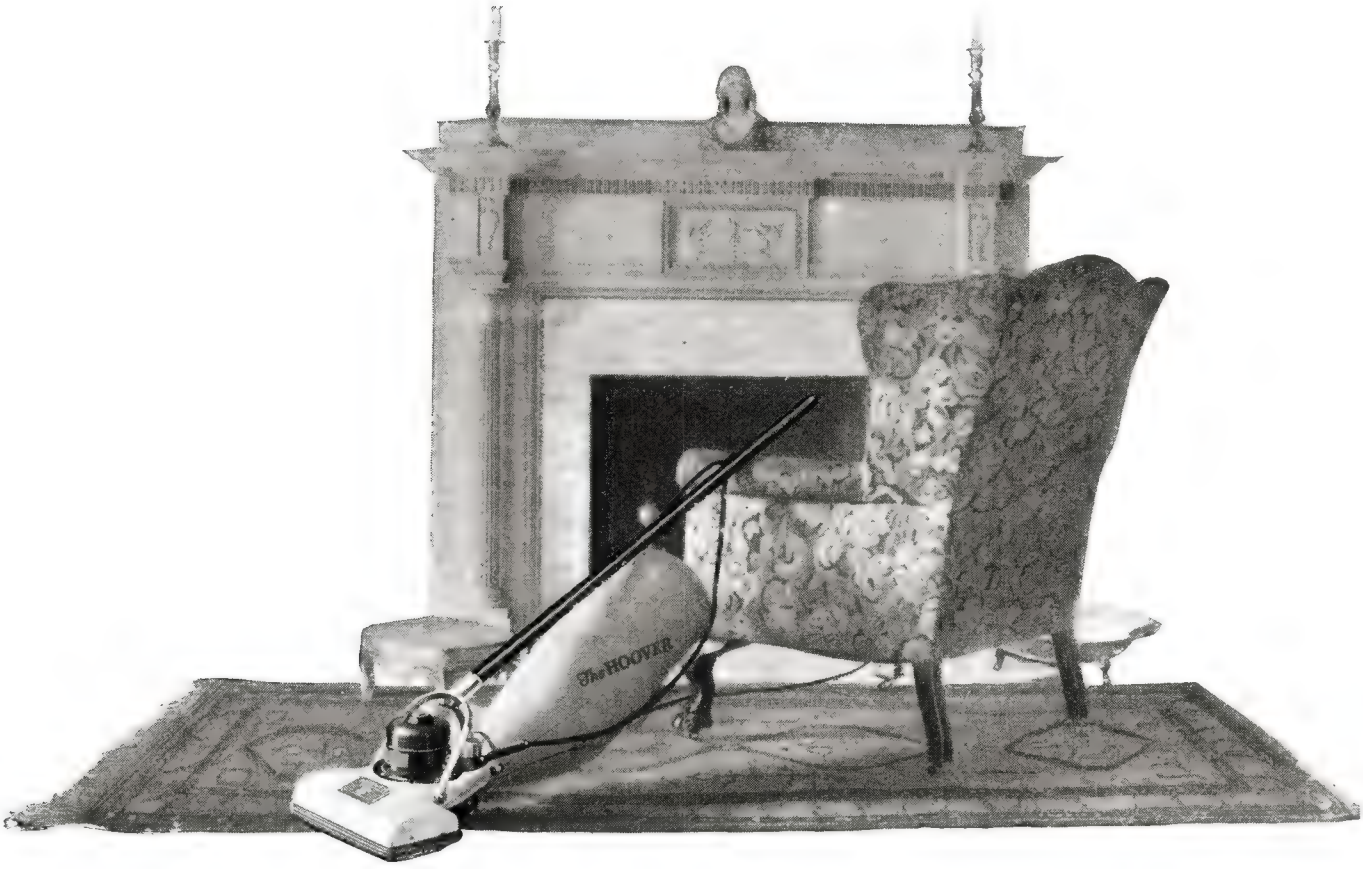
Johnson's Prepared Wax comes in three convenient forms—a form for every use. **Paste** for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, marble, tile, linoleum, etc. **Liquid** for polishing furniture, phonographs, leather goods, woodwork and automobiles. **Powdered** for a perfect dancing surface.

Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes

New floors and trim will turn out better and wear longer if finished with **Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes.** Specify **Johnson's PerfecTone Under-Coat and Enamel** for enamel trim — **Johnson's Wood Dye** for stained effects — **Johnson's Wood Paste** and **Prepared Wax** for your floors. Our beautiful color book "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture" is full of valuable information. Write for it—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.
Canadian Factory—
Brantford

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Clean rugs are the foundation of immaculate surroundings. Constant and proper cleaning will prolong their life of charm. They should be gently beaten, to dislodge embedded grit. They should be carefully swept, to detach all clinging litter. They should be suction-cleaned, to withdraw the loosened dirt. Only The Hoover does all three. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
North Canton, Ohio Hamilton, Canada

Health and Beauty

The first step toward curing blemishes and deformities of the feet is to remove the cause. Properly fitted shoes must be secured, or the blemish will continually reappear even though removed time after time by a skilled chiropodist or surgeon. It is hardly necessary to state that when there is swelling or inflammation, or, in fact, any trouble which requires treatment other than soaking and scraping, the proper expert should be consulted until you have learned how to do the work efficiently at home.

How the Shoe Should Fit

In order to insure the proper fitting of shoes to feet which suffer from fallen arches or other disabilities, shops which offer expert advice and attendance must be patronized. It may be necessary in severe cases to consult a surgeon, but the majority know what they require and should insist on getting it. The heel must fit right down in its place, and the shank of the shoe should conform to the shape of the arch, fitting it snugly enough to prevent the pushing forward at every step which cramps the toes and is one of the surest methods of producing corns. The shoe must be sufficiently long, and broad enough across the ball of the foot to allow for a free play of the muscles which give a graceful, springy step. Each toe must have its own individual space instead of being crowded against its neighbor. The general outline of a perfect foot is long and slender, and the size should be in proportion to that of the rest of the body. A foot too small for the individual height and weight is as great a defect as one that is too large. A perfect foot is a rare find, but all can have comfortable as well as good-looking feet by giving them proper care at home and wearing the right kind of shoes.

The Daily Foot-Bath

To keep the feet in good condition, daily bathing is a necessity. Every night a warm foot-bath should be taken. Add a tablespoonful of borax to the warm water and allow the feet to remain in it for ten or fifteen minutes, maintaining the temperature by adding hot water every few minutes. Brush the soles and sides of the feet vigorously with a stiff bath brush to remove the dead cuticle, and dry thoroughly with rough towels, wiping carefully between the toes. Then anoint the feet with cold-cream, oil, or mutton tallow, rubbing in all the skin will absorb. Finish by dusting with talcum, not omitting to sprinkle it between the toes.

How to Cut the Toe-Nails

First bathe the feet in warm salt water, scrub with a stiff brush, and dry thoroughly. With the end of a pointed orangewood stick wrapped with absorbent cotton, remove the dry scales of dead cuticle from beneath each nail, then trim according to the shape of the ends of the toes, which in some individuals are square, and in others round. Avoid cutting the nails too short, as the pressure of the shoe will then cause pain; while if they are left too long, the nails will be forced back into the flesh.

Ingrowing Nails

This extremely painful condition is the result of wearing badly fitted shoes—either too narrow across the toes, or of a shape that presses on the toes from above. The skin is forced against the edges of the nail, which by degrees become imbedded in the sensitive flesh. Then pain and inflammation result unless the proper treatment and remedy are applied. Bathe the foot in warm water in which a tablespoonful of borax has been dissolved, drying carefully. Wash around the nail with a swab of cotton wet with listerine, and apply a little zinc ointment to the inflamed skin. If not too sore, the flesh should be pressed back and a small wad of lint moistened with listerine or alcohol inserted under the

Sometimes it is doubted that Spaghetti so delicious could come in a can. But when you send for and show the very can it came in, the case is proved.

★ HEINZ

Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

HEINZ SPAGHETTI is so convenient, so quickly made ready for the table, and so good, that it rapidly made a place for itself in many thousands of homes where it is a "standby" to be served often.

This Spaghetti is both made and cooked in the Heinz kitchens. The recipe was Italian originally, but that was vastly improved by the tomato sauce for which Heinz is famous and a special cheese of unusual excellence.

High in food value, low in cost and enjoyed by everybody, there is no food that is more perfect for family use.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

ALVIN
SILVER
The Long-Life Plate
CORRECT FOR EVERY OCCASION

A GENERATION AGO anything but sterling would have been a breach of the conventions. Tonight, at formal dinners in fashionable houses the country over, the tableware may be sterling or it may be Alvin Silver, the Long Life Plate. Either is correct.

The social acceptance of Alvin Silver is due to the smartness and absolute correctness of Alvin design, the beauty and refinement of Alvin craftsmanship.

In artistic merit there is no difference between Alvin Silver, the Long Life Plate, and sterling. No distinction is apparent to the eye or the touch.

The perfect product in silvercraft, whether it be sterling or Alvin Silver, the Long Life Plate, is correct for any occasion in any home.

ALVIN SILVER COMPANY
20 Maiden Lane New York

ALVIN PATENT

George Washington
Pattern

Health and Beauty

corners of the nail to relieve the pressure. This should be renewed daily.

That Agonizing Corn

There are two varieties of corns, hard and soft. The hard corn is caused by a thickening of the skin, due to pressure and friction. The soft corn appears between the toes and is the result of pressure from shoes that are too narrow, or stockings that are too small.

Treatment for Hard Corns

Soak the feet ten minutes in warm water. Dry thoroughly. Moisten the corn with spirits of ammonia. Scrape the edges with a dull knife, taking care not to draw blood. Anoint with vaseline and wrap the toe in a piece of old white linen: or, if very sore, protect with a shield the size of a nickel, cut from the felt which is made for this purpose. In the center of the shield make an opening the size of the corn, fill with vaseline, cover the opening with cotton, and fasten the whole in place with ordinary sticking plaster. Wear a comfortable shoe, and complete relief should be experienced within a few days.

Another excellent method is to follow the foot-bath on three successive nights by binding a small slice of lemon on the corn, after scraping off all loose skin. Painting with iodine is another safe and effectual method of reducing soreness, provided the skin is not broken. To relieve swelling and sore spots, apply at night a bread-and-milk or flaxseed poultice. Bathe in the morning and anoint gently with carbolated vaseline or sweet oil. In cases where there is extreme soreness and inflammation, however, it is not safe to depend entirely upon home remedies, and an experienced surgeon chiropodist should be consulted.

To Treat Soft Corns

Bathe the feet in hot water, scrape off the dead white skin, and apply during the day a small piece of absorbent cotton moistened with spirits of camphor. Repeat until the corn disappears. While the treatment continues, keep the toes separated with small pads of felt or absorbent cotton.

Soft, tender feet require the application of salt. Sea salt, in the proportion of a cupful of brine to a quart of warm water, tones up and hardens the flesh.

Worn-down shoes with crooked heels are one of the most potent causes of corns and other foot ailments.

Exercises for the Cure of Flatfoot

Fallen arches or flatfoot, resulting from constant standing or walking, can be helped, and in some instances entirely corrected, by the following exercises, for illustrations of which see the top of page 76.

Standing position, hands on hips. 1. Rise on toes. 2. Drop to heels. 3. Rise on toes and walk about the room on tiptoe. Repeat each exercise 10 to 12 times.

To Reduce the Size of the Ankle

Assume a sitting posture as shown at the bottom of page 76. 1. Alternately bend and stretch the toes, keeping the foot itself motionless. Repeat 10 times with each foot. 2. Alternately flex and extend the foot as illustrated, moving it up and down as far as the ankle joint will permit. Repeat 10 times with each foot. 3. Swing the foot horizontally inward and outward as far as the ankle joint will permit, 6 times in each direction. Repeat with the other foot. 4. Rotate the foot from the ankle, assuming the attitude illustrated in the circle on page 76, the hand opposite the active foot serving as a brace to check any movement above the ankle joint. In performing this exercise, describe a complete circle with the tips of the toes, 6 times to the right and 6 times to the left, and repeat with the other foot.

★

A PURE RICH VEGETABLE FAT

for frying shortening and salad dressings

ALL IN ONE HANDY CAN

Pints, Quarts, Half-gallons and Gallons

Insure Your Cake Ingredients

THE amount of baking powder you use in an average recipe costs but a trifle over one cent.

An insignificant sum compared to the cost of the other ingredients.

Yet in that cent's worth of baking powder may lie the success or failure of the whole baking.

Ryzon never fails. Used according to directions, it produces truly wonderful baking results every time.

This is *real* economy.

In addition, Ryzon is stronger in action—which means that you use less of it than of any other baking powder. And being lighter in weight than other powders there are more teaspoonfuls of Ryzon to the pound.

Used and endorsed by the country's leading chefs, food experts and household scientists—and by thousands of delighted housewives everywhere.

Your grocer has Ryzon now. Get your first can today and see how it will improve *your* baking.

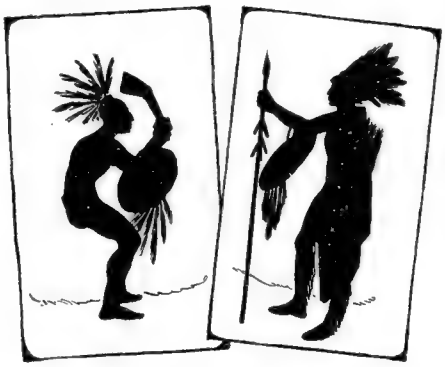
GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

★

RYZON

THE PERFECT BAKING POWDER

Ryzon is packed in 16 ounce pounds—also in 20c and 35c packages. The Ryzon Baking Book (original price $1.00), containing 250 practical recipes, will be mailed, postpaid on receipt of 30c in stamps or coin, except in Canada. Or if you will purchase two or more pounds of Ryzon at once from your grocer, sending us his name and address promptly, we will mail you a Ryzon Baking Book **free.** *General Chemical Co., Food Dept., 25 Broad St., New York, N. Y.*



To carry out the Indian scheme, place-cards like these may be made at home

Thanksgiving Cheer

(*Continued from page 63*)

perfect cauliflower and trim and wash carefully, letting it stand for a few minutes in salted water. Place in a colander and steam until perfectly tender, about forty-five minutes. Serve in a round dish, dress with salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and as much butter as your conscience will allow.

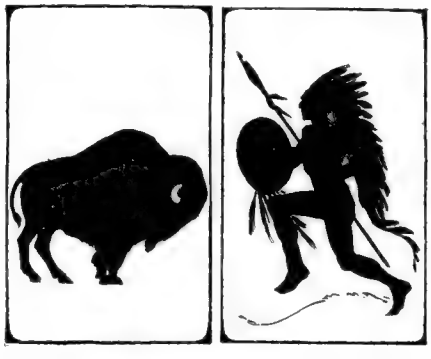
Pigeon Pie

Split four pigeons and simmer until tender, seasoning, when nearly done, with salt, celery salt, and paprika. Remove the larger bones and arrange in a buttered baking-dish, together with the livers and hearts, two hard-cooked eggs quartered lengthwise and sliced, and two dozen fresh or dried mushrooms (if dried mushrooms are used, they should be soaked for an hour in warm water). Use the broth, reduced to about a pint, to make a highly seasoned gravy, thickening it with two tablespoonfuls of margarin and two tablespoonfuls of flour cooked together. Pour this over the birds and cover with a rich biscuit crust, cutting a cross in the center and turning back the corners. Bake one-half hour in a hot oven, then pour in one cupful of thin cream, brush over the crust with beaten egg, and bake fifteen minutes longer. In New England a brood of September chickens is often reserved for the Thanksgiving pie.

Endive is the seasonable salad for Thanksgiving, and should be served with a simple French Dressing. It may be combined with grapefruit or with canned pineapple. If the latter, arrange a slice on each serving plate in a nest of endive, with a ball of cottage cheese in the center circled by a ring of green pepper and topped with a nasturtium pickle.

Cheese Wafers

Mix two tablespoonfuls of softened butter with one-eighth teaspoonful of prepared mustard and a dash of paprika. Spread lightly on saltines, sprinkle with dry, grated cheese, and crisp in a moderate oven.



The Wonders of a Puffed Grain

Each Puffed Wheat bubble is a whole grain puffed to eight times normal size. A hundred million steam explosions have occurred within it.

Every food cell is exploded, so you see an airy, toasted morsel as flimsy as a snowflake.

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way. Puffed Corn is broken corn puffed to raindrop size.

The texture is enticing, the flavor is like nuts. The airy granules seem to melt away.

But think what they are

But these delightful bits are grain foods, fitted for digestion as grains never were before. Float the Puffed Wheat grains in milk and you have the greatest food in existence.

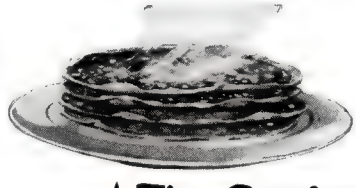
Serve with cream and sugar, mix with fruit. Douse with melted butter for hungry-hour delights. Use like nut-meats on ice cream.

In all ways these Puffed Grains are like flavory confections, yet they are supreme foods.

Millions now enjoy them. Serve all three in all the ways you can. No other grain food can compare with them.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Puffed Corn**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour



A pancake surprise

We now mix Puffed Rice flour in an ideal pancake blend. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. You will surprise your folks with the finest pancakes ever tasted when you use it. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising — simply add milk or water.

★ The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

© Simon Ascher & Co., Inc., 1920

ASCHER'S KNIT GOODS

WHEN Jack Frost is busily at work, it is safe to keep the little ones bundled up in *Ascher's Knit Goods*. Each closely knitted little garment is smartly styled of the finest, softest wool, built for practical utility.

Lasting wear makes the "Label of the Lamb" a guide to economy. It identifies *Bootees, Sacques, Sweaters, Sweater Suits, Leggings,* and other novelties for Infants and Children, and knitted specialties for Women.

Write for name of nearest dealer and catalog picturing every fancy knit goods need. Address Department E.

SIMON ASCHER & CO., INC.
ESTABLISHED SINCE 1879
362 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK CITY

Look for the "Label of the Lamb"—it is your guarantee of quality.

Thanksgiving Cheer

Plymouth Patties

Mix together three cupfuls of squash cooked dry and mashed, three eggs beaten slightly, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and one and one-half cupfuls of scalded milk, in the order given. Bake in shallow, pastry-lined muffin pans. If you wish, leave out the sugar and top off with honey and whipped cream.

Indian Pudding

To one pint of scalded milk add two tablespoonfuls of flour and three tablespoonfuls of yellow corn-meal blended with a little cold milk. Cook in a double-boiler until thickened, transfer to a deep, buttered pudding-dish, add one-half cupful of chopped suet, one cupful of raisins, one-half cupful each of molasses and brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls of mixed spices, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one pint of cold milk. Cover and bake in a very slow oven for two hours; then remove the cover, pour over the pudding another pint of cold milk, and bake two hours longer.

Lemon Snow

Soak two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water for ten minutes, add two cupfuls of boiling water, one cupful of sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the grated rind of one lemon. Stir until dissolved, strain, and chill. When cold and beginning to set, beat with a whisk until frothy, then fold in the whites of three eggs beaten until stiff. Heap by spoonfuls on a glass dish and sprinkle thickly with grated coconut.

Old Floors Renewed

(*Continued from page 59*)

if any housekeeper ever had to contend with *quite* as poor floors as we did. If we made these inconspicuously bad, surely you will be interested in the method.

First, remove with a hand plane the loose splintery pieces, but do not attempt to plane it smooth. Do not fill any cracks. I know this sounds like heresy, but crack-fillers never "stay put," and they never take stain like board; therefore they lose on both counts of durability and appearance. To be sure the cracks will still be there, but you will be surprised to see how inconspicuous they are.

Next, decide on your materials. Choose a varnish stain which comes ready mixed, or a stain to be applied and followed by shellac. The varnish stain which comes ready mixed is easier to use and is excellent in amateur hands, but the colors are apt to be deeper and more opaque than when a stain is used. A walnut stain over pine boards does not conceal the grain; it accents it, and for that reason we like to use the two applications. Where there is no grain beauty to develop, or you can find a similar advantage in the ready mixed stain varnish, there is no object in the two operations. Both methods are pictured. It is possible to select light colors for good floors of beautiful grain and smooth boards, but the worse the condition of the floor, the more neutral and dark must be the color. Dark oak for medium poor floors is the very lightest color advisable. Never use mahogany, because it continually invites you to look at the floor only to see its imperfections. Walnut is the best choice of all, because it is a truly "harmony" color of neutral value.

Apply the stain or varnish with the grain of the wood, and select a brush wide enough to do two narrow boards or one wide board at one sweep. Allow each coat to dry thoroughly before applying a second.

Care for the floors with a soft brush to collect dust, then a dustless mop. For finish and polish use either oil or wax, but not too much of either.

Campfire Marshmallow Cream

Has so many uses!
So easy to make!

Try this recipe by Alice Bradley, see how easy it is to make a smooth, billowy marshmallow cream, deliciously flavored, delightfully fresh.

And it has such a variety of uses. It quickly transforms the most ordinary cakes, pies and puddings into dainty, tempting foods. Excellent for sundaes, too.

Campfire Marshmallow Cream is more economical and more delicious than ready-made preparations. You can always have it strictly fresh, made with soft, fluffy Campfire Marshmallows, specially prepared for use in cooking. They are flavored just right and possess a texture that insures best results.

Sold by good dealers everywhere. Liberal package, six ounces to the box.

Write to Cookery Department, The Campfire Co., for the attractive Campfire Recipe Book. The newness and originality of these recipes will delight you. All have been prepared by Alice Bradley, recognized authority on cookery.

CAMPFIRE MARSHMALLOW CREAM

½ cup sugar
¼ cup water
12 CAMPFIRE Marshmallows
1 egg white

Boil sugar and water to the consistency of a thin syrup, press CAMPFIRE Marshmallows into the syrup, but do not stir. Beat egg white until stiff, add syrup gradually and beat until smooth. Use as a soft frosting and filling for cakes. Also serve as pudding sauce or pour over ice cream, either alone or in combination with chocolate, fruit sauces, etc.

CARAMEL MARSHMALLOW SUNDAE

Serve Campfire Marshmallow Cream on vanilla ice cream, cover with caramel or butterscotch sauce and garnish with pecan nut meats or almonds.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

1 cup sugar
¼ cup corn syrup
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon butter
½ tablespoon molasses
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Boil sugar, corn syrup and water until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Add butter, molasses, salt and vanilla, and leave over hot water until needed.

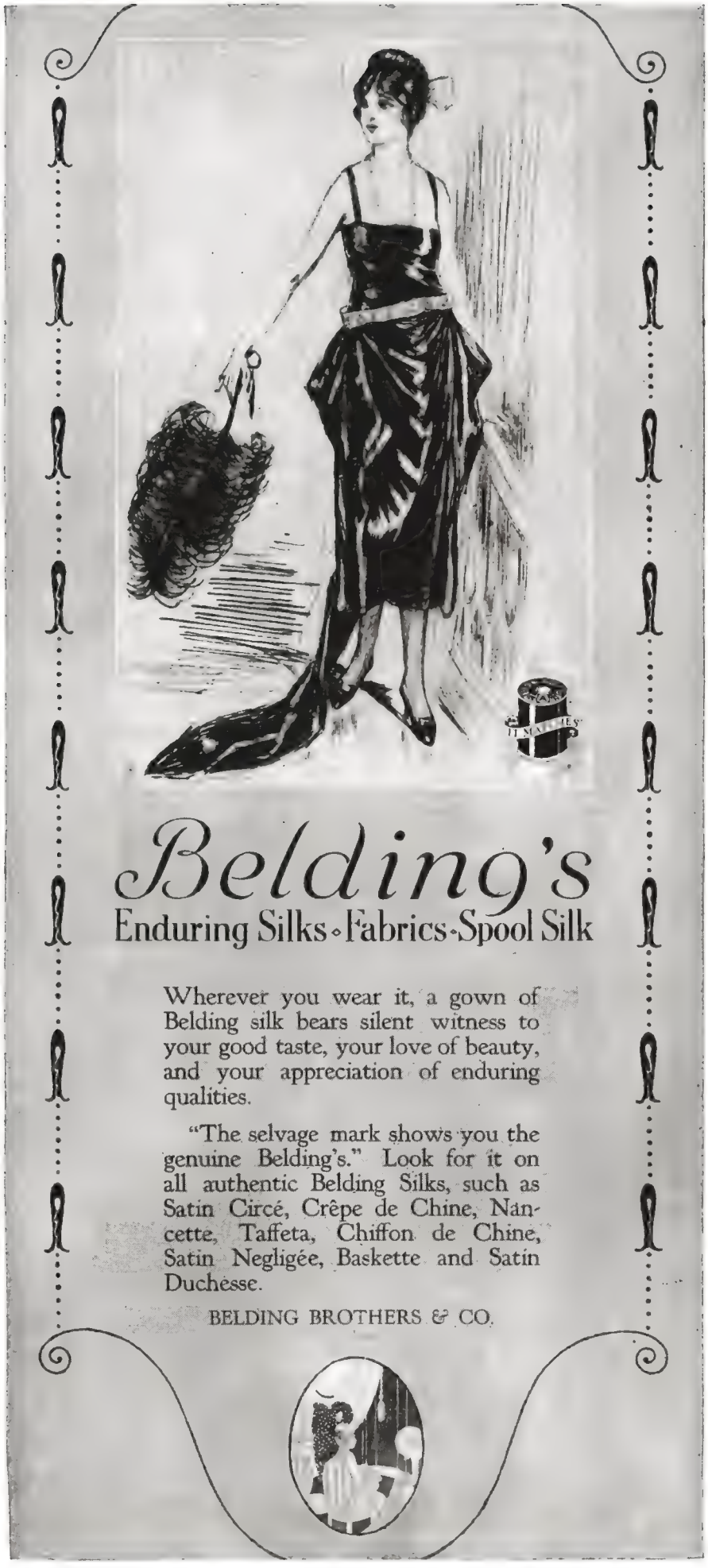
CAMPFIRE MARSHMALLOW SHORTCAKE

Use Campfire Marshmallow Cream instead of whipped cream on all kinds of shortcakes.

The Campfire Co., Milwaukee, U.S.A.

★ Campfire Marshmallows

In using advertisements see page 4


Belding's
Enduring Silks · Fabrics · Spool Silk
Wherever you wear it, a gown of Belding silk bears silent witness to your good taste, your love of beauty, and your appreciation of enduring qualities.
"The selvage mark shows you the genuine Belding's." Look for it on all authentic Belding Silks, such as Satin Circé, Crêpe de Chine, Nancette, Taffeta, Chiffon de Chine, Satin Negligée, Baskette and Satin Duchesse.
BELDING BROTHERS & CO.

How to Treat Your Mantel

(*Continued from page 28*)

of sculptured marble might be perfectly in keeping with one of wood or brick in a simple modern design. At the same time, the usual heterogeneous clutter of trivial souvenirs, meaningless bric-a-brac, and photographs framed and unframed is unworthy a place on a mantel of any description.

To apply the principle of scale simply means to take care that in size and proportion the mantel and its details are in harmony with the ornaments placed upon it. Thus, on the shelf of a towering fieldstone fireplace, a tiny vase or a fragile, bubble-like bottle of Venetian glass would be as hopelessly out of scale as would a heavy pottery jar of bulky proportions on a white-painted Colonial mantel with slender pilasters and a delicately carved frieze, or a pair of extremely tall, slim candlesticks on a low, broad mantel with heavy, eighteenth-century moldings.

The examples above suggested violate also the principle of consistency. One need not be a trained decorator to perceive the lack of harmonious relations between an exquisitely graceful vessel of glass, so thin and fragile that the lightest blow would shatter it, and a massive structure of rough, unfinished stones.

Excellent illustrations of correct scale may be observed in the relation between mirror and mantel in the picture at the top of page 29, and the mantel and portrait shown in the lower right-hand corner of the same page.

The Use of Objects in Pairs

In both of the instances cited, and again in the illustration at the top of page 28, the value of using objects in pairs as a means of achieving balance may be noted. In two cases the use of paired sconces against the wall on either side serves to strengthen this effect. Restraint, too, is evidenced in the limitation of the number of ornaments employed. Observe what a restful effect is produced by the empty spaces, and how each object of decoration is displayed to the best possible advantage as it stands alone with every line sharply silhouetted against the background. This is most conspicuously true of the plate, urns, and old prism-hung lusters on the mantel at the bottom of page 29, and the vases on the one just above. All the ornaments illustrated on this and the preceding page are of good proportions, well placed, and discriminatingly chosen, with the exception of the small bust on the mantel at the top of page 28, and the bronze in the lower right-hand corner of page 29. The first mentioned is too small in scale and appears characterless and insignificant in contrast to the dark-toned overmantel painting. It might well be replaced by a low, broad bowl of some rich-colored pottery. The bronze, though beautiful in itself, is the very incarnation of swift, spirited movement and has nothing in common with the calm repose expressed by the portrait just above, or the somewhat severe dignity of the white-paneled overmantel and paired vases.

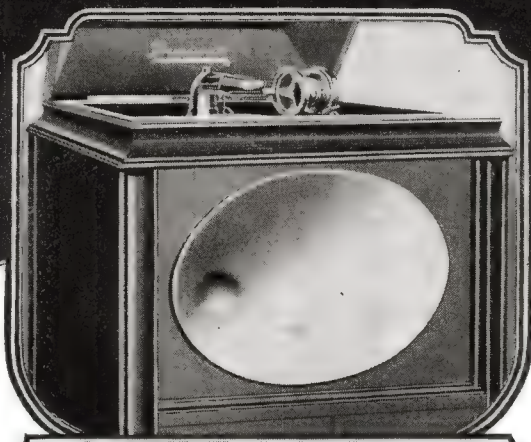
Totally different is the decoration of the mantel at the bottom of page 28. Here the architectural design imposes no special restrictions upon the character of the ornaments to be selected. While the two framed pictures are not a particularly happy choice, the paired arrangement invests them with a certain dignity, and being flat and rectangular, they do not obtrude themselves in such a manner as to detract from the interest of the ship model which forms the principal decoration. The problem of the high shelf above the mantel proper is in this instance happily solved by the use of a second and dissimilar model. These tiny craft, complete down to the last detail of the rigging, have had a remarkable vogue in recent years, and besides being used as mantel ornaments, are particularly effective when placed on tables or lowboys and silhouetted against a lightly draped window.

When nothing better offers, the conventional

-makes kids husky
-makes kids husky
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
NATIONAL OATS
PURE
ROLLED WHITE OATS
NAL OATS COMPANY
ess ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.
Cedar Rapids, East St. Louis, Peoria.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

An exclusive feature on The Brunswick —plays all records at their best.



The Brunswick Oval Tone Amplifier, built to conform to acoustic laws. A great improvement in tone projection.

Among many models, there is a size, price and finish to meet your requirements.

Remove the Grill

Examine the Oval Tone Amplifier

WHEN you examine phonographs, seeking to decide which make you prefer, note the shape of the Tone Amplifier. How does it compare with the oval horn of moulded wood on The Brunswick as pictured above?

Look at the rear of the Amplifier—is there a cast-metal throat? Is merely the front of wood? Note that no metallic construction is used in the Brunswick Amplifier.

These are vital investigations. For upon the proper application of acoustic laws depends the tone quality of a phonograph.

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is a later-day development. It brings improvements and refinements. It avoids oldtime deficiencies. It brings finer tone, truer artistry.

Other features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are similarly superior. The Ultona, for instance, not only plays each type of record better, but it is the *only* one that is counterbalanced.

This cushions the contact between needle and record—doing away with the usual "surface" noises. It likewise prolongs the life and beauty of the record.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings many epochal advancements. So no music lover, in face of such developments, can afford to choose a phonograph until he has heard The Brunswick and made comparisons.

Your ear will quickly appreciate Brunswick superiorities, and you will realize that great strides have been made in phonographic reproduction. And in addition, Brunswicks offer exceptional cabinet-work.

Go to a Brunswick dealer. Hear this super-phonograph. Judge for yourself. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, playable on all phonographs with steel or fibre needles.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of the United States, Mexico and Canada Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 79 Wellington St., West, Toronto

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

How to Treat Your Mantel

mantel grouping of mirror, clock, and a pair of vases or candlesticks is always in good taste, but infinite repetition of this familiar combination argues a paucity of ideas. Not only is the range of choice practically unlimited, but it is even possible to depart from the paired arrangement of the ornaments at the ends of the mantel without loss of balance. For example, two slender objects of unequal height may be placed quite close together at one end to balance a single more bulky ornament at the other. Or where five objects are to be used, no two of which are quite equal in bulk or height, the largest may be placed in the center and the two next in size at the ends. Then, of the two which remain, station one on either side of the central ornament, letting the larger of the two come next the smaller of the end objects, and a satisfactory balance will be achieved.

Variety in Mantel Ornaments

Ship models have been mentioned as a popular departure from the conventional type of mantel garniture. Another fad of the moment consists of Chinese porcelain birds in pairs, cocks and parrots being the favorites. Fu dogs and Japanese figurines are in almost equal favor, and choice pieces of old brass, copper, or pewter, of carved or lacquered wood, or treasured bits of antique glass or silver may appropriately find place upon the mantel, the color scheme of the room always being taken into consideration when making a selection. It is even possible to devote the entire shelf to the display of a small collection of pewter, china, candlesticks, or other objects of beauty and interest. In such cases the use of from five to nine objects is permissible —the precise number depending upon their size and the length of the shelf—and no attempt should be made at overmantel decoration other than simple paneling. In a blue and white dining-room Delft plates and jugs may be used thus with delightful results.

The treatment of the overmantel is of no less importance than that of the mantelshelf itself, but the method should be governed by the place to be filled in the decorative scheme. When the chimney breast is to serve merely as a background to throw the mantel ornaments into prominence, wood paneling matched to the woodwork of the room is usually the most satisfactory. If, however, there is a special reason for wishing to use a painting or a mirror above the shelf, either can be properly subordinated by fitting it into the central panel so as to make it virtually an integral part of the wall of the room.

A small tapestry, a batik hanging, or a piece of old brocade may charmingly drape the chimney breast, contributing the principal feature of interest to the mantel and a luscious note of color to the room. A framed sampler, a Chinese painting on glass, a wall clock, or a shallow, hanging cabinet of lacquer or carved teak may take the place of the more stereotyped overmantel ornaments.

To sum up briefly the art of mantel decoration: Begin by studying the mantel itself, noting its size, proportions, color, texture, and structural details. Then decide, not how many, but how few ornaments will dress it harmoniously. Next make your selection, carefully choosing objects which will harmonize with one another and with the mantelpiece in scale, form, and color; and, finally, arrange these in such a manner as to produce an effect of perfect balance.

The observance of these few and simple rules is by no means difficult, and will make all the difference between a genuinely artistic and dignified composition, and a meaningless hodgepodge unworthy of the important office it fulfils.

If you need advice on problems suggested by this article, send a 2c stamp to "Furnishings and Decorations" for a questionnaire which will be mailed to you to fill out. When returned to us with ten cents, it will receive the careful attention of our professional decorators

"And I haven't forgotten a soul!"

"I HAVE learned my lesson. It is this. The people who always do the right thing at the right time—those people we come to love for their constant acts of kindness, who are always known for their thoughtfulness—these people aren't inspired. They don't act on the impulse of a moment. They simply use forethought. They are always thinking ahead about ways of showing good will to others.

"It was last Christmas morning that this came over me, when the postman handed me dozens of Christmas cards from friends to whom I had entirely forgotten to send cards. I was so mortified that then and there I made a vow, and I have kept it.

"And today, long before Christmas, I have made up my list of friends to send cards to this year. First, everyone who sent one to me last year, for I saved every card I got then, and on the back of each I wrote the name and address of the sender.

"Then I got out my old school class book for the friends of long ago. From the church list and the woman's club yearbook I got my acquaintances there and from the local telephone book the correct addresses of my neighbors.

"I'm sure I haven't forgotten a soul. And what a relief it is to know that it's all done way ahead of time, that all the addresses are right and that I can go out now and buy just the appropriate card for each person, with plenty of time to choose before the stores are crowded.

"And this year I won't get any cards from people I forgot to remember."

Send 10c for "Forget-me-nots" a little book of days and names to remember"

The Greeting Card Association 331 Fourth Ave New York City

Scatter Sunshine with *Christmas Cards*

WHITTALL RUGS

Symphony in Colors

GAYETY, sadness, longing, romance, adoration —all the changing moods of an artist's soul— are expressed in the blending of sounds that make the great musical symphonies or in the colors piled on canvas to make masterpieces in painting.

Just as music affects our senses, so it is with colors— either can lull and comfort or have the opposite effect.

The great over-powering symphony would be too disquieting for daily hearing. The cheap, tinkling melody wearies us with repetitions.

But there are those chosen few melodies — just as there are colors — of which we never tire. These are linked by a grateful memory for their associations with happy times.

Perhaps what to you is the sweetest music in the world is to another just music. What to you is a blending of colors exactly as you like them is to another just so many colors put together — not a symphony.

Each of us has a preference.

And it is to suit these varied preferences that Whittall Rugs are made in a great variety of colors — exquisite harmonious chords of color blended into one definite color motif — so skilfully that you can place one Whittall Rug on end to another, and the eye is never offended by contrasts that make discords.

Yet each rug is different.

Walk on Whittall Rugs through the rooms of homes where they are used exclusively, and you wil be charmed by this pleasing change from one color motif to another—colors that melt one into another—no monotony of tone — yet a perfect symphony of color as a whole.

Each has the design masterpiece of the rarest and finest of the Orientals.

In some the Oriental colorings are rigidly adhered to.

In others changes have been made to accord with your particular color preference — to enable you to give to your home that personal expression of the true comfort that comes from colors that comfort you — not merely the restricted color choice of an Orient tribe.

Yet all that is truly exquisite in Oriental Rugs is faithfully reproduced in these American-made floor coverings.

Their beauty of design and coloring costs you nothing. You pay for the materials which are of the best— workmanship which has no equal— which gives you extremely long wear.

May we not send you a book describing them? It is called "Oriental Art in Whittall Rugs," beautifully illustrated in colors— free for the asking.

M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES
152 Brussels Street, Worcester, Mass.

More Stately Mansions

(*Continued from page 37*)

Nancy now. She lessened, without realizing it, the speed of her car. She would have to tell the telephone girl that she wished to see Mr. Vane's secretary. She would have to explain her errand to that severe figure and make it plausible and convincing. And this would not be so very easy to do.

On the outskirts of the city, where traffic officers began to make their appearance and the stream of in-flowing automobiles was checked to a more sedate speed, Nancy's courage failed her. She swung into a side street, circled a block, and started homeward again.

She did not at first attempt to palliate, even in her own mind, the ignominy of this flight. She simply could not face those two women in Mr. Vane's office; that was all. She could never do it. But before she had gone far on the homeward road, she began to excuse herself. To go to Mr. Vane's office would have done no good. Uncle Mark himself had said so. That stern, secretarial figure could not be cajoled, as a man might have been cajoled. She could never have won the check from that woman, at any price. Therefore she could have done no good by trying; she would only have aroused the suspicions she wished to avoid. She must wait. Dick's father would soon be coming home. Even if they saw the check was forged, they would do nothing till he came. And when he came, he would be the arbiter of fate; to him Nancy could appeal with some confidence.

WHEN she came in sight of her home she was near sighing with relief. The place was like a haven to her, and she put the car in the garage and went into the house and laid aside her hat and coat and unfolded Uncle Mark's check to examine it again. It was infinitely reassuring, solid, comforting as so much gold would have been. It was her talisman of safety. She still held it in her hand when Lucy came to the dining-room door to say:

"The mail is on the living-room table, Mrs. Vane."

Nancy nodded, said "Thanks, Lucy," and went into the living-room.

A magazine, a circular, a bill or two, a letter from her mother—and a letter from Dick! It was on the bottom of the pile. She ripped off the end of the envelop and read the few lines swiftly. The preliminary endearments, the affectionate farewell, made no impression on Nancy's mind. What she saw, what she remembered, was a single paragraph midway down the page. Dick had written:

"I find I'll have to run to Albany. Wish I could tell you my address there, but I don't know it myself. I'll write. Expect me back in a day or two. I'll let you know more definitely when I can. Or the office will let you know."

This letter, seeming to put Dick still further out of her life, shocked and sobered Nancy— and it confirmed her fears—fears that Dick was afraid, that he had run away, that he would not return. Yet she knew Dick well enough to be sure he was no coward in any ordinary crisis. By the same token he must be terribly frightened now, must be waiting for word that his father had returned, or that his crime had been discovered, that the police were set to search him out and drag him home to punishment.

Nancy found herself infinitely sorry for Dick. She pictured him harassed, miserable, frightened, alone. She longed to be with him. And it was in a way a stepping-stone in Nancy's life that she found herself wishing to be with Dick for his sake, not for her own. She also was unhappy; the old Nancy would have wanted Dick to comfort her. The new Nancy wished only for a chance to comfort Dick and soothe and reassure him. She longed to give him her loving presence, not to demand his love and reassurance for herself. To this

ALADDIN Cooking Utensils

Thanksgiving Favorites

MY—what a savory, juicy feast your Thanksgiving turkey will be if cooked in this capable, Aladdin Aluminum Double Roaster!

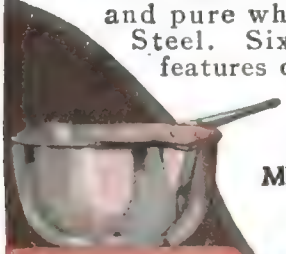
Aladdin Utensils help make cooking a fine art, bringing out the most delicious dishes in all their tempting flavor. And the lasting beauty of these utensils adds brightness to any kitchen.

There's an Aladdin Utensil for every kitchen need and a shape for every cooking purpose. Two lines—silvery Aluminum and pure white Enameled Steel. Six convenience features quickly identify the superior qualities of Aladdin Utensils—actual capacities by government standards; double lipped sauce pans; notched ears that keep bails cool; smooth, comfortable handles; round, easy-to-clean corners; more pleasing and practical shapes.

Look for the Aladdin quality mark stamped on the bottom of Aluminum Utensils and for the big red Aladdin label on Enameled Steel. At progressive hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Write for Aladdin Aluminum Catalog E-720 and Enameled Steel Catalog F-720.

Other Roaster Uses

1. For Cold-Pack Canning
2. For Baking and Steaming
3. Food Warmer
4. Bread and Cake Box
5. Drip Pan



Made by
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7524 PLATT AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

★ HOUSEHOLD CMP PRODUCTS

Branches in Principal Cities

Also makers of
NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves, Ovens, Cabinets, Water Heaters and ALADDIN
Cooking Utensils.

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

You must wear them to appreciate the comfort they give.
No seams, yet they are strictly fashioned by a patented process of knitting.

Sold at Leading Stores

Burson Knitting Company
Rockford — Illinois

extent Nancy approached the maternal attitude which is characteristic of every wife worth the having. She felt toward Dick as she would toward a son who had fled to escape the consequences of mischief. The enormity of the thing he had done was dwarfed, in her mind, by the fact that he was sorry and afraid.

There was a curious happiness for Nancy in this new attitude of mind, and there was infinite comfort in it. This sense of comfort rose from the greater stature of her love for Dick, which was in process of being perfected by the catastrophe that had opened her eyes.

After a while Lucy came to tell her that lunch was ready, and Nancy went to the dining-room. Her new happiness was growing in her. She said to Lucy, while the girl was filling her glass with fresh water,

"You know, this little house is pretty nice after all, isn't it, Lucy?"

Lucy assented. "Yes, ma'am, I think it's a right nice house."

"And it's plenty big enough for us. We'll just rattle around in a bigger one, won't we?"

The girl chuckled. "Yes, ma'am, I expect so," she agreed. "My home was very little, and there were lots of us in it, but it just made it seem more comfortable and like home, it seems to me."

"It isn't just size, anyway."

"No'm."

"I'm not at all sure we'll take the new house after all, Lucy."

THE girl was surprised. "Why, I thought you had already bought it, Mrs. Vane."

"Well, we can sell it again. It's worth more than we paid for it, you see. Would you like to stay here, Lucy?"

"A big house is a good deal harder to take care of, ma'am."

"And there'd be moving and everything—such a lot of work."

"Yes, ma'am. I've been dreading it some."

"I think we'll stay right here where we are," Nancy declared vivaciously, laughing at herself. "I don't think we'd like it a bit better there, and it would be terribly expensive to run, Lucy."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I think an expensive house is a burden, don't you?"

Lucy said seriously: "I think it's always hard on people to have things that cost more than you ought to pay for them. You're always wishing you hadn't. My mother used to say, when we wanted a new dress or something, that we'd have to earn money and buy it. She said it was the only way we'd really enjoy it."

"She didn't make your father live up to that rule, did she?" Nancy smiled.

Lucy chuckled. "No'm. She couldn't ever seem to say 'no' to him about anything."

That sobered Nancy a little, it struck so closely home. And Lucy went out to the kitchen again and left her to finish her luncheon alone. Afterward Nancy remembered that her next move waited on the home-coming of John K. Vane; and she telephoned his office, asked the girl at the switchboard to let her talk with Mr. Vane's secretary, and asked that woman of business whether they had word when Mr. Vane would return.

"We do not expect him for some days," the woman told her courteously.

"Will you let me know, as soon as you hear, just when he is coming?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Vane."

Nancy gave her thanks; she left the instrument. Till Dick's father returned, she could do no more—save perhaps write a letter to be mailed to Dick when he sent her his address, if he ever did. She went to her desk and sat down to write such a letter, but her thoughts captured her, enthralled her, and she sat still, the pen dropping from her hand, her eyes half closed, dreaming.

She was dreaming of the future, of what

THOSE warm, cuddly blankets, soft as down, and warm and snug as feathers—keep them fresh and spotless! And spreads and sheets—all the bed linen—keep it glistening white and fresh!

DID you know that the washing of heavy bed linen and blankets can be one of the easiest household duties, if they are washed in a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer?

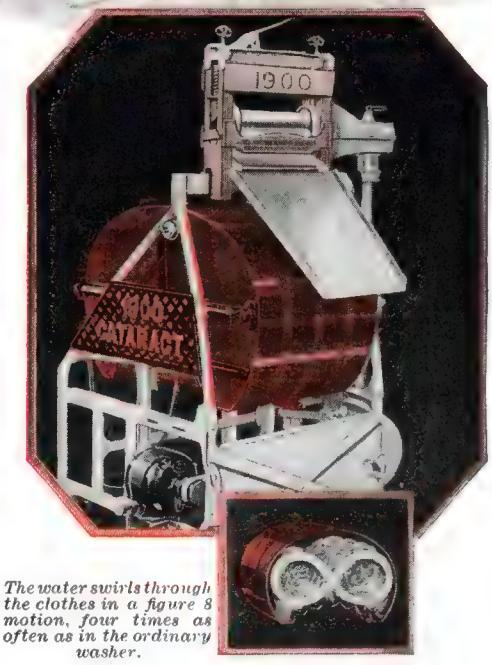
"But why," you say, "a 1900 Cataract, in preference to any other washing machine?" *Because of the magic figure 8 movement!*

By means of it, the soapy cleansing water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion, *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer. Swiftly, steadily, the water swishes back and forth, going through those clothes with *every motion* of the tub. Thus the clothes are washed rapidly and thoroughly. This figure 8 movement is an exclusive 1900 feature.

And that shiny copper tub —the inside is smooth as one's hand. Not a part in it to catch the clothes or to cause wear and tear. No heavy parts to lift out and clean after the wash is finished!

Then there's the smooth-running silent wringer that also works electrically — it can be shifted from the washer clear over to the waiting clothes basket without moving the washer or requiring one extra step.

The 1900 Cataract Washer costs less than 2c an hour to operate, and it washes the clothes in 8 to 10 minutes, cleansing equally well the heavy clothes, and the sheer fine undergarments or delicate blouses.



The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion, four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

THE 1900 WASHER CO., 204 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.©

Canadian Factory and Office, Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto

I'm the figure 8!

Write for the interesting book, "George Brinton's Wife," you'll enjoy it immensely—and you'll learn some very interesting facts told in story form.

Just Try One Package!

Then You'll Continue to use Armour's Macaroni as do Millions of Other Careful Buyers

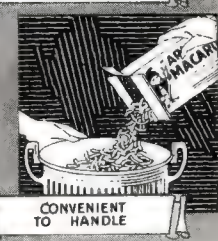
Armour's Macaroni establishes that same standard of excellence—that same superiority which has made thousands—yes, millions—change to Armour's Oats.

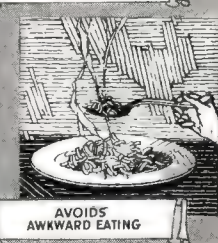
Meaty, white, tender in quality, Armour's Macaroni is perfect for your delicious butter sauce, cheese or tomato. This is Armour's exclusive product—wholesome and appetizing.

Cut in short lengths and uniformly thin-walled, Armour's Macaroni cooks quickly and economically. It is wonderfully convenient to handle—a fact much appreciated once it is tried.

If the cost is a little more, consider that you enjoy a product scientifically manufactured; a product from a modern, sunlit plant in Battle Creek, Michigan, where every process insures purity and delicious quality.

Ask for Armour's Macaroni, Spaghetti or Noodles. Your grocer should have them.





Manufactured by

★ **Armour Grain Company, Chicago**

Makers of Armour's Guaranteed Cereals—Oats, Corn Flakes, Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles, Pancake Flour

her life with Dick should hereafter be. She made resolutions, made promises to herself. "And I'm going to keep these promises, too," she said half aloud. "I'm not going to break any promises, ever, any more." She assumed, in these meditations, a load of good resolutions far too heavy for any human shoulders to bear, and Nancy was utterly human. She would never be able to do all that she now planned to do, and some realization of this fact came to her. "But I'll try," she told herself. "And trying's something, anyway."

It is easy to make new resolutions; it is hard to keep them. Nancy understood this. Her sense of humor was never very deeply submerged, and she smiled, now and then, at her own imaginings. Nevertheless, this long afternoon which she spent alone did mature Nancy surprisingly; it did work some quite definite and permanent changes in her. She lost some of her youth, she lost some of that whimsically irresponsible quality which had always bewitched Dick, but she acquired something better—a deeper charm—a sweet serenity that Dick, if he had been here, would have perceived and loved.

This was, on the whole, a happy afternoon for Nancy, a happy interlude—an intermission between the acts of the drama in which she was involved. She had accepted quite trustfully the hypothesis that by repaying the money Dick had—stolen—she would redeem him, win his father's forgiveness, set all right with the world. In this hypothesis she was content. She trusted in her ability to placate John K. Vane, without analyzing the possibilities, without considering whether her trust was well founded. She was confident, and happy in her confidence. Nancy had, perhaps, never been so truly happy in her life as during these long and quiet hours alone.

BUT toward five o'clock the telephone rang, and when she answered it was Mr. Vane's secretary on the wire. The woman's voice, it seemed to Nancy, was hard and stern and cold. The secretary asked,

"Mrs. Vane?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. John K. Vane's secretary."

"Oh—yes," Nancy murmured, a little frightened, a little tremulous.

"We have been in communication with Mr. Vane. He is returning home on the night train. He will be here tomorrow morning."

"Oh!" said Nancy slowly.

"You asked me to inform you," the cold voice reminded her.

"Oh—yes!" Nancy exclaimed. "Will Mr. Vane go direct to his office? What time will he be there?"

"He will come directly here."

"Do you think I could see him?"

"I will make an appointment for you at ten o'clock, if that is satisfactory."

"Please do," Nancy told her. "I shall be there."

The secretary said, "Good day," and Nancy heard the click of the receiver.

She turned away from the telephone with a white face. Mr. Vane was returning unexpectedly. They had been in communication with him, the secretary said. Why? Why was the woman's tone so stern?

For the first time, Nancy began to doubt her ability to appease Dick's father. She was abruptly overwhelmed by a sense of her own guilt, so that she felt his attitude must be the same as her own. She gave way to a moment's panic, pulled herself together with some difficulty. She must not give way, must see Dick's father tomorrow, must make all right with him. No matter what happened. No matter what he said. At any cost to her.

She went early to bed that night, for she was very sleepy. Went early to bed—but knelt for a moment by the bedside, as she had knelt the night before.

To see Dick's father; to save Dick—tomorrow!

Add Raisins and You

Add a Chef's Touch

To the Plainest of Plain Foods

THE raisin flavor works a charm that makes plain foods epicurean. It brings "luxury dishes" to your table at only a trifle more than plain foods cost.

Boiled rice is a different food with a few raisins added. So is oatmeal. So are prunes when raisins are stewed with them.

And there are scores of low-cost desserts to which raisins lend a chef's touch.

You are missing good things and a chance to save when you don't use raisins freely.

You miss a fine nutrition also, for raisins furnish 1560 units of energizing nutriment per pound. More energy than an equal weight of eggs, milk, meat or fish.

So while raisins make foods taste better they also make them better foods.

Try This "Oatmeal Betty"

2 cups cooked oatmeal
4 apples cut up small
½ cup SUN-MAID Raisins
½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. cinnamon

Mix and put in mold. Bake one-half hour. Serve hot or cold with raisin sauce. This will serve five people. And it will tell you something of the possibilities of raisins.

★

SUN-MAID RAISINS

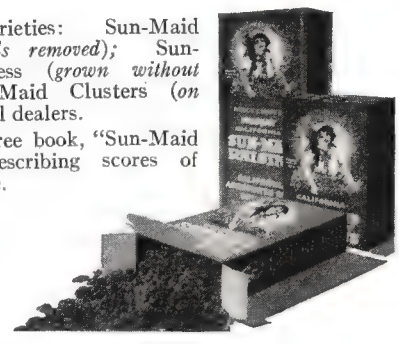
USE SUN-MAID Raisins always for home cooking.

Plump, tender, meaty, juicy and thin-skinned.

Made from California's finest table grapes, yet they cost no more than common kinds.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (*seeds removed*); Sun-Maid Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Sun-Maid Clusters (*on the stem*). All dealers.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to serve.



CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.

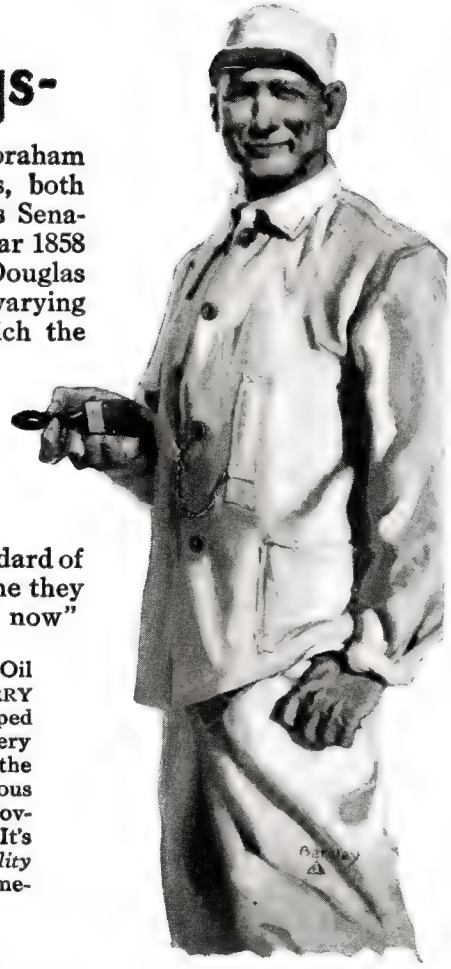
Membership 10,000 Growers

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

The Luxeberry Painter Says-

"The famous debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, both campaigning for the United States Senatorship from Illinois, made the year 1858 ever memorable. The Lincoln-Douglas debate brought to a focus the varying views on sectional questions which the Civil War ultimately settled.

"1858 is a memorable date for the painting craft, too. For it was then that Berry Brothers first began the manufacture of those varnish products which have since become the world's standard of quality. And my granddad tells me they gave the same satisfaction then as now"



Berry Brothers made the first Hard Oil Finish — now known as LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH. And the line developed until it includes a varnish for every household and industrial use—each the best of its kind. Perhaps most famous of all is LIQUID GRANITE, which is covering floors the world around. It's water-proof, of course; but its *durability* is a marvel to home-builders and home-owners.

By the way, you can reproduce the fashionable shades of gray or old ivory with LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL.

You will be interested in our color booklet "Beautiful Homes." Sent free on request.

For every varnish need there's a Berry Brothers product. The label is your guaranty of quality.

BERRY BROTHERS
World's Largest Makers
Varnishes and Paint Specialties
Detroit, Michigan — Walkerville, Ontario

More Stately Mansions

XIII

THE day, when Nancy woke, was rainy and cold, and it was one of those depressing days which sometimes come in the late fall or in early winter, one of those days when it seems the sun has never shone, will never shine again. The rain fell with a steady, icy persistence; now and then a drop did actually congeal during its descent through the air and struck against Nancy's window with a tiny click of sound. There was, furthermore, a gusty wind, and a little while after Nancy woke the rain gave way for a few minutes to a squall of sleet that left bits of icy armor on the twigs of the trees and on the telephone wires where they passed outside her window.

The old Nancy, as has been said, was extraordinarily susceptible to evil weather; it depressed and disturbed her, made her sulky, angry, impatient. On such days as this, she had been accustomed to lie long abed, pretending to sleep, covering her ears with the bedclothes against the hissing drizzle of the rain. This was her first impulse now. Half awake, she listened to the blustering of the wind, and turned impatiently in bed, and buried herself in the covers, and would have slept again. But through her semi-consciousness some fragments of memory made their way. They pieced themselves into a formless picture; the picture took shape; it forced itself into her thoughts. Abruptly she remembered.

John K. Vane would come home this day; this day she must plead her cause with him.

SHE got out of bed at once. This was the new Nancy, vanquishing the old. Lucy Byles was stirring in her room down-stairs—and when Nancy looked at her watch, she saw that it was drawing toward eight o'clock. The train by which John K. Vane would come was due at half after seven; and Nancy, with a faint hope which she would not acknowledge even to herself, thought the train might have been delayed, might be late, might not have come at all. She drew a dressing-gown about her shoulders and went to the telephone and called the Union Station, in town. The Information Bureau assured her that the train from St. John had arrived on time, in spite of wind and weather. So Dick's father had come home.

She dressed slowly, not so much because she was making a careful toilet as because she was thinking of many other things. Nancy found herself drifting into a curiously sacrificial mood. The confidence in her ability to placate Dick's father, which had sustained her heretofore, was vanishing. It left, however, no panic in its place; left only a quiet certainty that whatever could be done to save Dick, she would do. Nevertheless, she knew misgivings.

She heard Lucy in the kitchen, while she was brushing her hair, and paused in mid-stroke, the brush in her lifted hand, to listen to the girl's footsteps. There was a certain comfort in the very sound of them, for Nancy. She realized, with a faint smile of surprise, that she had come to lean on Lucy in a surprising fashion, that she counted on Lucy's liking and friendship, that next to Dick, Lucy had in many ways first place in her thoughts this day.

"She's a good girl," Nancy told herself. "A good girl. I—hope she likes me."

At breakfast she wished once or twice that she might show Lucy all her burden, that she might ask the girl's advice, but the secretive instinct which man shares with the other animals held her silent. Beyond "Good morning," she said nothing at all.

Lucy brought her breakfast in the quiet and efficient manner that was characteristic of the girl, then disappeared into the kitchen and left her alone.

Nancy finished breakfast at a little before nine o'clock. When she looked at her watch, she felt her heart begin to beat more swiftly,

Makes Your Housework Easy

Old Dutch Cleanser makes easy work of cleaning floors. Keeps linoleum, wood, stone and tile spick-and-span.

Dampen floor and sprinkle Cleanser lightly over the surface, apply the mop, rinse and wipe up.

Use Old Dutch for all general cleaning. Goes further and does better work; saves time and labor.

There's Never a Doubt —Never a Failure

Do you ever stop to think you are judged by the food you serve?

No amount of explanation will persuade your guests you are a good cook if your cake falls flat or your muffins are soggy. Use Rumford Baking Powder and be sure of good results.

You are paying your guests the finest compliment when you serve them perfect food.

Recipe for TEA MUFFINS

and many helpful suggestions, are contained in Janet McKenzie Hill's famous book "The Rumford Way of Cookery and Household Economy"—sent Free.

You, too, should use Rumford—preferred and endorsed by the best cooks everywhere. Buy it now for your next baking.

RUMFORD COMPANY, Dept. 18 Providence, R. I.

★ **RUMFORD**

The Wholesome Baking Powder

A-81

More Stately Mansions

and she pressed her hand to her bosom and said to herself: "You're not afraid, Nancy. You mustn't be afraid. You sha'n't be."

But her heart would not be silent. She need not start for town for many minutes yet, and she bethought herself that there was still a chance that Dick's father would not be ready to see her. To make sure, she telephoned his office. His secretary said Mr. Vane had duly arrived, that he was expecting Mrs. Vane at ten o'clock.

"He asked you to be prompt, if possible, Mrs. Vane," said the woman of business, and Nancy promised to be there on the hour.

She would go to town in her car. Since it was a coupélet, she would be sufficiently protected against the weather. Rain still beat against the windows of the living-room, and Nancy stood before them for a little, looking out through the sheeting water, her fingers drumming on the pane. Her thoughts were busy with what was before her, yet a more practical side of her mind concerned itself with this problem of transportation. It was only a step from the side veranda to the garage, but in town she would have to walk a block or two. That meant wearing a rain-coat, and Nancy's was shabby. She had planned to wheedle Dick into letting her have a new one. She would never do that, now.

A LITTLE after nine she went to the coat closet and brought out the garment, one of those stiff, tan affairs, with a warm plaid lining. Over her suit it would be sufficiently warm. Rubbers, a sports hat of woolen cloth, stout gloves.

Lucy came with an umbrella and held it over her head for the few steps from the house to garage, then the girl returned to the house with the umbrella. Nancy always refused to carry one; refused now, in spite of Lucy's urgings. She pushed open the garage doors, and they fell into position, held by the iron latch bars at the top. Then she climbed into the car, closed all the windows, started the engine, backed slowly out to the street. Slippery going, but Nancy never bothered with chains in the city.

She had more than sufficient time. She drove slowly toward town, taking care to avoid the occasional icy spots on the asphalt, watchful at every corner. As she drew into the city, she found the traffic light; it was always so on rainy days. She followed the boulevard toward the center of town, climbed the hill past the State House, and dropped into the maze of narrow streets that formed the business section. There was a certain mental relief in putting all her attention on her driving: she need not think of the interview that lay before her. She parked her car at last in Postoffice Square and left it reluctantly, picking her way across the cobbles and turning up-town again, toward where Mr. Vane's office was. Drops of icy water splashed her ankles, cold and damp through her silken stockings.

Mr. Vane's office was in one of those ancient buildings which were the pride of the city forty years ago, which now have but a tenuous hold on life and will soon yield to the hands of the wrecker and give way to newer structures. Nancy had often told Dick's father that he should move, that his quarters did him no honor. The rickety elevator carried her upward; the supercilious telephone girl asked her business, asked if she had an appointment; the severe secretary appeared at last and bade her come in. Nancy found herself facing Mr. Vane, heard the door close behind her. No escape now; she was trapped; the thing must be carried through.

John K. Vane was sitting at his desk when Nancy entered. He rose at sight of her and regarded her with a steady face and cold eyes. She was used to kiss him when they met; she made an instinctive movement toward him now. But he resumed his chair, said quietly: "Sit down, please."

Do your guests find you as interesting as your dinner?

DO you spend all your energy and freshness over the stove—and have none left to spend on your guests? Or have you learned how to prepare a good dinner—and still remain vivacious and interesting?

IF hostesses would only remember that "entertaining" has two meanings! Too often they think its whole meaning is providing food and drink for their guests, forgetting entirely that it implies—or should imply—gratifying their desire for mental diversion!

A good dinner, certainly—but interesting conversation, a pleasant atmosphere of fun and good fellowship—isn't that what your guests really look forward to? Think of the parties you have been at recently. Isn't it true that the ones you remember most pleasantly are the ones where everyone was in good spirits, rather than those where the most elaborate refreshments were served? And haven't you often been present at deadly affairs where the hostess was too fatigued to give her guests anything of herself?

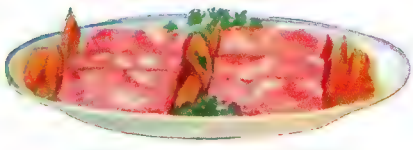
You can't be vivacious if you are tired.

Of course there is a kind of hospitality which some people will always accept for the most material reasons. "What care we how tiresome Mrs. Jones' conversation is or how dull and grouchy Mr. Jones is?" say they. "Their food is wonderful—let's go." That will always be the attitude of a certain type of mind.

But surely *you* would rather have your invitations accepted and your parties remembered because of your own personality!

Did you ever hear the fable of the Wise Bride? Her husband brought home a business friend to dinner—a very important business friend, whose good will could help a great deal. He 'phoned home in time so she could have made a great fuss over the dinner if she had wanted to. But did she? Not the wise little bride. Everything was perfectly simple—just as she had planned. But they knew by the tone of his voice as he said goodnight—that the ImportantBusiness Friend had been more favorably impressed than if the hostess had gone to a lot of bother for him.

When your husband brings home unexpected guests, can you greet them cordially and confidently, serene in the knowledge that your simple dinner will please and satisfy them and that you will be vivacious and entertaining?



Julienne Carrots with Libby's Corned Beef

Heat Libby's Corned Beef. Slice and arrange on platter with buttered carrots cut lengthwise. Garnish with parsley

You can if you keep on hand a supply of Libby's almost-ready-to-serve meats. With them it is now possible to prepare the most delectable dishes in practically no time at all. Because with Libby's packaged meats you are not "starting from scratch." They come to you with all the heavy work of cooking done.

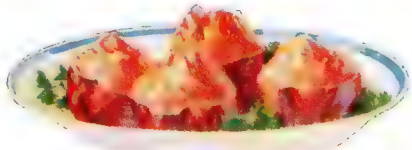
The most alert housewives in America are now depending on these almost-ready-to-serve meats. They have learned that there are no finer meats obtainable than Libby's packaged meats—Corned Beef, Dried Beef, Vienna Sausage, Veal Loaf and a long list of other delicacies.

They are packaged in Chicago—meat center of the world—where the choicest meats are available to the Libby kitchens. Only cuts from fresh, Government inspected meats are used.

Celery and Dried Beef au Creme

Cut celery in small pieces and cook in boiling, salted water until tender; add to Libby's Dried Beef creamed. Arrange on a platter and garnish with parsley

They come to you in air-tight containers which, when opened, reveal the meats as fresh as on the day they were packed. You will find that Libby's meats have a flavor and tenderness that home cooking of ordinary meats cannot approach. Shown on this page are a few suggestions for new and delightful ways of serving these meats.



Potato baked in half shell with spicy Veal Loaf

Cut a lengthwise slice from the top of a baked potato. Scoop out the inside, mash, season with butter, pepper and salt. Mix with Libby's Veal Loaf, refill shells and bake in hot oven eight or ten minutes

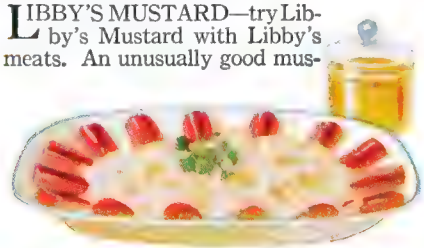
Begin tomorrow to let Libby's meats save time for *you*.

"Book of Five Minute Meats"—Free

Write for the Libby "Book of Five Minute Meats," a book of simple recipes devised by Libby's expert chefs to lighten the burden of cooking and save time for the homemaker. Every dish is attractively illustrated in full colors and is accompanied by complete cooking instructions. Write for your copy today. It is Free.

Your grocer has Libby's Packaged Meats or will gladly get them for you.

LIBBY'S MUSTARD—try Libby's Mustard with Libby's meats. An unusually good mustard—not too "tangy," not too mild, delightful in flavor, it adds a touch of savoriness that puts an edge on the dullest appetite.



Vienna Sausage with rich creamy parsnips

Cook parsnips in boiling salted water until tender; add cream sauce. Arrange Libby's Vienna Sausages on a platter with creamed parsnips in the center

Libby, McNeill & Libby
211 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Can., Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario, Canada

Reduce High Rents—Beautify the Home

The Kroehler Daven-O is a combined davenport and bed which may be folded and unfolded with utmost ease.

As a davenport it is elegant, yet with the dignity of simplicity. As a bed it is full-size and comfortable, making one room serve as two, and providing the extra accommodation so frequently needed.

Kroehler Daven-Os are made in two sizes—long for large rooms, short for small rooms.

Either length has a full-sized bed and is fitted with a patented, sagless, folding, metal bed-frame and spring and a Kroehler-made, 30-lb., felted cotton, removable mattress, high-grade and dependable.

Ample room for pillows and extra coverings in folded bed. Sanitary—airy. When unfolded, bed is ready for use.

Made in a pleasing variety of Modern, Colonial and Period styles. All woods and finishes. Luxuriously upholstered in tapestry, velour, real or imitation leather. Designs and materials are of the best.

If you do not own a Kroehler Daven-O, ask your furniture dealer to demonstrate one.

To insure maximum satisfaction, be sure before buying any davenport to find the Kroehler trade-mark, the sign of the genuine. Sold—and fully guaranteed—by leading furniture merchants everywhere. Handsome illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealers mailed upon request.

KROEHLER

DAVEN-O

(24-A)

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Factories at: Kankakee, Ill., Naperville, Ill., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory: Stratford, Ontario

Nancy obeyed, faintly tremulous. She waited for him to speak to her.

The light fell full upon his face. He swung his chair a little to one side and looked out of the window at the falling rain. He was a big man, John K. Vane, physically big. His shoulders were so broad and his chest so deep that they suggested a deformity. He wore a close-cropped mustache, a mixture of brown hairs and gray, and the hair was thinning on the top of his head. A strong, though a kindly face, broad brow, high cheek-bones, a well-built chin, a nose that was large, yet well and decently proportioned. His eyes were blue, and Nancy found in them this day a flickering, furious light. His vacation in the woods had bronzed his cheeks; there was a paler area that marked where he had shaved the two-weeks' beard he had allowed to grow while he was in camp.

When he turned back to face her again, it was to plunge forthwith into that which was before them. "Well?" he asked.

"You—" Nancy held one hand toward him in a helpless gesture, as though so doing assisted her in finding words. "You know?"

"Yes."

"How?"

He seemed faintly surprised. "A telegram from Mark Scottow."

"He told you!" There was faint reproach for Uncle Mark in her tone.

But John K. Vane nodded soberly. "Yes," and in sardonic explanation, "You see, he is my oldest friend."

HIS eyes had in them a light of questioning. Nancy felt this without understanding it. She could not know that he was wondering at her; that he had expected her to weep, to plead, to try her pretty ways with him. This was so far outside Nancy's intent that she did not guess his thought. Quiet in her chair, with level voice, she told him how she had come to discover Dick's crime.

"In our desk," she said. "Under a litter of papers. He must have overlooked it there—"

He interrupted her somewhat harshly. "What do you think of your Dickie-bird now? This man you've married? This crook?"

"I love him," said Nancy, and Dick's father was startled.

"Eh?"

"You see, it was my fault," she explained.

He studied her, nodded. "Naturally," he agreed in a pitiless tone. "But I must confess it's not like you to understand this."

"To understand that I am to blame?"

"Yes."

"I know," she assented, and smiled a little, wistfully. "It isn't like me to accept blame, is it? But I do."

He muttered something she could not hear. "Where's Dick?" he asked.

"In Albany."

"Run away?"

"Of course not! He went there on business."

"What's his address?"

She shook her head. "I don't know."

He laughed harshly. "You don't know; neither does his office, eh? He's keeping under cover."

"He's not! Dick's not a coward!"

"Every thief's a coward!"

"But—that's my fault, what he did," she persisted. "Oh, I can see things now. I've never been fair to Dick. But I didn't mean it,—didn't mean not to be fair. I was just selfish and greedy—always demanding—begging—"

"Huh!"

"I mean to do better."

He said, his voice quickening with anger as he proceeded: "You'll never do better! Oh, I had misgivings from the first. Minute I saw your people. You're just like your mother. The sort of woman—Pah! Insatiable. Clutching fingers, greedy— And your father too weak to withstand her. Like Dick. Oh, I

Little Men and Little Women
STERLING SILVER TABLEWARE
REG. U S PAT OFF.
ALL their "very own" are these beautiful bits of sterling tableware for little men and little women. Deftly designed—in size, shape and weight—to fit the fingers of tiny tots.
Made in sterling—the beauty of design and the practical service rendered will endure through more than a generation.
Sold by reliable jewelers in sets or separate pieces. Write for catalog of the complete line.
TRADE MARK R&L BG STERLING
ROGERS, LUNT & BOWLEN CO.
SILVERSMITHS
Makers of Distinctive Tableware
GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Daytime or Bedtime

WHEN the critical Joneses drop in they slip into your most inviting Northfield. They never suspect that soon their luxurious throne will stage a pillow battle royal.

This is the dual rôle of a Northfield Bed Davenport. First, it is good furniture, handsome and correct in design, roomy and easy, beautifully finished in every detail.

And then, within and beyond detection, it has a 25-pound mattress on the full-size bed fixture which opens instantly into a snug and restful bed.

Northfield Bed Davenports

Every one carries the Northfield trade-mark

In the Northfield line you will find the very design for your needs. The designs include over-stuffed, fibre-reed and period suites with rocker and chair to match. In the popular fibre-reed you can also select tables, ferneries, floor lamps, etc. Write us for name of your nearest Northfield dealer.

The Northfield Company
Makers of Good Furniture
Martin Blvd. at 18th St., Sheboygan, Wisconsin

For your convenience we have an attractive booklet, "The Davenport with a Secret", *telling all about Northfields and showing many styles to choose from. Write for your copy.*

More Stately Mansions

saw. But what could I do? You can't say no to a boy in love. I'd simply have driven you two to some idiocy. So I smiled and said nothing. Hoped. Prayed, some. Lord, I hate to pray! But Dick was everything I had in the world. And you've taken him—a nice boy, if he hasn't got much guts—taken him and squeezed him dry and poisoned him and made him into a crook. You! You infernal, simpering, pretty doll! You're a snake—"

He broke off abruptly, said with a politeness that maddened her: "Excuse my language. I beg your pardon."

"Don't," she bade him. "Don't beg it. Go on."

Her voice was faintly tremulous. He marked this tremor, asked harshly:

"Sniveling? Well, why don't you cry?"

"I'm not going to cry," she told him. "You can't make me cry."

"Curse it, I'm not trying to make you cry! I'm just tellling you the truth for once in your life. As I should have done long ago!"

She shook her head. "No, you shouldn't. I'd have been furious with you, and it wouldn't have done a bit of good. It's not your fault. It's mine."

He considered her curiously. "You're crawling pretty low. A new trick. Not so pretty as your others. But they wouldn't help you any, and neither will this." There was a vast contempt in his tone that made her bite her lip.

"I don't mean to crawl," she said. "I'm simply trying to find some common ground to begin with, something we can agree on. I didn't come here just to be sworn at—and I don't suppose you agreed to see me just so you'd have an audience. I'm all you care to call me. Can't we forget that and go on from there?"

"Go on? Where to? Where is there to go?"

"Why, talk about what we're going to do."

His eyes narrowed appraisingly. "You think there's something to be done? What? In the name of God!"

She sensed some measure of the agony of shame that was tearing the man. "I want you to know that I mean to do better, to make a fresh start."

He shook his head. "You can't start over," he said positively. "There's this thing in the way."

HE lifted a bit of paper from his desk, and Nancy saw for the first time that he held that check which Dick had forged. She hungered for it, thirsted for it; she could scarce sit still.

"I want to—put that out of the way," she told him.

He laughed shortly. "How?"

"Make it good. Redeem it."

"A fine chance."

"I mean it," Nancy said.

"How're you going to do it?"

She opened her hand-bag, fumbled among the jumble of things it contained, and for a moment she was in a panic of fright lest Uncle Mark's check should be not there. Mr. Vane watched her curiously, while she pulled out this and that and dropped them in her lap. She became conscious that she was very warm, and slipped out of the stiff rain-coat and laid it over the back of her chair. Then she found the check at last, unfolded it, read it with hungry eyes.

"Here!" she said to Dick's father. "Here is Uncle Mark's check. I didn't forge this. It's for five thousand. I will give it to you, and you give me that one. So!"

He held out his hand, and she rose and handed him Scottow's check.

"How'd you get this?" he asked.

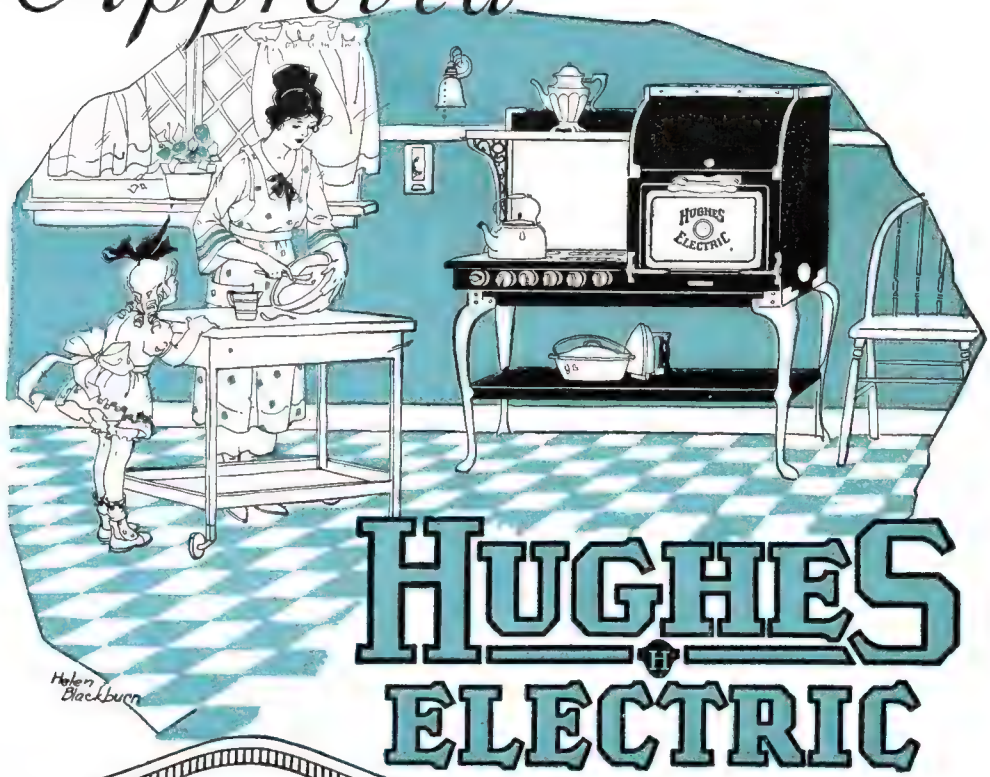
"I sold the house back to him."

"When?"

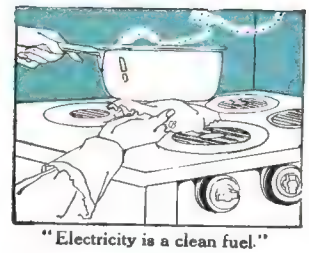
"Yesterday."

He laughed angrily. "Another lie! You couldn't. Dick wasn't here."

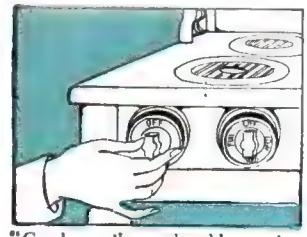
Approved



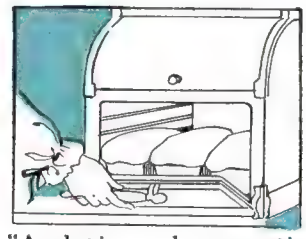
HUGHES ELECTRIC



"Electricity is a clean fuel."



"Can be easily regulated by turning a switch."



"An electric oven does away with the fret and worry of baking day."

EDISON
News Notes

When American homes secured their light from candles and sperm oil the annual cost was about $22.00 for the light of 5 candles 5 hours each night.

Kerosene a little later afforded 50% more light at the same cost.

At the present time the average home requires 18 times as much light as a century ago and the cost per unit is about 3% what it was then.

For one cent in the average American community we now purchase enough electricity to operate a 40-watt Mazda lamp for 5 hours.

Enough electricity to do an ironing for a small family, with an electric flat-iron, now costs ten cents.

When you build your house or your architect prepares specifications, be sure enough convenience outlets are provided so you can freely use electrical household appliances.

For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following

SERVICE STATIONS

Ontario, California
St. Louis, 1003 Pine St.
Seattle, Maritime Bldg.
Boston, 138 Purchase St.
Portland, 412½ Stark St.
Chicago, 157 W. Lake St.
Atlanta, 24 Peachtree Arcade
Los Angeles, 505 Equitable Bldg.
New York, 140-142 Sixth Ave.
Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St.
San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.

APPROVED by thousands of practical women throughout the country. Read what these Domestic Economists say* about the Hughes Electric Range.

"For success in baking, day in and day out, one needs an even and dependable temperature, and this is secured only by electricity."

"Much unnecessary labor is eliminated in electrical cookery on account of its cleanliness. We feel that it will be the universal method where rates allow."

"Good Housekeeping Institute heartily endorses electric cooking. Electricity is a perfect servant, responding instantly to regulation; and finally, the cooking results to be obtained from it are excellent in a uniformity of texture and in the development of flavor."

"For success in cooking one needs an even, dependable and easily regulated heat, and this, we find, is secured in a Hughes Electric Range."

"After a thorough test of the Hughes Electric Oven and Range, I find it is wonderful. It bakes evenly, is easily understood, simple and reliable."

And see what practical housewives have written* to us. There are many thousands of Hughes Electrics from ocean to ocean.

"The Hughes Electric Range is just the kind I like and makes cooking a real pleasure."

"In every phase of cooking, from toasting bread to baking a roast, I have found it entirely satisfactory, absolutely clean and economical."

"I have often said that it is as easy to cook a meal on the Hughes Range as to prepare for cooking it on wood or coal range."

"A cool kitchen in hot weather is another blessing for which the users of electricity are grateful."

"It does away entirely with dirt of any description, which means so much to the housekeeper."

This is a matter you should take up with your Lighting Company. Or write us for a copy of *"How to Modernize."*

**Names and addresses of these women furnished on request.*

★EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

CHICAGO

New York **Ontario, California** **Atlanta**

In Canada, Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

BERKEY & GAY furniture expresses in wood a quiet graciousness, an artistic charm, that are instinct with the highest and best in American home life.

Not everyone can own Berkey & Gay furniture—not because it is expensive, but because only a limited quantity of such furniture is made.

An illustrated brochure concerning Berkey & Gay furniture, together with name of nearest dealer, sent upon request

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

THIS SHOP MARK
is inlaid in every genuine Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride thereafter.

Berkey & Gay Furniture Company

452 MONROE AVENUE

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

More Stately Mansions

"I promised to persuade Dick when he comes back, and Uncle Mark gave me the check. He—trusted my promise."

"He's a fool."

"But he did."

He studied her. "You really mean you're giving up this house that made all the trouble?"

"Of course."

He turned the check in his fingers thoughtfully. "This is no good," he told her.

She felt her cheeks turn pale. "Why?"

"You haven't endorsed it."

"Oh— Give it to me."

There was a pen beside the ink-well on his desk. She rose and stood, leaning over, while she dipped the pen and scribbled her name in furious haste. Dick's father watched her, tilting back in his chair. She thrust the endorsed check toward him.

"There!"

He took it, examined it with a care that was insulting, folded it at last, and tucked it into his vest pocket. "All right," he agreed.

"Now give me the other," she said.

But John K. Vane shook his head.

She cried: "You must! I've made it good. You have no right not to. You promised."

"I made no promise. I keep my promises," he said impassively.

"But you haven't any right to keep it."

He leaned toward her with sudden energy. "Don't tell me what I have a right to do. When Dick forged my name to a check, he committed two crimes. He stole five thousand dollars from me, and he forged my name."

"But I've given you back the money," she pleaded. "Don't you see?"

"That is to say," he reminded her judicially, "that in some small measure you've atoned for the theft. But the forgery is still to be considered—the greater crime!"

Poor Nancy! Her ears were ringing, as though all her bright palaces of hope were tumbling about her head. She stood before him, weary and stricken, trembled a little, asked in a husky voice that was no more than a whisper:

"Wh-what do you want me to do?"

XIV

IN the face of her first terrific disappointment, in that moment when Nancy knew that mere restitution of the money Dick had stolen would not save him, her knees for an instant trembled under her, her courage fled, she was sick and weak with the anguish of despair. It was in that moment she asked so stammeringly:

"What do you want me to do?"

Dick's father swung his chair away from her, looked toward the window again, watched the pelting of tiny drops against the glass, watched these drops merge into little rivulets and trickle down. His office was on an upper floor; it was level with the cornice of the building across the street. On a ledge under this cornice three pigeons huddled with ruffled feathers, miserably uncomfortable in the drizzly cold. He watched them, but they had no place in his thoughts. Nancy's eyes were on the man, searchingly and appealingly; she waited for him to speak. But while she waited, some measure of strength flowed back to her. She grew more composed; she armed herself for the encounter that was to come. What had passed, she understood now, was only a skirmish; the battle was not yet fully joined.

It is of some significance that Nancy had not asked, had no thought of asking, "What do you want Dick to do?" She scarce thought of Dick at all except to know that she must save him. And when Mr. Vane continued silent, showed no disposition to answer her, she asked him again and more firmly,

"What do you want me to do?"

"I don't care what you do," he said then, still without looking at her. "It's Dick I propose to deal with."

★MORRIS

Supreme Margarine

On baked potato— that's a good test for the flavor of a spread.

Try Morris Supreme Margarine this way: your family will relish it. And you needn't economize with Supreme Margarine, either. It's much cheaper than other spreads and just as delicious. It's just as good for cooking and baking, too

Supreme Margarine is made only from purest ingredients and freshly pasteurized milk. It comes to you in the famous yellow and black Morris packages.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

It bears the "Supreme" mark of Morris quality

Columbia
Grafonola

The Only Non Set Automatic Stop

Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself. Never stops before it should. Always stops at the very end. Exclusively on the Columbia Grafonola.

Standard Models up to $300—Period Designs up to $2100

Gordon Sings "Habanera"—(Carmen)

Hear this great Columbia Record of Carmen's famous "Habanera," sung by the new *exclusive* Columbia artist —Jeanne Gordon, the American contralto who made such a sensation last year at the New York Metropolitan Opera. This record played on the Columbia Grafonola will convey to you all of Gordon's witchery, all of her charm, her notes light as air and her laughing lilt.

Any Columbia dealer will gladly let you play this record—No. 49858—$1.50

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., NEW YORK
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Exclusive Columbia Opera Artists

BARRIENTOS
GARDEN
GORDON
HACKETT
LAZARO
MACBETH
MARDONES
PONSELLE
ROMAINE
ROTHIER
STRACCIARI

More Stately Mansions

She shook her head instinctively, although he was not looking at her. "No," she told him. "Not Dick. Don't blame him. Blame me."

"He's a man—theoretically, at least," said Vane scornfully. "He's got to take his medicine."

"Medicine?" she echoed.

He swung toward her, banged his fist upon the desk. "Yes," he said. "Arrest! Trial! Prison! Son or no son, he's a forger and a thief. There's only one place for him, for such a—thing—and that's behind bars."

She smiled a little, sorrowfully. "You don't understand yet," she told him. "You will see."

"What can you do?" he asked grimly.

"I'll take the blame," she told him defiantly. "I'll tell them I forged the check, that I told him it came from you."

He did not speak for a moment, considering her. "You couldn't get away with it," he decided. "Dick wouldn't stand for it, and if he would—he might, at that—we could soon prove you lied."

"Then I'll try some other way."

He watched her curiously. "See here!" he asked. "What's got into you? Why are you so infernally anxious to—have a hand in this? I should suppose you'd be as disgusted as I am."

"It's all my fault, my responsibility," she said. "I told you that before."

"What of it?" he countered brutally. "You've dodged before; why not go on dodging? You're a wonder at that little trick."

"I love Dick too much to dodge this."

The man snorted contemptuously. "Pah! Love him? Rot! You did this thing to him."

"I didn't understand."

"If you'd loved him you would have understood. That's what love is—real love—understanding."

She smiled whimsically, her eyes dim. "Perhaps I didn't love him then, but I do now."

HE tilted forward in his chair, elbows on the table. "Do you understand what you've done?" he demanded in a sudden fierce flow of anger. "Dick was all right. A good boy. A bit gentle, soft, easy-going, maybe, but decent. He meant to do well. Why, when he came out of law school, I offered him a soft job with me. Money. Plenty. And nothing to worry about. He wouldn't take it. Knew his weakness. Wanted to fight it. Said he'd go it alone for a few years. Till he was worth what I'd be paying him. That's the kind of boy he was."

Nancy nodded, eyes dim. "I know. When I first saw him—"

"And then you came along. Pretty, brainless, selfish, frivolous little ape!" The man's anger overcame him, swept him on. "There's no word contemptible enough to fit you. A bloodsucker! Fastened yourself to Dick like a leech. Why couldn't you let him alone? Always begging. From him, from me. Shaming him by begging money from me. Like a blind man with his cup on the streets. Except that the blind man begs to live, and you begged to gratify every selfish whim! Oh, Dick knew it. It hurt him, too. Made him ashamed of himself. Because he couldn't gratify your eternal demands. That's what weakened him. He was wild about you. Ready to do anything. Then this house. And you badgered him, and teased him, and prettied him, and kissed him, and loved him, till you drove him into it. Forging and thieving! A crook!" The man's eyes suddenly filled; he clenched his two fists before him. "Curse you, you've turned my Dick rotten! That's what you've done."

Nancy was humble enough, yet she had her fair share of self-respect. She interrupted him, cried: "Be still! I know all that. Without your telling. I told you, confessed it all. And I'm sorry. And ready to—atone. But you sha'n't talk so to me. You *shall not* talk that way."

He came to his feet with something like a

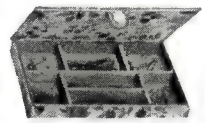
Unusual Gifts shop leisurely at home

Over a half-century ago, Daniel Low established the Daniel Low good will for ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. Today over 150,000 families are saving time, trouble and money by doing their Gift Shopping by mail the Daniel Low way

The Daniel Low "Gift Book" places before you a most interesting display of unusual gifts, remarkable for their variety, good taste and value. Send for this book. Use the coupon below

This "Gift Book" makes it possible for you to "shop early" AT HOME; leisurely; at prices naturally lower than local or smaller concerns.

Here are just a few "Gift Book" suggestions:



A Treasure Chest

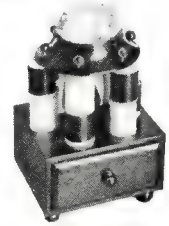
for the dressing table. Of fragrant cedar covered with cretonne. Has 7 compartments containing all sorts of pins, hair pins, safety pins, invisibles. N2095 - 1.25

Basket Brooch

Sterling silver, very daintily enameled 1.25 R3388

Baby's Set

Sterling silver loop handle Spoon and sterling Napkin Holder J951 - 2.50



Colonial Spool Cabinet

Mahogany, height 7 inches, with pincushion and drawer, holds 12 spools, Z649 2.75 (without spools)

Cologne

Sterling silver deposit, height, 4 in. S565 1.75

Man's Monogram Belt

Very stylish heavy sterling silver engine-turned buckle with heavy applied monogram of two or three initials on fine black bridle cowhide belt. Give waist measure and initials. M283 - - - 5.75

Flower Basket Dutch silver reproduction, gold lined, 10½ in. F1726 7.00

Washington Candlesticks

Exact reproduction Very heavy brass, finely finished, 9 inches high Z521 - 3.00

Man's Manicure Set

Durable leather case with good pair of steel nail clippers and a flexible steel file Z126 1.50

Book Ends

Priscilla and John Alden, for Christmas 1920, 300th Anniversary of Plymouth, Antique bronze finish, very heavy 6 in. Z912 Pair 5.00

Toilet Set

Venetian Shell, inlaid with rich gold decoration. Three pieces, large size 29.00

Narcissus Tub

Hand-painted, 3 large bulbs delightfully verse boxed N82 1.00

Such Slippers

All genuine sheepskin with the natural fleece inside. So soft and comfortable one hates to remove them. A splendid gift. All sizes—mention size. W335 Rich brown color with fur edge 4.50

W350 Natural color, light brown, without fur, can be dry cleansed 3.50

Valuable information about diamonds is given in the Daniel Low DIAMOND BOOK. Ask for it.

Send for the "Home-Shopping Gift Book"

Choose at home from this unusual display of jewelry, silver, leather goods and novelties. Satisfaction and safe delivery are guaranteed; charges prepaid. Clip the coupon; send for the Daniel Low 168 page Gift Book

DANIEL LOW & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1867
238 TOWN HOUSE SQUARE
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Daniel Low & Co., 238 Town House Square, Salem, Mass.
Please send Gift Book
M.....
St.....
State.....

Christmas Shopping at Home

It's so much easier than shopping in crowded stores during the holiday rush. The Fuller representative calls, shows you Fuller Brushes, and from these you choose your gifts for every one you wish to remember.

There are Fuller Brushes for every use. Each one is especially designed to serve its particular purpose better. All of them are practical, handy, sanitary and long lasting. Those for personal use are really handsome in appearance.

Household sets and individual sets for personal use will be made up according to your own selection from the line of

★Fuller twisted-in-wire Brushes

Remember this about FULLER Brushes:

Not sold in stores—obtainable only from one of our 1000 representatives who wear the Fuller button.

Fully guaranteed against defects in material and workmanship.

Buy only brushes bearing this trade-mark — Fuller HARTFORD — Your Guarantee of Quality and Service

Sales Offices In All Principal Cities

The Fuller Brush Co.
Hartford, Connecticut

Get out of the Octagon
Buy Brushes the Fuller way

TELEPHONE LOCAL OFFICE TO HAVE REPRESENTATIVE CALL

More Stately Mansions

spring; his voice roared. "Shall not! You impudent, unabashed snip! Don't try to dictate to me. I tell you, I know you. And your foul Dickie-bird. And I'm going to smash you—both!"

She sprang to her feet also, eyes meeting his, inches between them, and there was pride and defiance and no fear at all in hers. "No man worth the name would talk as you are talking," she told him in a level tone. "You may do as you please. But you'll not frighten either Dick or me."

Their eyes held steady for an instant. Then he asked in a voice curiously changed, "Not afraid?"

"No."

"Not a bit?"

"You're simply silly."

He sat down in his chair again, motioned to her to do the same. She hesitated, and he said:

"I'll behave. I'll guard my tongue."

But when she had resumed her seat, he added coldly:

"Nevertheless, you can't squirm out of this. I meant exactly what I said. Dick goes to jail."

"Your son?"

"My son would never forge a check. He's not my son; he's merely your husband."

NANCY'S eyes dropped for a moment; they were caught by the pattern in the cloth of her suit. They followed its lines, marked its tiny pepper-and-salt design. Unconsciously she began to trace the design with her finger, to and fro, and back and forth. When she spoke at last, her voice was curiously gentle. "Your—tone is very sure and very merciless," she said, and as she went on, her words fell into short phrases and sentences as his had done, with this difference, that his was the broken language of anger, hers the staccato of grief. "But I believe you are wrong. I believe you will see you are wrong. I'm not trying to excuse myself. No need. There is no excuse. But Dick—" Her eyes lifted, met his, and hers were very warm and soft. "Dick's just a boy. Nothing but a boy, still. So fine, and so kind, and so proud of you. He's done wrong. Terribly wrong. But it wasn't Dick; it was my selfishness in him. There's no real wrong in Dick. He's fine, truly. Think. . . ."

She hesitated, finding it hard to control her voice, hesitated, then went on: "You can send him to jail, I suppose, though I will fight you in every way I know. You can send him to jail, I suppose. For years. Five years—" A phrase flashed through her mind: "'Four to six years,' perhaps, the judge will say. In prison. In stripes—"

"They don't wear stripes in this state," he said, grimly jeering at her.

She lifted one hand as though to brush aside his interruption. "He'll come out some day. There must be a poison in prisons. Perhaps it will get into Dick's heart in those years. Change him. Perhaps not. I don't believe it will. He's too good. But if it doesn't, he'll be marked just the same. A forger and a criminal. And a jail bird. And he'll go through life that way. Every one knowing. And no one will ever trust him again, and every one will whisper when he passes by. Your son!"

"You needn't worry," he told her harshly. "You won't be tied to him—nor he to you. You can get a divorce."

She shook her head. "I'm always his wife. I shouldn't get a divorce, of course. I'd always be waiting for him. But—I'm not thinking of myself. Only of him. Oh, Mr. Vane, you mustn't do this. You must forgive Dick. Save him!"

He slapped the desk with his open hand. "Why must I? I didn't get him into this."

"He's your son."

"Well, for that matter, he's your husband. I didn't get him in, and I won't drag him out."

"Oh, you will."

There was a depth of entreaty in her voice which made him hesitate. He cried again:

And now

Made by the makers of LISTERINE

YOU KNOW how good Listerine is for your mouth and teeth — as a mouth wash. So you are interested at once in this announcement of Listerine Tooth Paste.

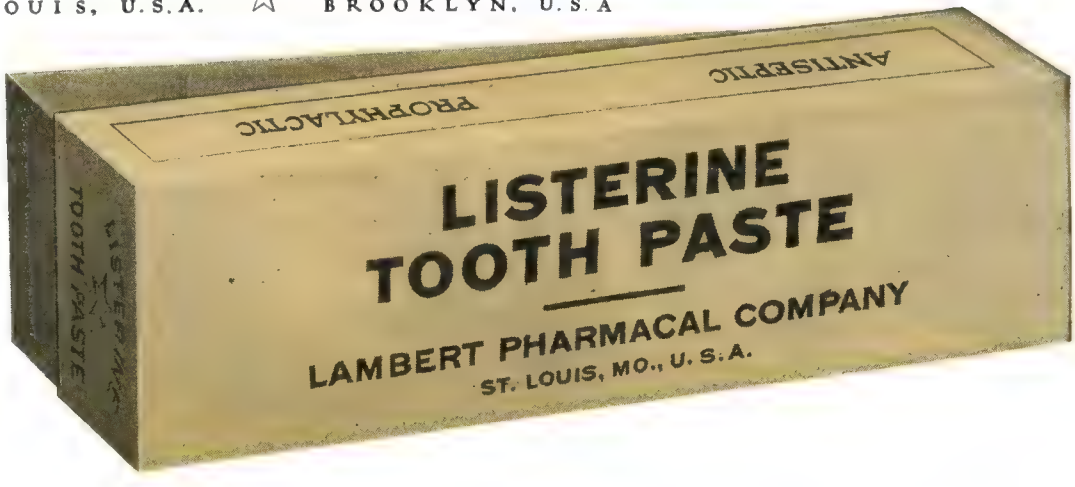
Naturally, you feel that the makers of Listerine must produce the best dentifrice possible — different from all others. And you are quite right. The reputation of Listerine has created an obligation for its makers.

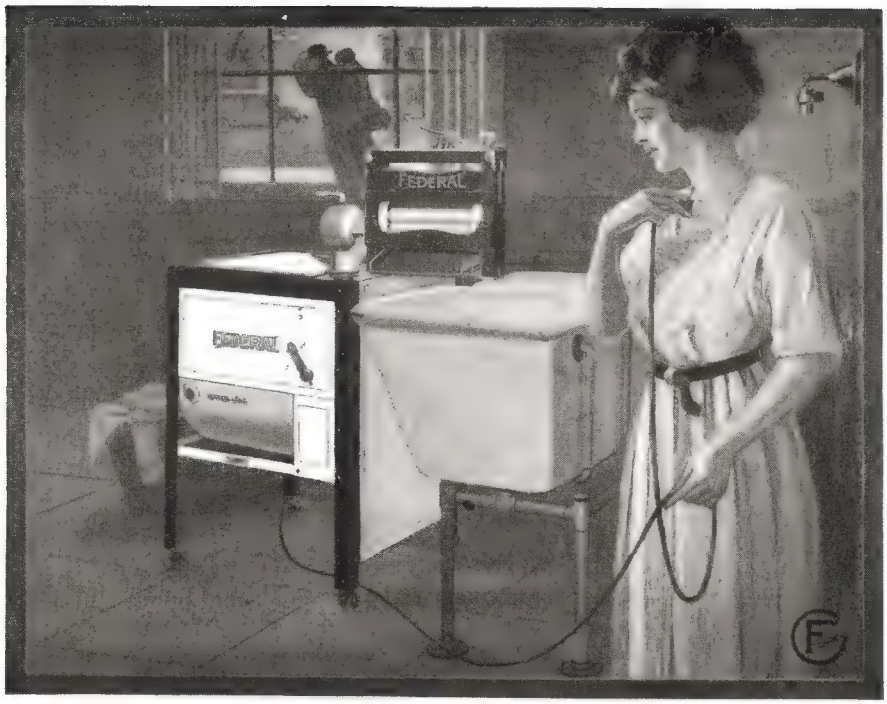
Listerine Tooth Paste contains a pleasant fruit acid, for the best scientific reason — to stimulate the flow of saliva. This increased flow is alkaline — the best natural corrective of what is called acid mouth. It overcomes an unhealthy acid condition.

Also the fruit acid in Listerine Tooth Paste tends to prevent "tartar" — a cause of pyorrhea.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

ST. LOUIS, U.S.A. ☆ BROOKLYN, U.S.A





The FEDERAL — with the Roto-Phor Wringer

The Federal is now furnished with the Roto-Phor wringer which easily swings and automatically locks in three essential positions, for wringing clothes from machine to rinse water—from there to blueing water—then to the clothes basket.

The wringer is reinforced across the bottom with an iron brace which holds it perfectly rigid—it is securely held in a working position by special lever spring, making it perfectly safe, and it is easily operated by a simple control.

The Roto-Phor wringer marks the latest improvement on the Federal Electric Washer, and combined with its eleven other exclusive features, makes it America's leading washer. Write for booklet and name of local dealer. Easy payments if desired.

The 12 Big Federal Features

1. Beauty and durability.
2. The oscillating tumbler washing action. (Wave-like action).
3. Gravity groove—the dirt settles in it.
4. Glass water gauge.
5. Absolutely safe—all moving parts enclosed.
6. Roto-Phor wringer—locks in 3 positions.
7. A dependable safety wringer release.
8. "Three-in-One" wringer control.
9. Push-button switch "built in."
10. Clutch to start and stop washing.
11. Leather belt drive—no jamming gears—protects motor.
12. Oversize motor, one-quarter horsepower.

¶ *If you have children in your home, let us send them a toy washer—absolutely free.*

Federal Electric Company
Federal Sign System (Electric)
8722 SOUTH STATE STREET CHICAGO
91 New Montgomery Street SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
627-649 West 43rd Street NEW YORK, N. Y.
Branches in all large cities

★ FEDERAL *Electric Washer*

The Washer with the Wave Action

More Stately Mansions

"You got him in. It's up to you to get him out. Not me."

"Show me the way," she said quietly. "I will do anything."

"Anything?"

"Yes."

He laughed abruptly. "You'll cry, and tease, and play pretty—Any fool can do that."

"I'll do anything at all," she said again.

Vane tilted back in his chair, his big hand covering his mouth and his eyes surveying her from head to foot appraisingly. "You talk big," he told her.

She said nothing.

"But you'd yap out of it in the end."

Nancy sat still and quiet. She was curiously composed, curiously sure of herself; there was given to her some measure of ability to read the other's thoughts. Even before he spoke, she sensed that her ordeal was before her, and when he did speak, she remained quiescent, eyes half-closed, almost drowsy, listening as one listens in a dream.

"Dick's at the crossroad," said Dick's father at last. "You're right enough about that. If he goes to jail, he'll be a criminal all his life. Labeled and tagged. God knows I don't want that. But there are things worse than that for the boy."

"What things?" she asked gently.

"You!" he told her, and the word was harsh and crisp and cold as ice. "You! He was decent enough till you came along. You sucked his blood; you drained him of every measure of decency; you drove him wild with your demands; you were always a burden, bending his shoulders; you broke his moral backbone. You were a harpy!"

His tone was level, no longer merely abusive. Nevertheless she stirred where she sat, and would have risen, but he held up his hand.

"Sit still," he said. "I'm stating facts, not merely reading your indictment. Stating cold facts. Here's a fact, to cap the others. I'd rather see Dick in jail than tied to you for life."

Her eyes widened a little, steadied; there was in them a new alertness. He paused, as though expecting her to speak, and she said,

"Go on."

His chair came forward with a bang. "Here's my last word," he cried hoarsely. "Take it or leave it. If you stick around, Dick goes to jail, and that's flat. There's just one way you can keep him out of jail It's up to you. Get out! Beat it! Leave him! Forget him! Let him forget you, and I'll call it off. I'll tear up this check. I'll take him back. My son. There!"

SHE sat so still, she was so white and motionless, that he thought for a moment sense had left her, but her thoughts were racing, whirling.

"Dick would never let me," she said, half to herself. "He'd follow. You see, he loves me, too."

"I'll take care of Dick," the man exclaimed. "Once you're gone. Out of sight. Your pretty eyes—I'll fix Dick. Clear him of you. Annulment, divorce, some way. You go away; leave it to me. I'll attend to it."

Nancy, after a moment, rose from her chair and crossed to the window. She was unconscious of the beat of the rain outside. There was a certain happiness awakening in her, a certain exultation. Without being able to put this new feeling into words, she knew that their positions, hers and Mr. Vane's, had been reversed. He had been accuser and judge; she the culprit. This was no longer true. For the thing he proposed was so monstrous that he had shattered his own cause by proposing it. Justice had been on his side; it was so no longer. She felt, she knew, it was not fair or right to ask her to forsake Dick, give him up forever. Yet Dick's father had made this demand. He would, she knew, insist upon it. One way to save Dick—only one. She turned back from the window, pulled on her gloves, lifted her rain-coat from the chair, and slipped her arms

Children *will* wake up with the chickens *before the house is warm*

YOUNGSTERS in the early morning hours are a great deal like newly-hatched robins. "Breakfast" is their only thought, and they can't wait 'till the regular heating system gathers headway to heat the whole house. But with a Perfection Heater glowing merrily alongside the high-chair, you needn't be afraid of colds and chills. "Keep warm and keep well" is a good motto for old and young.

What is Selective Heating?

You have often heard the expression "don't try to heat all outdoors." But it's almost as expensive to heat all *indoors*. That's why the Perfection way of heating is the scientific and economical way. It is *selective* heating. You very seldom need more than a room or two heated to 70° or 72°. Sometimes it's the sewing room and sometimes the nursery, and *there* you carry your Perfection Heater.

The furnace or base-burner will keep the rest of the house at a somewhat lower temperature without eating up your coal unnecessarily. Use a low fire in your furnace or base-burner for general heat—for water pipes, floors and halls. Then use the Perfection for *comfort heat*, in the rooms you actually occupy. *That* is selective heating.

10 Hours of Heat on a Gallon of Kerosene

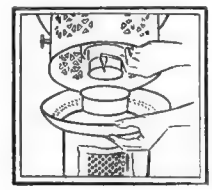
The Perfection Oil Heater will burn for about 10 hours on a gallon of kerosene oil. The wick is so adjusted that it cannot burn up short—patented wick guides—an exclusive feature, with Perfection Heaters—always keep the wick at the bottom of the oil. The Perfection can be carried easily from room to room, and it is simple, strong and up-to-date in every particular.

Protect Against Fuel Shortage

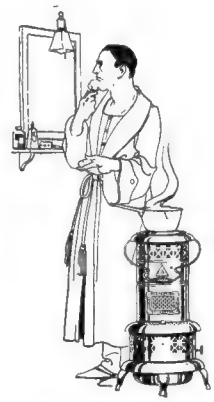
Four million Perfection Heaters are now in use and are protecting thousands of homes daily against the perils of a fuel shortage. Buy your Perfection now and end all fuel worries.

Your Dealer Will Supply You

Perfection Heaters are sold by progressive hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Ask your dealer to show you Perfection models handsomely finished in blue or black, or write to us for booklet "Warm Rays for Cold Days."



Lights at the touch of a match—full heat in a minute.



Many other convenient uses for a Perfection heater around the house—heating the bathroom quickly, warming water, drying clothes indoors, etc. Always ready.

PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

Made by
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7526 PLATT AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO.
Made in Canada by
THE PERFECTION STOVE CO LTD SARNIA

HOUSEHOLD CMP PRODUCTS

Also makers of
NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves, Ovens, Cabinets, Kerosene Water Heaters and PERFECTION
Oil Heaters.

Branches in Principal Cities

OHIO

The Joy of Giving

WHOEVER would experience the fullest joy of giving must take time to choose personally and with care the gift that will be most appreciated. Why wife, mother, daughter or sister is hoping and wishing most of all this Christmas for an OHIO-TUEC Electric Vacuum Cleaner is a secret any man can learn.

There is an OHIO-TUEC dealer in every neighborhood. See yours early; no time like today!

Look for the Red Band

★ THE UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

Canadian Plant—Toronto, Ont.

into the sleeves. Vane remained in his chair, watching her. She faced him steadily.

"All right," she said. "I'll go away."

He moved a little, as though with surprise, but Nancy had already turned toward the door, opened it. As she stepped into the outer office, there was the light of victory in her eyes. And the man, left behind alone, knew that though he had won what he demanded, he was vanquished still.

XV

OUTSIDE the closed door of John K. Vane's private office, Nancy paused for a moment to button her rain-coat about her. Mr. Vane's secretary arose from her desk across the room and spoke to the telephone operator, and Nancy saw the operator manipulate her switchboard, and speak in a low voice, and nod. A man who had been waiting rose; the secretary escorted him toward where Nancy stood. Some one to see Mr. Vane!

Nancy met the eyes of the older woman, thought she sensed a pity mixed with the curiosity in them. She smiled a little; she was not in a mood to accept pity. She was, rather, uplifted and triumphant, and her eyes were shining. She passed the switchboard, heard the operator snicker as she passed, went out into the hall. They knew; they all knew. They must have heard Mr. Vane's voice raised so angrily. Nancy was past caring, past feeling the hurt of this. What lay before her served to insulate her against both pity and scorn.

She pressed the elevator bell, and after a little the car stopped at her floor. The attendant muttered, in a grudging fashion, that it was bad weather. Nancy nodded smilingly. When she left the cage at the street floor, some impulse prompted her to say, "Goodby!"

The man, of course, knew who she was. He said, "Goodby, Mrs. Vane."

She passed through the revolving doors and emerged into the wet discomfort of the open air. Two or three people had taken shelter in the entry against the increasing violence of the storm, but Nancy disregarded it. She felt herself mysteriously sheltered and protected against even such concrete things as wet and cold; she had a sense of being purged and clean, somehow glorified.

Her thoughts were busy with the details of what she meant to do. Money. She was known in the bank on the corner near Mr. Vane's office. She stopped there to cash a check against their small account. It would leave very little for Dick, but he would forgive her. She turned down toward the square where she had parked her car. The rain beat against her face, and she found the touch of the cold water strangely soothing and comforting. If her own tears mingled with the water on her cheeks, Nancy was not conscious of the fact. There was at this time no sorrow in her; there was only confidence and pride.

When she settled herself in the car, she realized that her skirts were wet about the hem. They felt cold and clammy against her ankles, and she gathered them up and tucked them to one side, holding the damp bundle of them against the side of the car with her knee. She started the engine, and picked her way through the traffic, and turned down-town toward the station. Her plans were not yet wholly clear. She would go home, go to her own home in the Middle West, and let the future take care of itself. There was a train, she knew, at two in the afternoon. It was now about eleven o'clock.

She was able to secure a lower berth on the train without difficulty, and she folded this ticket and her transportation and put them in her handbag, then went out to where she had left the car. She started for what had been her home and Dick's, drove carefully and slowly, not thinking what she did, and found Lucy ready with the early lunch to which Nancy was accustomed.

When she had finished lunch, she said to the girl: "I'm going out of town rather sud-

SENG-EQUIPT
Beds of Wood
Beauty of wood - strength of steel

SENG-EQUIPT Beds of Wood have wood for beauty and steel for strength. The loveliness of the wood headboard and footboard remains unchanged; but instead of dust-catching slats and wood side-rails, inherently weak and a source of disturbing noise, you will find unobtrusive steel side- and cross-rails. These slender steel girders make each bedstead a unit of strength, quiet as sleep itself and as easily cleaned as a table top.

STEEL EQUIPMENT MADE BY SENG CHICAGO

Over one hundred makers of bedroom furniture use Seng-equipment. Seng-equipt Beds of Wood may be secured wherever good beds are sold. For your guidance the Seng trade-mark is stamped on each corner lock. If you are interested in home decoration, write for "The Bedroom Beautiful," by Ruth Angell.

THE SENG COMPANY - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
world's largest makers of furniture hardware

The Greatest Food Costs Least

TO get the actual cost of food, do not figure the cost per pound alone. Figure the cost per meal.

Ten cents buys one pound of rolled oats. But this equals in food value $1.05 worth of beefsteak, or 85c worth of salmon, or $2.82 worth of potatoes.

Rolled oats is acknowledged the greatest solid food. Its extremely low cost makes it the table standby of the well-fed, thrifty household.

Have You Tried the Rolled Oats That Are Famed for Flavor?

Your ideas about rolled oats will be entirely revised when you try Purity Rolled Oats.

You'll discover a flavor that is totally different. Delicious, crisp and rich as that of freshly-shelled nuts.

You'll find flakes that are totally different—so big, so clean, so meaty. Each flake is whole, soft, and toasted a beautiful, golden brown.

Purity Rolled Oats is not only the bountiful breakfast. It is the foundation of nutritious breads, delicious desserts, side-dishes, etc. You'll better appreciate what has been done if you'll read "Gems From Mammy's Southern Kitchen," our new cook book, which explains the new idea in health menu-making. Contains 85 recipes. 60 pages. Illustrated in full color. Special paper covered edition sent for 6c in stamps. Desk H, Purity Oats Co., Keokuk, Iowa.

Purity Oats Company, Keokuk and Davenport, Iowa
Branch American Hominy Co.

★

Purity *totally different*

famed for flavor **Rolled Oats**

More Stately Mansions

denly, Lucy. Will you help me get the small trunk from the store-room?"

Lucy, surprised, nevertheless assented without question. "Yes, Mrs. Vane," she agreed.

When they brought the trunk to Nancy's room, she did venture an inquiry, but Nancy said cheerfully:

"I really haven't time to explain, Lucy. Mr. Vane will be home tomorrow or the next day. You won't be afraid to be alone till then?"

Lucy said she would not be afraid, and Nancy bade her go down-stairs and proceed with her work.

"I won't need any help," she assured the girl. "I'm only taking a few things."

Before beginning to pack, she telephoned to the taxi company and instructed them to come for her at a quarter past one. "There will be a small trunk. You can take that at the same time," she explained.

The train she was to take would stop at their suburban station, but Nancy had decided to drive to town and board it there, partly to avoid possible curious friends at the station here, partly from an instinctive desire to cloak her movements from the possible inquiries of Mr. Vane. Having arranged for the taxi, she went back to her room, and opened the trunk, and went to the closet for an armful of garments.

SHE took only her simplest things, those articles of which she would have immediate need; she left upon their hangers her prettiest and most expensive frocks. They were bought with Dick's money, or they had been charged to the account of Dick's father. She would have none of them. She meant to put this, that had been her life, forever behind her.

Over the picture of Dick which stood upon her dresser she hesitated; she took it in her hands, studied it fondly. But in the end she put it back in place again. She was leaving Dick behind her, deserting him forever. She would not take with her even this counterfeit presentment of the husband she adored.

Her suit was too wet to be worn, so when trunk and small bag were packed, she chose a shirtwaist and skirt and put them on. She changed to dry stockings, to dry shoes. The wet things she took down to Lucy to be hung by the stove and later pressed into shape again. Lucy, she saw, had been crying; there were tears in the girl's eyes when Nancy found her. She put her arm around the maid, and laughed at her a little, and said:

"There's nothing to cry about, Lucy dear. Please."

Lucy, wiping her eyes, said brokenly: "I'm pretty unhappy, Mrs. Vane. I can feel, somehow, that things are wrong. You—You're coming back soon?"

"Pretty soon," Nancy assured her mendaciously. "It's all right, honestly."

"It's not all right, ma'am. I can tell that by your eyes."

Nancy patted the other's shoulder. "There—I can't help my eyes."

"Where are you going, Mrs. Vane, please?"

"I—" Nancy hesitated. "Why, Lucy, it's a sort of secret. So don't tell. I'm going home for a week or two. Mother isn't well. I—don't want Dick to worry."

"You—"

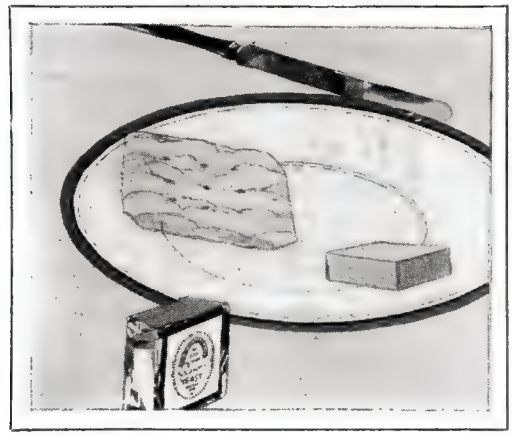
"Don't tell *any one*, Lucy."

"No, ma'am," said the girl, but her tone was hopeless and forlorn.

Nancy, running back up-stairs, was curiously happy because Lucy was miserable—happy to think that Lucy cared so much for her.

When the taxi stopped before the house, she was ready, with a long coat over her waist and skirt for the sake of warmth, and the shabby rain-coat over that. She bade the man come in and fetch the trunk, and she was interested in the expert and familiar way in which he handled it. She made him be careful not to scrape the wall as he carried it down-stairs on his shoulders; she held open the front door for him.

The new importance physicians are attaching to a familiar little cake of food



Why yeast is being prescribed—

for "run-down" condition
for pimples and boils
for constipation

ONE element in food without which we cannot keep fit! This is the startling new scientific discovery.

Are we getting enough of this single element in our everyday diets? Is the lack of this "vitamine" one serious cause of "run-down" condition and all its attendant evils?

The dramatic importance of "vitamine" was shown in the Russo-Japanese war. Soldiers fed on a steady diet of fish and polished rice were afflicted with a strange disease. Their diet *lacked the necessary vitamine!*

Immediately experiments in actual diets were started and it was found that in many of our meals we get an *insufficient supply* of this vitamine.

The vitamine we get in Fleischmann's Yeast is the vitamine we get in many foods, particularly in leafy vegetables; but in many of the manufactured foods we eat this vitamine has been removed in the process of manufacture.

Indeed, it has been said that probably our greatest danger lies in the exclusive use of "artificial" foods.

To supply this lack, and to build up in cases of "run-down" condition, Fleischmann's Yeast—the richest known source of this "vitamine"—is being prescribed.

People ask, "Won't it, when eaten, have the effect it has in raising bread?" No. In the body, it is assimilated just like any other food. It is highly digestible, entirely wholesome.

Only one precaution:—if you are troubled with gas dissolve the yeast in boiling water before taking it. This "kills" the yeast without in any way affecting its efficacy.

Get Fleischmann's Yeast from your grocer. Place an order today—not more than two days' supply at a time, for it must be taken fresh. Eat it before or between meals—from one to three cakes a day. You will quickly learn to like its taste.

To learn more about the new importance of yeast, fill out the coupon below asking for the new booklet on this subject. It reports striking cases in which Fleischmann's Yeast has been prescribed with amazing success.

For "run-down" condition

Yeast furnishes a large quantity of the needed vitamine which stimulates the appetite; helps digest the increased food which the stimulated appetite demands; helps the body get rid of waste matter. One to three cakes a day before meals. Do not forget to keep in touch with your doctor.

For pimples and boils

In leading hospitals yeast was not only successful in treating the symptoms in question, but also improved the general physical condition. Cases of boils were cured more rapidly than ever before noted—and without recurrence.

Now physicians and hospitals are prescribing yeast in cases of "acne" and boils. From 1 to 3 cakes a day, before or between meals, is the usual prescription. In all cases of boils and in acute cases of pimples, be sure to consult your doctor.

For constipation

Yeast being a food, by its very nature, is better suited to the stomach and intestines than either drugs or oils. And it will not form a habit. Investigations carried on at Jefferson Medical College, and at leading institutions in Philadelphia and New York, demonstrated its value. Even chronic cases, some of years' duration, have responded.

Take 1 to 3 cakes a day, before or between meals. For acute or extraordinary cases of constipation, of course, consult your physician.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
701 Washington St., New York, N.Y.
327 S. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.
508 Green Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
941-945 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal. 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto. Canada

Others spread it on bread or crackers

How to take yeast

Some take it in fruit juices or in water

Some like it plain

★

1 to 3 cakes a day—before or between meals
Your grocer will send it along with your regular orders

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
(Address our office in New York, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco or Toronto.)
Send me without cost a copy of your new book, "Yeast for Health, A24"

My Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Advertisement

Advertisement

Advertisement

Mrs. Knox's Corner

Every-Day Surprises

ON holidays—at Thanksgiving and Sunday dinners, as well as for every-day occasions—the crowning delight is the surprise dessert that can be made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

One of these special desserts is the Knox Charlotte Surprise which seems at first glance to be only a cake—but when cut the center reveals a fine smooth ice-cream-like fruit filling, similar to a frozen charlotte—indeed a great surprise.

Another creation that brings happy exclamations is the Knox Apple and Rice Delight, a combination so unique that it is simply irresistible. Both are easy to make. Try them.

CHARLOTTE SURPRISE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
whites of 3 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 cup canned peach juice and pulp
1 square or round sponge cake

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add peach or other fruit juice and pulp, which has been rubbed through a strainer. When mixture begins to stiffen beat until light; then add egg whites, beaten until stiff and beat thoroughly. When quite thick, but still soft enough to pour, fill a square or a round sponge cake, the top of which has been removed carefully and the center hollowed out to within an inch or inch and a half of the sides and bottom. Fill to within an inch of the top and then replace top part of cake, fitting it in place carefully so it looks as though it had never been cut. Place in ice box to chill. Serve on platter with or without whipped cream, or a fruit sauce. Cut like brick ice cream. If desired, this recipe may be served without the cake. Any fresh, preserved or canned fruit may be used in place of the peaches, or a cocoa or chocolate filling made if preferred. One cup of whipped cream may be used in place of the egg whites.

APPLE AND RICE DELIGHT

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cupful cold water
½ cupful milk
1 cup cooked rice
½ cupful sugar
1 cup whipped cream or 2 egg whites
1 teaspoonful vanilla
few grains salt
coddled or stewed apples

Soak the gelatine in cold water for ten minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. To the cooked rice add the milk, sugar and salt. Strain into this the dissolved gelatine and mix thoroughly. Cool slightly, add the whipped cream or the egg whites beaten until stiff. Add the vanilla and turn into a wet mold. Chill and serve with coddled or stewed apples, made by cooking unpared, quartered or round slices of apple in a syrup of one cup of sugar and ¼ cup of water until soft and transparent. Other fresh or canned fruits may be used in place of the apples. This recipe will make an ample dessert for a family of six or seven, and uses only ¼ of a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

SURPRISE DISHES

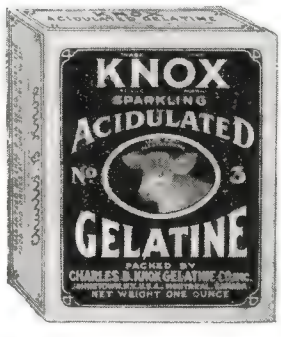
If you would like recipes for other Surprise Dishes send 2c stamp and grocer's name for my booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy."

"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine —think of KNOX"

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

*KNOX GELATINE

140 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.



More Stately Mansions

She could not go without saying goodby to Lucy. The girl was crying again, and Nancy was sorry for her, but had herself no thought of tears. She kissed Lucy, kissed the black cheek.

"You'll hear from me soon," she promised, and her voice was gay. Through the open door of the taxi she waved another farewell, called softly: "'By."

Lucy, on the veranda, watched her ride away, watched the taxi turn the corner and disappear.

The driver of the taxi leaned out and opened one of the side doors and asked, "Where was it you wanted to go, Mrs. Vane?"

She bade him drive her to the Union Station in town. Then she settled in her seat and forgot him as the car bored through the misty rain.

Her thoughts were still; the activities of her brain seemed suspended. A curious lethargy was descended upon her, a curious numbness that protected her from every pain. She was unconscious of the passage of time, unconscious of the fact that they had left the suburbs behind them. She paid no heed to her surroundings until the taxi ground to a halt and the driver opened the door.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

She saw that they had reached the station, and she alighted under the extension roof above the entrance, and paid the man his fare.

"You'll take the trunk to the baggage room?" she asked, and he said,

"Yes, ma'am, right away."

She went though the station to the baggage checking counter, saw her trunk brought in, checked it to her destination. It lacked still fifteen minutes of train time, and she walked the length of the train shed to the appointed track, stopping at a news-stand on the way to buy two oranges and a magazine.

"I'll want to read," she thought. "I've got to have something to read."

There was the first stirring of panic in her heart. Her flight, that should write "Finis" to what her life had been, was so soon to be begun.

HER car was in the forward end of the long train. The porter swung her bag aboard, guided her to the section in which her berth was located, saw her settled there, and returned to his post at the steps of the car. Nancy, adjusting her hat by looking in the narrow mirror beside her seat, caught oblique glimpses of some of the other passengers. She knew none of them and was humbly thankful for that. Each time the porter escorted newcomers into the car, she dropped her eyes, afraid to look upon them lest they should be acquaintances. But when she heard the long-drawn cry of the conductor that bade the engineer open his throttle and admit the first soft pulse of steam to the cylinders, she had made sure that they were all strangers. None to watch her miserable flight.

For Nancy was beginning to be miserable now. The exaltation which had possessed her was waning; the triumphant pride was gone. She was beginning, in spite of herself, to think of Dick—Dick, whom she would never see again.

They pulled slowly through the crowded yards, and the ugly grime all about her in the rain was of a sudden terribly dear to Nancy. When the train stopped for a moment at the West End station, an acute nostalgia almost overwhelmed her. She was glad to be moving again; she tried to shut her eyes to the familiar panorama outside the windows. She caught glimpses of the suburban stations as the swift train whisked past them with its unfaltering roar. Her own suburb, where expresses always halted, was just ahead, and she felt the brakes grip the wheels and check their rushing headway.

Nancy closed her eyes. She could not bear to look out upon the scenes that had been a part of her life with Dick. The train stopped; there were footsteps on the platform below the

ROYAL SPICY FRUIT PIE

¾ cup seeded raisins
2 cups finely cut citron or preserved water melon rind
¾ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups hot water
2 tablespoons vinegar
grated rind of half a lemon
grated rind of half an orange
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg

Place the above ingredients in a saucepan and cook slowly for twelve minutes, thicken with one tablespoon cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water. Pour into pie tin lined with rich pastry. Cover with strips of paste, and bake in a hot oven until brown.

To prepare water melon:—Cut water melon rind in slices, take off soft part and pare very thin. Boil rind until clear in a syrup made with one cup sugar and two cups water, drain and lay on dish to cool, then use, as directed above.

PASTRY

2 cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup shortening
cold water

Sift flour, baking powder and salt; add one-half shortening and rub in lightly with fingers; add water slowly until of right consistency to roll out. Divide in halves; roll out one half very thin; put on in small pieces half remaining shortening; fold upper and lower edges in to center; fold sides to center; roll out thin and put on pie plate. Repeat with other half, cutting into strips for top.

SCONES

2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
2 eggs
⅓ cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar; add shortening and rub in very lightly. Beat eggs until light, add milk to eggs and add slowly to mixture. Roll out ½ inch thick on floured board; cut into pieces 3 inches square, and fold over, making them three-cornered; brush with milk, dust with sugar. Bake about 25 minutes in hot oven.

Scones and Pastry Secrets

EVER taste pastry and wonder how it was made so delicious that it seemed to melt in your mouth? These recipes will give you the secret.

* ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely pure

added to pastry foods makes all the difference in the world.

ROYAL CONTAINS NO ALUM
LEAVES NO BITTER TASTE

Send for the new Royal Cook Book full of hints that improve baking and cooking. Even if you have an old Royal Book be sure to send for the new one.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
141 William Street, New York

Ivory Fiberloid

Lovely, and the more you look at Ivory Fiberloid the better you like it. It is most dainty, durable and sanitary. Easily engraved with artistic monograms. It will not tarnish, break or dent. Look for the name *Fiberloid* like *Sterling* on silver. Sold by the better dealers in attractively-boxed sets or singly.

The booklet, "Beautiful Fairfax," containing facts for the fair sex, by Grace Gardner, will be sent upon request.

THE FIBERLOID CORPORATION

SALESROOMS
55 Fifth Ave., New York City

Advertising Department
INDIAN ORCHARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Dominion Ivory Co., Ltd.
52 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada

windows, but no passengers boarded their car, and Nancy was piteously glad of that. Beneath her closed lids tears formed, and leaked through her lashes, and trickled down her cheek.

The engine roared as the driving wheels slipped on wet and gleaming rails. Its weight told; the wheels took hold; the train began again to move. Nancy knew she was crying, knew some one might be watching her. She fumbled in her hand-bag for her handkerchief, dabbed at her eyes. Her nose, she instinctively felt, must be red. There was a powder puff, a tiny thing, in her bag. She sought for it, peering into the disordered depths of the compartment—and saw there an old snapshot of Dick, which she had always carried with her; a snap-shot taken in their first married summer, which showed her husband bent above a little garden bed, sprinkling seeds in a shallow trench. She remembered so well. Nasturtium seeds, they had been. The flowers had bloomed gloriously.

For the first time the poignant anguish of renunciation swept over Nancy in full flood; her tears would no longer be denied. She pretended to look out of the window that none might see her cry, but her swimming eyes saw nothing, and her body was torn by the utter loneliness she was enduring.

Then, above the roar and rumble of the train, she heard some one cry "Nance!" behind her, felt some one drop into the seat at her side.

She turned with streaming eyes and saw that it was Dick who was sitting there.

XVI

NANCY could not at first believe that it was really Dick who had appeared thus suddenly beside her. She shut her eyes and opened them once and again, staring at him. In the end, of course, she had to believe, because it was Dick beyond any peradventure.

As for Dick, after uttering her name in the initial triumph of having found her, he said nothing more. His eyes met hers, and neither felt any great need of words in that full moment. They were each faintly embarrassed before the other, as children—especially boy children—are sometimes embarrassed at being praised for action that has merit. So much water had flowed under the bridge since they last talked together; there was so much for each of them to say. A pleasant embarrassment; a happy diffidence. Nancy's tears miraculously dried; her eyes cleared and shone as though grief had never dwelt in them.

The Pullman conductor and the train conductor entered the car at its forward end and began to collect tickets. Nancy searched in her bag, tendered her tickets when the officials stopped by their section. Dick produced a bill, handed it to the train conductor, and named the mid-state city at which this train would make its first stop. Nancy, watching him pocket the change, was terror-stricken lest he meant to leave her there, to let her go on alone. This terror must have appeared in her eyes, for when the conductors had passed on and Dick turned to look at her, he said reassuringly,

"It's all right, Hon."

Nancy nodded. She could not speak. They were both painfully conscious of the people all around them in the car. They must arouse no curiosity, must attract no interested glance. Nancy was almost glad of this necessity, but she trembled for fear Dick would touch her, no matter how lightly. If he did, she knew she would cry, would melt in tears upon his shoulder.

Dick seemed to understand; he kept as far from her as the narrow seat permitted. And after a little, he said in a quiet voice, as though he spoke of the dreary rain outside:

"I got on at the last car and worked through. When it seemed as though I wasn't going to find you, I was surely scared."

Nancy looked at him with quick curiosity, sensing a certain new maturity in her husband's voice and in his bearing.

"I'm sorry," she said.

Make This Test

Watch how your teeth respond

All statements approved by authorities

This ten-day test has shown to millions the way to whiter, safer teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

To end the film

The object is to fight the film, which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Dental science has worked years to do that.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not combat it satisfactorily, so brushing leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus all these troubles have been constantly increasing, despite the tooth brush.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved them by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion now approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Millions of people, as a result, now employ them daily.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is offered free, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

Five Much Desired Effects

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest the starch deposits which cling and form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combines the best that modern science knows to combat the great tooth destroyers. It has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch it act

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will see several new effects, and the book we send will tell you what they mean. This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

★Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

477

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 895, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

MINERVA
QUALITY YARNS

THERE'S real fun and a lot of solid satisfaction in knitting a garment to suit your personality — especially if you have MINERVA YARNS to work with.

These lustrous, lofty yarns are supreme in quality, very durable, and rich in color. Wound on the famous ball that will not tangle.

THE MINERVA KNITTING BOOK Vol. IV

suggests over 100 new and exquisite things to knit and crochet — with simple instructions any one can follow.

Sold by Minerva dealers everywhere for 40c; postpaid, 45c; (Canada, 55c).

James Lees & Sons Company

220 Fifth Ave. Dept. G New York City

More Stately Mansions

He smiled a little. "But it's all right now."

She asked softly, "How did you know?"

Dick's cheek stiffened as the muscles of his jaw clenched tight and hard. "Father. And Lucy. They told me."

"You've seen your father?"

He nodded.

She hesitated, then said, "Tell me—about it all, Dick."

His right hand, resting on his knee, moved in a gesture of weariness. "I'd run away," he said. "I was afraid. After I knew that Uncle Mark had—seen through me, I got out. I planned how I should hide away, stay away till father—fixed things up. Oh, I was a coward."

She touched the little finger of his right hand with the little finger of her left, and he found the tiny contact infinitely reassuring.

"Took me two or three days to fight it out," he went on. "Then I began to get my feet back on the ground. So I came back; got in this morning. The train was late. And when I landed, I went straight to father's office to find out when he would come home. I met him in the corridor. He was just taking the elevator, going out to lunch."

"What time was it?" she asked curiously.

"A little after twelve."

She nodded. "I left him at about eleven."

"I hadn't expected to see him," Dick told her, "but I saw at once that he knew. That was bad, of course. I'd meant to tell him the whole story—own up. But it was too late, then. He'd found out for himself, and when he saw me, he turned on his heel, back into his office, and I followed him in—into his office.

"We had it out," he concluded. "Had it out then."

"He told you that I—"

"He didn't mention you. Not at first. No, he just went after me. I didn't try to—dodge, of course. I told him I was ready to take whatever was coming to me, and then he said I was trying to hide behind your skirts."

HE looked down at Nancy, as though anxious to justify himself in her eyes. "You know that wasn't so," he said, almost pleadingly. "I didn't even know you'd found out. So we had it pretty hot for a minute. He said I'd sent you to him, made you—sacrifice yourself. He said you were worth six of me." He grinned a little. "That's true enough, of course. I told him so. And I started for the door.

"He asked where I was going, and I told him I was going to get you." He met her eyes again, his own steady. "So I took a taxi out home, and Lucy told me where you had gone. She was crying, poor kid. And I had just time to catch the train down here. And I did."

When he finished, Nancy sat for a space considering, and at last she looked up to him and asked, "What are we going to do, Dick?"

"Get off this train and go home," he told her.

She shook her head. "I promised him I'd—go away."

Dick laughed shortly. "You're not going," he said.

"I must, Dickie. He'll—have them arrest you, if I don't."

"That's what he told me," Dick agreed. "That's what he said when I came away."

"Oh, I can't have you sent to jail, Dick dear."

He met her eyes steadily. "Hon," he said, "there are some things a man can't do. This is one of them. Hiding behind you. And there are some things a woman can't do. And—running away from her husband when he's in trouble is one of them."

"Oh, but I wasn't running away," she cried appealingly. "Only to—protect you, Dick. The only way."

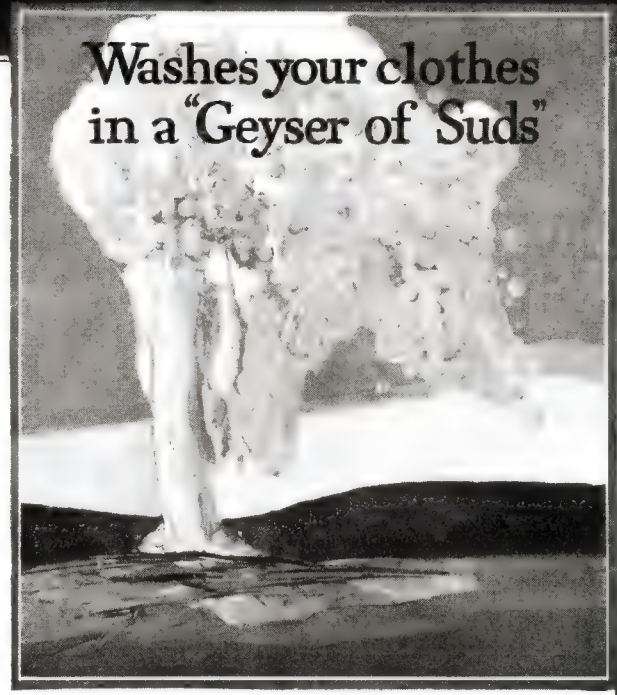
"If that's the only way," said Dick, "I'll go to jail."

"I can't, Dickie. I can't go back. I'd ruin you."

He touched her hand, quietly. "Nance," he told her, "I don't want to—argue with you. I'm not going to." He smiled in a way that took all the sting out of his words. "I've given

Geyser *Electric* Washer

The Small Washer with a Big Capacity



Two points of difference
- and advantage

The Geyser Electric Washer possesses two distinct advantages—smallness and washing principle.

The family size machine occupies floor space of about 24 inches square, yet it easily holds as large a wash as machines occupying greater space.

This is possible because the unique Geyser washing-principle utilizes the entire tank and cylinder space instead of only about one-third of it.

The Geyser fills a long-felt need in many homes where space is limited and appeals particularly to those who object to large, cumbersome washers.

The Geyser washes on an entirely different principle from any other machine.

When you turn on the switch, a powerful propeller beneath the clothes cylinder creates a "geyser" of hot, sudsy water which goes through and through the clothes and draws the hot suds back by suction. At the same time it causes the cylinder to revolve, tumbling the clothes over and over and adding greatly to the thoroughness of cleaning.

When you place your clothes of dainty materials in a Geyser Washer there is nothing to harm them. They are actually floating in the water all the time thus eliminating all wear and tear.

Write nearest office for booklet and name of your local dealer

★ **Geyser Electric Company, 5008-5018 Bloomingdale Ave., Chicago**
Geyser Electric Washing Machine Co., Inc., 1270 Broadway, New York

HOLMES & EDWARDS
SILVERWARE

MORE and more women are choosing Holmes & Edwards Silverware because they know that this fine product of modern silversmithing harmonizes with the homes over which they reign.

You may have Holmes & Edwards Silver in Super-Plate with its extra protection of silver at exposed places or Silver-Inlaid with blocks of solid silver set cunningly in at the rest points to ward off wear.

AT ALL BETTER DEALERS IN SILVERWARE

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Successor

Canadian Distributors
STANDARD SILVER CO., *Limited*
Toronto, Canada

NEWPORT
Silver-Inlaid Teaspoons
6 *for* $5
Super-Plate Teaspoons
6 *for* $4

JAMESTOWN
Silver-Inlaid Teaspoons
6 *for* $5
Super-Plate Teaspoons
6 *for* $4

Protected where the wear comes

in to you a good deal in these years we've been married. But I'm not going to give in any more. Except when I'm wrong. This time I'm right. I know. So you're coming back with me, Nancy dear."

She studied him again, with that appraising scrutiny the sound of his voice had first prompted, and after a moment Nancy leaned a little toward her husband with an indescribably confiding movement. Her shoulder seemed to nestle against his, and she looked up at him and smiled in a way that was like the old Nancy, yet not like; that was beautiful as the old Nancy had been, and beautiful in a new fashion besides. She smiled up at him and said gently:

"All right, Dick. I'll do anything you say."

FOR people who had so many and such important things to say to each other, Dick and Nancy spoke very little during the remainder of the way, but each of them did a great deal of thinking, of a sober sort. These two were not, they would never be, as they had been a week before, and each, in groping fashion, knew this and accepted it. Youth loves introspection; Dick and Nancy had matured, but they were to this extent children still. Nancy's thoughts had been too much concerned with Dick to dwell upon herself, but what she saw in Dick's eyes, the new strength that marked his countenance, assured her that no matter what came, she need no longer fear for him. Whatever he had been and whatever he had done, Dick was a man now.

Herself? In her new respect for him, she asked whether she could measure up to the fit stature of his wife. The old Nancy was not fit, could never be. But—there was a new Nancy within her, and in these minutes of self-appraisal she perceived this, assured herself that it was true. Dick had grown; so had she grown. Dick was a man; she was a woman, and could walk without shame at this man's side. It may be said that Nancy lacked humility in thus estimating herself, but this is not true. It is not well to vaunt oneself; neither is it wise or good to undervalue merit, even when it is your own. Modesty is as often a vice as is conceit; he who does not fairly measure his own powers can not successfully apply them. It is better to brag and make good your brags, than to bemoan and make your moanings true. Nancy condemned her old self; it is not to her discredit that she put fair value on her later stature.

She had, at length, need to speak to her husband, and she touched his arm to attract his attention, and said softly,

"Dick—I mean to be a better wife to you."

Dick might have protested mendaciously that she had been all that a wife should be, but this was not the hour for flattering dishonesty. He gripped her hand, where it lay between them. "We've both changed, Nancy," he told her. "I think we're better people for all this. Whatever happens—I'm not afraid to look ahead, so long as I have you."

"And, Dick," she whispered, smiling a little, mischievously, "I promise to keep within your income, from now on."

He laughed in happier fashion than he had laughed for years. "I promise," he assured her, "to see that you do."

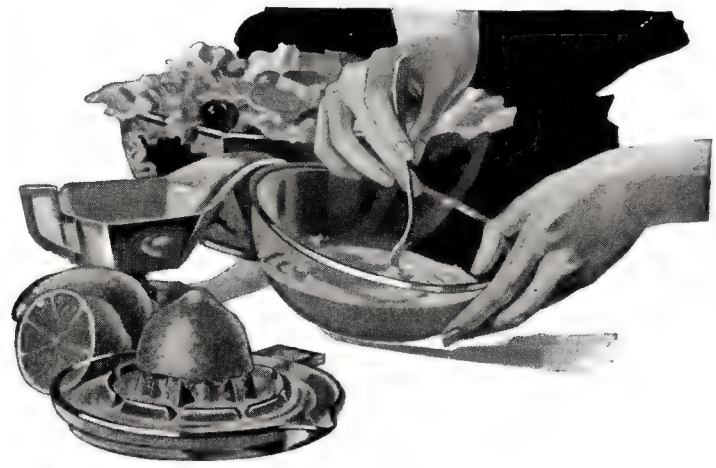
When they left the train at last and stood under shelter on the platform, Dick bade her wait. "I'll go see when we can start back home," he said.

She held him for a moment. "Dick! It's not that I'm afraid. But—what do you think your father will do?"

He looked down at her, and there was a certain strength in his eyes that made her infinitely proud. "I don't think it matters," he told her. "Do you?"

And Nancy, in that moment, knew that this was true; knew that since she and Dick were what they had come to be, no slings or arrows of outrageous fortune could seriously matter any more.

(The End)



Alice Bradley's
Salad Dressing Recipes

Miss Bradley is principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery in Boston.

This is how she makes mayonnaise dressing, using *lemon juice* instead of vinegar.

½ teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon powdered sugar
Few grains cayenne
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice
¾ cup olive or other vegetable oil

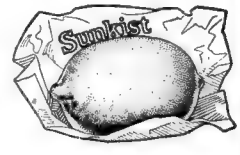
Sift together mustard, salt, sugar and cayenne; add egg yolk and one-half teaspoon Sunkist lemon juice. While stirring constantly add, drop by drop, three teaspoons of oil; then add oil, in a fine, steady stream, continuing the beating, and thinning occasionally with lemon juice, until all the oil and lemon juice are used.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

Use California Sunkist Lemons for their rich, acid juice. These lemons are tart and practically seedless, best for all household purposes.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Section 353, Los Angeles, California

Send for FREE book containing 10 recipes for salad dressings (including "French") and 116 others for attractive foods made with lemons — all created and tested by Miss Bradley. Get your copy now.



The Mark of Master Makers

The Tempting Envelope

IT was a thing of beauty, this envelope. It had the same charm for her that a lovely picture or a graceful bit of jewelry would have had. And even though she was in a very great hurry to go out, and hadn't intended to open her mail until she returned, this one letter caught her woman's interest—and held it!

It is unfair to a letter to send it forth clothed in commonplace stationery, when it might so easily possess the distinction, the smartness, which compel interest and admiration.

If you would have the utmost in artistic social stationery, be sure that your box bears the name White & Wyckoff and the "Master Mark" reproduced above.

GET ONE OF OUR BEAUTIFUL 1921 CALENDARS

A 12-sheet gravure calendar, size 13 inches by 21 inches, with 12 beautiful art photographs by the famous illustrator, Lejaren a' Hiller, and border decorations by W. D. Teague, the celebrated designer. Historical dates, holidays and moon phases are featured each month. An original and unusually artistic calendar. Ask your stationer for the White & Wyckoff calendar, or send 20 cents in coin or stamps to us.

WHITE & WYCKOFF MFG. CO., Holyoke, Mass.

White & Wyckoff's

Distinctive *Stationery*

Home-Made Lamp-Shades

(Continued from page 27)

two, or three bulbs, as the number will govern the style of the fitting by means of which the shade is attached to the lamp. Best of all, carry the lamp base to his workshop and let him make his own measurements. The bottom of the shade or fringe should hide the bulbs and their attachments, but no more. Consequently, the fitting inside the frame should be accurately adjusted. This is one of the reasons why ready-made frames so seldom give satisfaction. Not having been made for any particular lamp, they either raise the shade too high, or permit it to sink too low, thus destroying the proportion between shade and base and allowing the light from the bulbs to be visible either above or below the shade.

Having secured the frame, all wires must be tightly wound with inch-wide strips of the silk used for the lining, turning in the upper edge as the work proceeds, so that no raw edges will be visible, and sewing the ends securely. Wind the vertical wires first, starting at the top as shown in the extreme left-hand illustration at the bottom of page 27. The tightness of the winding and the secure fastening of the ends are supremely important, because these covered wires are the foundation to which is sewed the lining, and should one become loosened, the whole fabric would be pulled awry. A strip not more than three-quarters of a yard in length is the most convenient to use. As the end is neared, join it to another strip, making a bias seam.

A plain stretched lining, applied to the *outside* of the frame, is preferable in most cases, and is the only type that space will allow us to consider. Unless the frame has nearly vertical sides, the amateur should not attempt to apply a one-piece lining, because the direction of the weave will gradually change until it is directly on the bias, and to stretch it smoothly will prove extremely difficult. A better method is to cover two panels or divisions, and trim off the silk. Then skip a panel, cover the next two, and finally fill in the two single panels that remain. By turning the shade upside down, as shown in the second of the four illustrations at the bottom of page 27, there will be an opening through which the left hand may enter to grasp the shade while sewing the two double panels. The silk is first pinned securely in position and then sewed over and over along the face of the wires, after which the edges are closely trimmed. Stretch the lining as tight and smooth as possible from top to bottom, but beware of drawing it too tight in a horizontal direction, as this will make every panel curve in across the center instead of lying flat.

The Important Interlining

Next comes the interlining—a very important feature, as will be seen when we come to the question of color—which is applied in precisely the same manner. Sometimes more than one interlining is used. Occasionally I have employed as many as four separate thicknesses of very thin material in order to obtain precisely the right color effect when the lamp was lighted. On the other hand, when the outer covering is of heavy fabric that will not let the light through, I use a single interlining of unbleached muslin to give the necessary firmness.

The third of the four pictures at the bottom of page 27 shows the application of an interlining of gold-colored Japanese brocaded silk in a pine-cone design, woven on a rose-colored warp. The outer covering of this shade, when finished, was of plain gold color, completely hiding the interlining; but when illuminated from within, the pine branches became visible in silhouette against a wonderful pinkish-gold background.

The process of applying a shirred outer covering is shown in illustration No. 4. Allow a length of fabric equal to once-and-a-half times the circumference of the lower rim of the frame, and after seaming the ends

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Richard Wagner at his Steinway

TO own a piano is one thing—to own the Instrument of the Immortals is another. The Steinway is the piano over whose keyboard Richard Wagner dreamed his visions and enriched the world. It is the Voice with which Liszt, Gounod, Rubinstein and their immortal fellows spoke to mankind. It is the piano of Paderewski—and the piano upon which Hofmann and Rachmaninoff are playing their way to immortality today. It is the chosen instrument of the masters and the lovers of immortal music.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 107-109 E. 14th Street, New York

Subway Express Stations at the Door

"Health-Giving Cleanliness and Cheer"

IN no place is absolute germ-free cleanliness more important than in the sick room. Yet the ordinary, dust-raising, furniture-moving, draft-provoking methods of cleaning are disturbing and uncomfortable to the patient and harassing to the housewife.

Attached to the base plug or light socket in an instant, the Royal with its powerful cleansing air stream quickly and easily removes all the germ-laden, health-menacing dirt. And there's no dust raised to annoy the patient and settle on the bed and furniture.

The wide 14-inch nozzle is specially designed to reach under the bed and furniture without awkward stooping. straining or lifting. It gets all the dirt in the most remote nooks and corners.

The Royal Cleans by Air—Alone! Thus it purifies and freshens, leaving the room sweet, clean and wholesome—an important aid to rapid regain of health.

To thousands of women the Royal has come to mean more than a convenient and efficient cleaning device. More and more they are learning to appreciate it as an important factor in promoting the health and welfare of the family.

To maintain this high place in the home, how *many* cleaners we make must always be second to how *good* we can make them. Therefore, it is not always an easy matter to buy a Royal when you want it.

When you do succeed, please remember that you have the cleaner that represents the prime achievement of an organization that has devoted ten years to perfecting a cleaner worthy of its name.

BY INVITATION

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
5101 St. Clair Avenue. Cleveland, Ohio

Home-Made Lamp-Shades

together, divide into six equal parts, marking the divisions, top and bottom, with pins. Run a gathering string in either edge. If the frame is of the usual type, it will be found to have six vertical wires. Pin the covering to these at the points where the six divisions are marked. Pull up the gathering strings and distribute the fulness evenly, securing it with pins every half-inch or less, first around the top and then around the bottom. Draw the silk very tightly when pinning around the bottom, and take care that the folds run vertically. Sew firmly to the wires, trim the edges, close, and the shade is ready for the final finish. This may take the usual form of gimp and fringe, but a little puffed band or an edging of shell trimming made of the covering silk is sometimes most effective.

If the outer covering is plain instead of shirred, trimming must also be applied along the vertical wires to hide the joinings of the panels. Two methods of doing this are illustrated in the upper right-hand corner of page 27. The center panel is finished on the left-hand edge with a strip of dull gold gimp, and on the right with a narrow fold of silk sewed over and over with long, slanting stitches of a contrasting color.

As to colors, rose, gold, amber, and medium and light tones of yellow and orange have the greatest warmth and cheerfulness when the lamp is lighted. In cases where an outer covering of some non-luminous color is required to harmonize with the furnishings of the room, it often is possible to make it of silk gauze, Georgette, or china silk, with a heavier interlining of one of the colors named above, which will give the desired glow at night when the light is turned on. Before combining two or more colors in a shade, the effect over the light should be tried.

Small screens or shields for candles and sconces are made in the same general manner as lamp-shades, but offer a wider scope in the choice of materials. Three interesting examples are shown in the center of page 27. At the left is a screen of heavy tan wrapping paper glued to a tissue-wound frame, painted with a futuristic design in brilliant colorings and shellacked on either side. The little shield in the center was cut from glazed chintz, and that on the right was made from a piece of the wallpaper border in the room for which it was designed.

The Business of Housekeeping

(Continued from page 58)

bed and put rest of house in order; dust.

10:00 to 10:30. Wash baby's clothes.

10:30 to 11:00. Give baby bath and put her to bed.

11:00 to 12:00. Clean one room thoroughly.

12:00 to 1:00 P. M. Eat simple lunch, using left-overs from previous meal.

1:00 to 1:15. Feed baby.

1:15 to 2:30. Prepare vegetables for dinner and any other dishes that may be prepared ahead of time.

2:30 to 3:00. Bathe and dress myself.

3:00 to 4:45. Work according to the week. During one week, at this time, I write letters, the next week I sew, and the following week I make improvements in the house, such as painting the bathroom floor, etc. After the third week, I start the schedule over again with letter writing.

4:45 to 5:00. Bring in baby's clothes from the line and fold them. Feed baby and put to bed.

5:00 to 6:00. Prepare dinner.

6:00 to 7:00. Dinner followed by dish washing. The evening I have for reading and rest until 10. P. M., when I waken baby and feed her. It is a long day without much recreation, but I feel well repaid by having a clean, orderly home and a fine, healthy baby."

Thibaut
WALL PAPERS

To the Discriminating

FOLKS of refinement and good taste appreciate the importance of choosing only the best of wall papers.

They understand, too well, the effect of artistic decoration to consider anything but the best.

THIBAUT agents are showing wall covering conceived for just such folk. If you have a preference for original designs and colorings, we are prepared to help you.

Send for our Home Service Chart; it will help solve your decorative problems without cost to you.

THIBAUT WALL PAPERS DECORATE

To the decorator who wishes to handle the best and most up-to-date line of artistic wall papers we have a most attractive proposition to offer.

RICHARD E. THIBAUT, Inc.
Wall Paper Specialists
MADISON AVENUE AT 32nd ST., NEW YORK
The Largest Wall Paper House in the World
BROOKLYN Flatbush and DeKalb Aves. BRONX 485 Willis Ave. BOSTON 96-98 Federal Street NEWARK 141 Halsey Street

Parker House Rolls

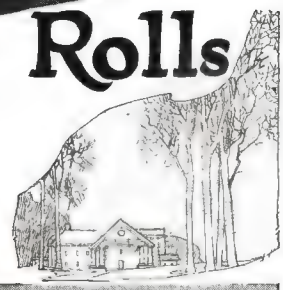
DELICIOUS hot rolls for supper! There's no appetite that can resist them! These Parker House Rolls, easy to break and to butter, make an evening-meal dish that is relished by every one. Made with MISS PRINCINE, the new-fashioned baking powder that rises as it bakes and bakes as it rises, any housewife can get the most appetizing results. Miss Princine assures the success of all your bakings.

AT YOUR GROCER'S

In the handy-handled cups
1 lb. net weight, 35c
½ lb. net weight, 20c
11 ounce can, 25c
In the handy-handled pails
2½ lbs., 75c; 5 lbs., $1.50

If your grocer can't supply you send 35c for trial 1 lb. cup of **Miss Princine.**

Miss Princine
The Southern Manufacturing Co.
Richmond, Va.



Recipes of the Old South

Use the biscuit dough. Roll out the dough ½ inch thick and cut with a large round cutter. Brush with shortening and fold over in pocket-book style. Press the fold closely and set in a baking sheet and brush with a wash composed of yolk of 1 egg and 4 tablespoons of evaporated milk and bake in hot oven for 15 mins.

Miss Princine
Pure Phosphate Baking Powder

The Mother

(*Continued from page 54*)

sunshine and the golds and reds of fall. The trees were full of birds, but only the jay and chickadee were heard, and every once in a while a rabbit scuttled out of the brush ahead of them. Then the woods gave place to scrub growth, oaks and spruce. Their feet knocked the dew from the moss and lichen, and at last they came to bare rocks with cairns to mark the trail. They reached the summit, and the wind blew flecks of clouds about them. When the clouds broke, down below them they could see valleys and rivers, houses and people—the whole world below them. She drew in great breaths of the clear air. All sense of tiredness had gone. She was young again, and she turned to her husband for the look that she knew would be waiting her—the look she had found that first morning.

She wanted to tell him how well the years had kept the promise of that day. She wanted him to know, as she knew, that love—the giving and the taking of it—was the only thing in life that counted. It was the only thing you took with you through sickness into space and oblivion. And even as she had it in her mind to tell him, she was swept out and downward, once more, into the all-engulfing blackness of that oblivion.

She felt a hand drawing her slowly back to consciousness. She knew it was not the surgeon's this time, or big Bob's. It felt more like the hand of a mother. When she opened her eyes, it was not the place she saw, but the person whose hand had brought her there. There was a mixture of strangeness and familiarity about the face.

"Were you frightened, Jeanie?"

The words sounded funny. That was what she called little Jean; it was what her mother had called her when she was little.

"Frightened at what?"

"Death."

THEN she understood. She looked closer into the face beside her and marveled that she had not known at once it was her mother's.

"How stupid! I thought it was part of the delirium. I was waiting for the struggle to begin again—the struggle— You know?"

"Yes, I know."

"If this is death, then there is no need to fight back?"

"No need."

She was conscious of a sense of freedom—a freedom from habit and restraint, from the needs of others. She had felt this way as a child. "It seems almost absurd, the naturalness of it all. Why does this seem more real than the struggle for life was? That was suffocating. That frightened me."

She bowed her head and covered her face. She wanted to think. She seemed to be losing that sense of freedom almost on the instant of gaining it. She felt herself still in the inevitable grip of life; the realization of her debt to time sickened her. She uncovered her face to see if her mother was still with her, and finding her there, she questioned her.

"How long do we remember? Why do we keep going back to the things that are beyond our reach?"

"You are taking your inventory of life—everybody does. It is like any other journey. When we first start, there is so much that seems necessary to our comfort and peace of mind, but the longer we travel, the less we find that we need."

"But I don't want to bring things with me. All that I want is to set right the things I have left behind."

"So do all mothers."

"Do all mothers leave much undone?"

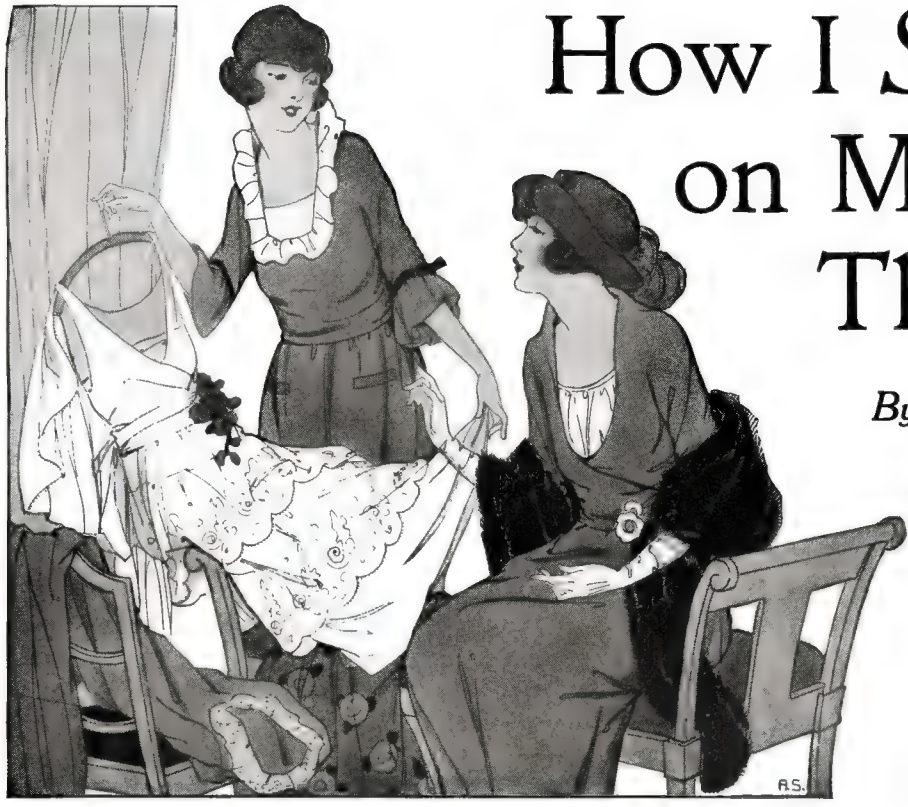
"Always."

"Then what do dead mothers do?"

"What you are doing—some of them. But there are others who always want to go straight back before they have had time to think. They

How I *Saved* $100 on My Clothes This Season

By Marion Louise Taylor



So I went to the closet and came back with an armful of dainty things that fairly made Janet stare in wide-eyed astonishment.

YESTERDAY after lunch I had just slipped into my new brown one-piece dress, and was getting ready to go down town when the doorbell rang and who should it be but Janet Burson. Janet used to live next door, but they moved to a little place in the country last summer and I hadn't seen her in nearly six months.

Maybe it was because we used to go on all our clothes-buying expeditions together, but, anyway, the first thing Janet exclaimed as she stood in the door was: "Oh, Marion, tell me, where in the world did you get that stunning dress?"

"I'll give you three guesses," I said, and I fairly bubbled with joy when she named the three most exclusive and expensive shops in town.

"Wrong—every time," I announced, 'I made it all myself!"

"But, Marion!" she fairly gasped, "made it yourself—how—when—where did you ever learn? You never used to sew a stitch!"

"I know I didn't, but I made this dress, just the same, and not only this, but so many other things that I have more clothes than I have ever had before and —if you please, my bank book shows deposits of $100 representing what I saved on my clothes this season."

"Well, tell me this minute how you did it."

So I went to the closet and came back with an armful of dainty things that fairly made Janet stare in wide-eyed astonishment.

"To begin with," I said, "this dress I have on is an exact reproduction of an exclusive model I saw in a shop window marked $65. It cost me exactly $18.50 for the materials, and I think they are really of better quality. Here's a little crepe satin petticoat that would have cost at least $10 in any shop. I paid for the materials just $4.20. And here's a tailored dress that Jack says is the prettiest thing I ever wore. I copied it from a fashion magazine, and the materials cost exactly $16.25. Sister paid $30 for one not nearly so nice.

"Then I have made two house dresses, four aprons, a crepe de chine petticoat and lingerie that I saved altogether more than $25 on. Beside, I've made three school dresses for Betty and all her little undergarments. Oh, Jack wouldn't believe I could do it, but when I showed him my bank book and the money I'd saved on clothes in three months, he said, 'Marion, you're a wonder! You've never had such clothes—and to think that you could have them for less than you ever spent before. Well, I guess I'll quit worrying about the high cost of living.' "

"But you haven't told me yet," insisted Janet, "where you learned."

"Well, then, listen and you shall hear. Last spring when I realized that I simply must have a lot of new clothes, I gaily started out to buy them—as we always used to do—in the different shops. But when I found how terribly high all kinds of clothes were, I was absolutely discouraged, for I knew I just couldn't pay the prices. Why, I wouldn't wear a single thing I saw that I could afford. So for several days I pondered on my problem. Where could I get the money for the clothes I needed, when we were having trouble enough to get just the absolutely necessary things?

"Then one night, just when I was most worried about it—for all my clothes were either too shabby to wear or else hopelessly out-of-date—I read in a magazine about an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful new plan through which one could learn dressmaking, millinery and cooking right at home in leisure time.

"That was a new idea to me, but I began to think how much it would mean if I could make my own clothes, so I wrote to them. They sent me the most interesting book that explained just exactly how you could learn every step in dressmaking or millinery or cooking, even though you had no experience whatever. Why, think, Janet, more than 70,000 women and girls have already learned to make their own clothes by this new plan. You see, it doesn't make the slightest difference where you live. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that take most of your time, because you can devote just as much or as little time to the course as you wish and just whenever it is most convenient. There are members of the Institute in the big cities, in small towns and in the country, all learning with the same success as if they were together in a classroom. Isn't it wonderful?

"Well, I joined the Institute and took up dressmaking, and when my first lessons came I saw at once why it is so easy to learn. Every step is explained so clearly that even little Betty could understand it. And there are hundreds and hundreds of actual photographs that show just exactly what to do. It was so fascinating that I wanted to spend every spare minute on my lessons. You see, the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments —in the fourth lesson I made this waist!

"I didn't think about it at first, but after a bit I realized that in learning to make my own clothes I was also learning something that I could turn to profit if I ever wanted to. Since then I have found that hundreds of women and girls have taken up dressmaking or millinery as a business—as a result of these courses. Many of them have opened shops of their own and have splendid incomes. Others are teaching sewing.

"I've nearly completed my dressmaking course now, and I'm going to take up millinery or cooking next, I don't know which——"

But Janet broke in right there, "Marion, this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. Tell me where to write, so I can find out all about it myself."

So I told her that if she would send to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 8 L, Scranton, Penna., and would tell them whether she was most interested in home or professional dressmaking, or millinery, or cooking, they would send her, without obligation, handsome booklets telling all about the Institute and its methods.

And, if you, my dear reader, would like to know more about how you can easily have more and prettier clothes this season and save at least $100 as I did, or how you can provide your family better meals at less expense, I suggest that you, too, write promptly, or, better yet, send the coupon below, which I have arranged for your convenience.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 8 L, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

Advertisement

Advertisement

Advertisement

Fresh and ready to wear at half an hour's notice—

Your flame georgette blouse, your most frivolous chemise

YOU had been away for a whole month. And when you got home you found the most wonderful week-end invitation. Only about two hours and fifteen minutes before train time and just the things you wanted to take had been worn!

At first you thought you couldn't possibly go. But then you said, "How ridiculous! Of course I can be ready. I'll just do them in Lux suds. It won't take a second."

Things you wouldn't have dreamed of leaving at home—a certain lovely embroidered gilet, your latest, smartest riding shirt, that darling chiffon blouse, turquoise over pink with *three* frills, and a perfectly fascinating lace negligée to have breakfast in bed with! You tossed them into the bubbling Lux suds, swished them around, dipped them up and down, patted them a bit, squeezed the suds through ever so gently, rolled them in a towel to dry.

In no time at all they were ready to pack! Not a thread of delicate lace torn. Even the fragile chiffon as freshly smooth as new!

The Lux way is so careful, so quick. And you can wash with Lux any fabric or color that water alone will not harm. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To wash silk blouses, underthings, stockings, negligées

*—Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down. Squeeze the rich suds through it—***do not rub.** *Rinse in three lukewarm waters and roll in a towel to dry. Press with a warm iron. Glove silk and georgette crêpe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as you iron.*

To wash white lingerie fabrics—*Wash in hot suds and rinse in three hot waters. Dry in the sun.*

LUX

Copyrighted 1920, by Lever Bros. Co.

want to go on directing and advising and caring in the old way. They want to see who is doing what they have left undone, and if they are doing it right. It is always very hard and disappointing for those mothers. I call them the sorrowful ones."

"But can't they help? I should think—"

"There is only one way to help; there is only one bond between the world of the living and the world of the dead."

"Love?"

"Love."

The mother smiled. She had known this long before—she had plunged into the oblivion that divided these two worlds. The only thing that really mattered was leaving love behind. But had she? She wanted to make sure, and with that desire came another. She laid an urgent hand on the figure beside her.

"I want to go back. All my life, since I was married, I have wanted time to play with the children, to sit and listen to them, having nothing in the whole world waiting to be done. Life never gave this to me. Can death? Is it too late?"

"No. Come!"

And so it happened that once again she passed through oblivion and found herself on the road leading home. The things that had been troubling her had dropped from her like an outgrown garment, and her heart was singing like a child's. She knew she need not hurry. For the first time she was climbing the hill with no household duty urging her steps a trifle fast. What was bringing her now would wait for her coming. And as she climbed slowly, she found herself hugging close to her heart the eager happiness that seemed to grow with each step she took.

It was mid-winter, but she felt no cold. The wind blew past her without her feeling it. She saw it flash at the snow-covered boughs of the evergreens, she heard it crack the bare branches of the elms, so she knew it was there. It was delightful to keep about one an abiding calm and peace in the midst of a winter's gale—to pass through it and be unshaken. She smiled again as she remembered the past tiredness that had always climbed with her up the hill when she had to breast such a wind.

SHE reached her home and entered before she realized she had passed over the threshold. It was late afternoon, and the children were gathered indoors. A fire blazed on the hearth in the living-room—she could catch its reflection in the mirror in the hall—and the first thing she heard was a shout from Johnnie above as he let go the upper stair-railing for a slide down the banisters. He came with a whoop. What a joy it was to stand at the bottom, exulting with him, and not feel that she must forbid it!

Little Jean's voice came in childish accusation from the living-room. "Johnnie—you bad boy! What would mother say?"

"Aw, I don't believe she'd care—not this once."

"I don't, Johnnie, not this once. Only be careful." Her arms were about him as he slipped to the floor.

They entered the room together, her arm thrown across his shoulders, and he was grinning as though he had stumbled on something very near a joke that no one else had discovered. Little Bob and Anne were playing checkers, Dot was sewing doll's clothes, and Jean was deep in a book. The baby kicked about happily on a rug in his pen. Their father sat quietly by, doing nothing; that was the only strange thing about the home-coming—that and her taking the chair unnoticed beside him and sitting with folded hands instead of hurrying off to the kitchen or up-stairs.

Her coming seemed to hush them, even the baby. The room was very still for a long time, until she stooped and tickled the baby's toes, and he began to crow. Then little Bob snapped a checker across the table and shouted, "Beaten," and Johnnie, the inveterate tum-

J-57—This heavy Sheffield relish dish has three engraved crystal compartments, which are removable, making the dish adaptable for crackers and cheese. 11½ in. across, the price is $10.00.

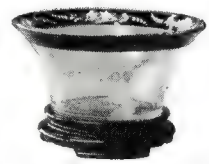
FOR YOU or For You to Give

THE smartest gifts in all the world are always to be had at "The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue." For Ovington's searches the whole world over, and offers, at very moderate prices, an out-of-the-ordinary selection of distinctive gifts.

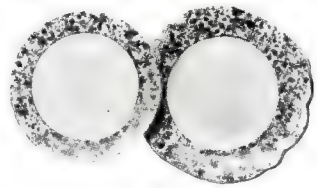
Catalog J will be sent at your request

J-43—Powder blue and gold is the border of this mirror, burnished gold the medallion at the top, 12½ in. x 24 in. the size, and $15.00 the price.

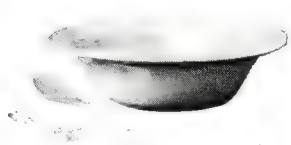
J-40—Refreshment set consisting of silver plated nickel holder with its tall, good looking handle and container for six glasses and six good looking amber glasses and straws. Sells complete for $14.50. Holder—$7.00. Glasses—$6.00 and straws—$1.50 per dozen.



J-67—Of purest ray serene is this crystal fruit bowl, if we except the band of black with enameled roses at the top and the black glass stand below. Only $5.00.



J-53—Contained between two gold lines is a chintz border of brilliant blue, pink and violet. The cake tray and 6 plates cost $10.00.



J-70—An excellent salad-bowl is this one of Deruta pottery in either ivory or lavender. 11 in. in dia. To complete the set is added a wooden fork and spoon. $5.00.

J-56—Hail to the casserole, that transformer of ordinaries into delectables. The holder is bright Sheffield, the casserole itself of Pyrex glass. 1 qt. size $7.50. 1½ qt. size $10.00.

J-72—This Parisienne idea of an inkwell is of wood enameled in pink, blue, cream or rose and decorated with a bouquet of painted flowers and a quill pen, wax and tapers. Complete, 4 in. high and 4 in. in dia., it sells for $7.50.

OVINGTON'S

"The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue"

312-314 Fifth Ave., Near 32nd Street, New York

How Children Love Junket!

Even when they don't like milk, they will ask for more Junket—which is simply milk in a more attractive and readily diges tible form.

Junket
MADE *with* MILK

Let them have all they want of it, because it is among the best *foods* they could eat.

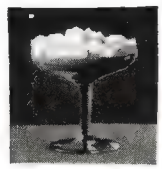
It is delicious to the taste, and wholesome and nourishing.

When ice cream is made with a Junket Tablet, it not only requires less cream and produces ice cream of a smooth, velvety texture, but the cream is then more easily digestible.

Junket Tablets are sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

Nesnah—the Powdered Junket

is the same as Junket Tablets, except it is in powdered form and already sweetened and flavored. It comes in 6 pure flavors, delicious in taste and appearance. Simply add milk.



The Junket Folks
Little Falls N. Y.
CANADIAN FACTORY
Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory Toronto, Ont.

How high should your kitchen sink be?

This is one of many problems that have been solved by Good Housekeeping Institute. You should set the bottom of the sink at least 34 inches from the floor. Thirty-five inches is a little better for workers five feet six and over. It has been proved by long experience, in the Institute and in countless homes, that this height furnishes the utmost comfort. If you have any question to ask about this or other kitchen equipment problems, write to us, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE
105 West 39th Street, New York City

The Mother

bler, turned two somersaults in front of the baby, thereby reducing him to squeals of delight. All the others joined in, full-throated, as they always did when the baby laughed.

She slipped her hand into big Bob's, and they sat as they had so often sat when they were first married and little Jean had been the baby rolling about in that self-same pen. She found herself listening for what big Bob always used to say:

"Let's have a dozen of them—just like little Jean."

And she whispered again the answer she had always made: "All right. Let's never let the cradle get empty." And they never had.

She was glad of it now, very glad. Didn't every baby mean more love left behind? Her husband must have caught her thinking from her, for he laid his other hand over hers—a way he always had—and said:

"Listen, children, just a minute. I've been thinking of something I want you to remember. Whatever you do—wherever you go—Daddy wants you to remember that in every one of you there is a big, precious part of mother. That's the best part of you, and you are to keep it always as beautiful and happy as mother was."

Little Jean looked up from her book. "Not was—*is*, Daddy. Mother *is*, just as she always was." She dropped her book and came over to her father. "And yet it isn't just as she always was. You know, mother was always so busy. There was always something to do from the time we got up till time to go to bed. And now—" Little Jean wrinkled her forehead and stopped to think it out more plainly. —now it just sort of seems as if all mother had to do was to be with us and love us. Close your eyes, Daddy"

She laid one hand over her father's eyes and the other over her own. "Now, doesn't it almost seem as if you could see mother sitting in her little rocker there and smiling? Doesn't it?"

SHE could see big Bob swallowing a lump in his throat, and she could feel the tightening of the hand under hers, but his smile never broke, and his voice was very steady.

"Of course I can see her, little daughter, smiling and happy—that's mother always."

All the children were listening now, games and dolls forgotten.

"Honest, Daddy, can you really see mother?" Little Bob sounded stifled with awe.

"I can't see her with my eyes, son. That's why Jean's closed them. But I can see her with my heart. Try it."

All but the baby closed eyes tight, and for safety's sake hands were clasped hard over them.

"I can see mother putting jam on our bread for supper. Gee, she's spreading it thicker'n Mrs. Libby does." Johnnie grinned in remembrance.

"I can see mother rocking the baby." Anne unconsciously swayed her little body back and forth in unison.

"I can see her picking up." Little Bob stole a surreptitious glance over his hands to the checkers spilled upon the floor. "I say, let's pick up and have a game of blind-man's buff."

Dot uncovered hers without telling anything, but she saw Jean's hand still clasped. "What do you see, Jean?"

"Oh, just mother."

The mother sat with them while they had their supper, and afterward she saw them all into bed. There was nothing calling her away, so she could take her own appointed time. She lingered over each crib or little cot until each child had gone to sleep, and then she made the prayer of all dear mothers there beside them for their safe-keeping. She went content, knowing she was leaving love aplenty behind her and taking love with her whither she was going. She knew nothing else mattered.

Made in the Cup at the Table

ALL THE GOODNESS *of the* COFFEE—

The preparing has been scientifically and perfectly done by Mr. Washington's refining process, which eliminates the woody fibre, chaff and waste. G. Washington's Coffee comes to you in concentrated form, in convenient air-tight tins. Dissolves instantly—in hot or cold water. Absolutely pure, delicious coffee at any time, with strength to suit individual taste. No waste in the making—each cup made to order. No waste in the coffee-pot—no coffee-pot needed.

SEND 10c FOR TRIAL SIZE—RECIPE BOOKLET FREE

G. Washington's Coffee is for sale by grocers, delicatessens and drug stores. It is served at good fountains.

★ G Washington's

COFFEE

ORIGINATED BY MR. WASHINGTON IN 1909

G. Washington Sales Co., Inc., 522 Fifth Avenue, New York

M-20-31

CLEAR AS A BELL

Sonora

AN unequalled tone and a superb design, together with valuable, exclusive features, explain why Sonora is chosen by the discriminating. There is a pride of possession in owning a Sonora. Beautiful styles $75 to $2500.

Invincible

Write today for General Catalog 9– or Period Catalog 9X

Sonora Phonograph Company, Inc.

GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President

NEW YORK CITY: 5th Ave. at 53rd St. 279 Broadway

Canadian Distributors: I. Montagnes & Co., Toronto

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE HIGHEST CLASS TALKING MACHINE IN THE WORLD

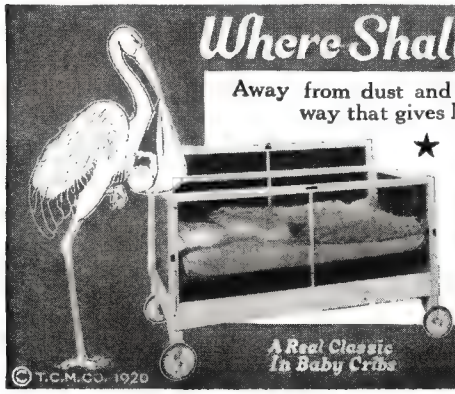
Where Shall We Put The Baby?

Away from dust and drafts, safe from harm. The better way that gives Mother peace of mind is in the

★ BETTERBABY CRIB

with its sanitary, ventilating, protecting screen sides, bottom and top; noiseless rollers, attractive white enamel finish, serves as Bed, Bassinet, Playpen and Baby Tender. A Perfect Crib for all year use.

Send for attractive, illustrated Booklet.



A Real Classic In Baby Cribs

THE CALDWELL MFG. CO. COLUMBUS OHIO

© T.C.M.CO. 1920

The Flaming Forest

(*Continued from page 12*)

was watching, yet he could make out nothing that looked like a head anywhere along the log. At one end was a clump of deeper foliage. He was sure he saw a sudden slight movement there, and in the thrill of the moment was tempted to send a bullet into the heart of it. But he saved his cartridge. He felt the mighty importance of certainty. If he fired once—and missed—the advantage of his unsuspected loophole would be gone. It would be transformed into a deadly menace. Even as it was, if his enemy's next bullet should enter that way—

He felt the discomfort of the thought, and in spite of himself a tremor of apprehension ran up his spine. He felt an even greater desire to wring the neck of the inquisitive little sandpiper. The creature had circled round squarely in front of him and stood there tilting its tail and bobbing its head as if its one insane desire was to look down the length of his rifle barrel. The bird was giving him away. If the other fellow was only half as clever as his marksmanship was good—

Suddenly every nerve in Carrigan's body tightened. He was positive that he had caught the outline of a human head and shoulders in the foliage. His finger pressed gently against the trigger of his Winchester. Before he breathed again he would have fired. But a shot from the foliage beat him out by the fraction of a second. In that precious time lost, his enemy's bullet entered the edge of his kit—and came through. He felt the shock of it, and in the infinitesimal space between the physical impact and the mental effect of shock his brain told him the horrible thing had happened. It was his head—his face. It was as if he had plunged them suddenly into hot water, and what was left of his skull was filled with the rushing and roaring of a flood. He staggered up, clutching his face with both hands. The world about him was twisted and black, a dizzily revolving thing—yet his still fighting mental vision pictured clearly for him a monstrous, bulging-eyed sandpiper as big as a house. Then he toppled back on the white sand, his arms flung out limply, his face turned to the ambush wherein his murderer lay.

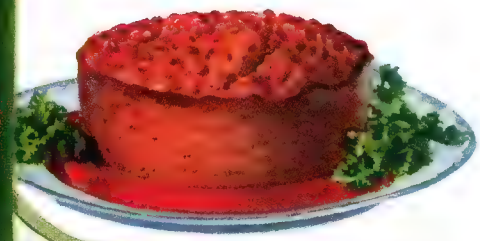
His body was clear of the rock and the pack, but there came no other shot from the thick clump of balsam. Nor, for a time, was there movement. The wood warbler was cheeping inquiringly at this sudden change in the deportment of his friend behind the shoulder of shale. The sandpiper, a bit startled, had gone back to the edge of the river and was running a race with himself along the wet sand. And the two quarrelsome jays had brought their family squabble to the edge of the timber.

IT was their wrangling that roused Carrigan to the fact that he was not dead. It was a thrilling discovery—that, and the fact that he made out clearly a patch of sunlight in the sand. He did not move, but opened his eyes wider. He could see the timber. On a straight line with his vision was the thick clump of balsam. And as he looked, the boughs parted and a figure came out. Carrigan drew a deep breath. He found that it did not hurt him. He gripped the fingers of the hand that was under his body, and they closed on the butt of his service automatic. He would win yet, if God gave him life a few minutes longer.

His enemy advanced. As he drew nearer, Carrigan closed his eyes more and more. They must be shut, and he must appear as if dead, when the other came up. Then, when the scoundrel put down his gun, as he naturally would—his chance would be at hand. If a quiver of his eyes betrayed him—

He closed them tight. Dizziness began to creep over him, and the fire in his brain grew hot again. He heard footsteps, and they stopped in the sand close beside him. Then he heard a human voice. It did not speak in

CHERRY SALAD—Drain 1 can of DEL MONTE Cherries. Remove pits and put a ½ pecan meat in each. Arrange on lettuce and serve with Mayonnaise.



BAKED BEAN LOAF—Mix 1 can of DEL MONTE Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce with 1 beaten egg and 1 small minced onion. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake till firm. Remove to hot platter and garnish with parsley. Serve with DEL MONTE Tomato Catsup.

JELLIED PEACHES—Drain the syrup from 1 can of DEL MONTE Peaches. Bring syrup to the boiling point and pour over 2 tablespoons of softened gelatine. Arrange the peaches in a mold, pour in the gelatine mixture and set aside till firm. Serve with whipped cream.

ASPARAGUS PATÉS WITH CREAM SAUCE—Remove the centers from hot paté cases and arrange tips of DEL MONTE Asparagus in them. Pour 1 cup of hot thin cream sauce over all.

Endless ways to serve them

There is almost no limit to the variety of simple, inexpensive and palate-tempting ways to use DEL MONTE Products in making every-day meals better.

Grown in the world's finest gardens and orchards—"packed where they ripen the day they are picked"—these perfect fruits and vegetables come to your table tender, appetizing and healthful—with all their fresh, natural delicacy and flavor—ready to serve at the need of the moment.

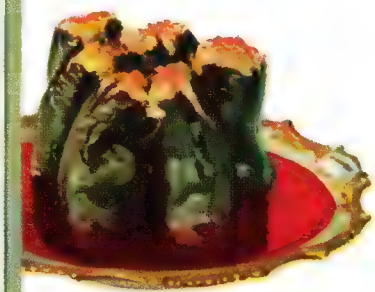
Whether for breakfast—for luncheon or for dinner—there is a DEL MONTE Product for every occasion—over a hundred delicious varieties—and endless ways to serve each one.

The recipes on this page indicate just a few of the many possibilities for improving the menu that are available to every woman who is acquainted with the wide line of canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties packed under the DEL MONTE label.

You will find many more, especially tempting, in our new 64-page book—"DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It contains over 500 simple recipes and thrifty suggestions for serving appetizing and wholesome foods at economical cost. Send for a free copy.

Address Department B
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

APRICOT BREAD PUDDING—Soak 1½ cups of stale bread crumbs in 1 cup hot milk. Add 3 teaspoons of sugar, the syrup from 1 can of DEL MONTE Apricots and 2 beaten eggs. Add a few apricots and pour into a greased baking dish. Bake till firm and serve garnished with apricots.



STUFFED PEPPERS WITH TOMATO SAUCE—Discard seeds and stem ends of 6 green peppers. Boil for 5 minutes and drain. Fill with a stuffing of 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 small chopped onion, ½ cup chopped cooked meat and 1 teaspoon salt. Moisten with DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce. Cover with fine crumbs and dot with butter. Bake till brown, and serve with DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, heated.

PINEAPPLE CHARLOTTE RUSSE—Drain 1 can of DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple. Cut a loaf sponge cake in two. Between the layers arrange slices of the pineapple. Heap whipped cream on top. Garnish with pieces of sliced pineapple and serve cut in slices.

SPINACH WITH CURRIED EGGS—Prepare 1 cup of cream sauce to which ½ teaspoon of curry powder has been added with the flour. Arrange hot seasoned DEL MONTE Spinach on a platter. Slice 3 hard-cooked eggs on it and over this pour the sauce.

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"—another DEL MONTE Recipe Book, by Marion Harris Neil, containing 64 pages of new and unusual dishes suitable for very special occasions, may be had for 10 cents in stamps, the actual cost to us. Ask for Publication 107. Address Department B.

AGAINST its background of snowy linen, burnished silver and sparkling crystal, and illumined by the candle's mellow glow, is your china all that you would have it?

It should be the crowning touch to your table, charming to the eye and unmarred by nick or crack.

In the colorful beauty and master craftsmanship of Syracuse China, you will find a permanent addition to your home.

Choose your design carefully, and wait until your dealer can make delivery — the popularity of Syracuse China is responsible for the delay.

ONONDAGA POTTERY COMPANY
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

The pattern illustrated is our "Fusan"

SYRACUSE CHINA

words, but gave utterance to a strange and unnatural cry. With a mighty effort Carrigan assembled his last strength. It seemed to him that he brought himself up quickly, but his movement was slow, painful—the effort of a man who might be dying. The automatic hung limply in his hand, its muzzle pointing to the sand. He looked up, trying to swing into action that mighty weight of his weapon. And then from his own lips, even in his utter physical impotence, fell a cry of wonder and amazement.

His enemy stood there in the sunlight, staring down at him with big, dark eyes that were filled with horror. They were not the eyes of a man. David Carrigan, in this most astounding moment of his life, found himself looking up into the face of a woman.

III

FOR a matter of twenty seconds—even longer it seemed to Carrigan—the life of these two was expressed in a vivid and unforgettable tableau. One half of it David saw—the blue sky, the dazzling sun, the girl in between. The pistol dropped from his limp hand, and the weight of his body tottered on the crook of his under-elbow. Mentally and physically he was on the point of collapse, and yet in those few moments every detail of the picture was painted with a brush of fire in his brain. The girl was bareheaded. Her face was as white as any face he had ever seen, living or dead; her eyes were like pools that had caught the reflection of fire; he saw the sheen of her hair, the poise of her slender body—its shock, stupefaction, horror. He sensed these things even as his brain wobbled dizzily, and the larger part of the picture began to fade out of his vision. But her face remained to the last. It grew clearer, like a cameo framed in an iris—a beautiful, staring, horrified face with shimmering tresses of jet-black hair blowing about it like a veil. He noticed the hair, that was partly undone as if she had been in a struggle of some sort, or had been running fast against the breeze that came up the river.

He fought with himself to hold that picture of her, to utter some word, make some movement. But the power to see and to live died out of him. He sank back, with a queer sound in his throat. He did not hear the answering cry from the girl as she flung herself, with a quick little prayer for help, on her knees in the soft, white sand beside him. He felt no movement when she raised his head in her arm and with her bare hand brushed back his sand-littered hair, revealing where the bullet had struck him. He did not know when she ran back to the river.

His first sensation was of a cool and comforting something trickling over his burning temples and his face. It was water. Subconsciously he knew that, and in the same way he began to think. But it was hard to pull his thoughts together. They persisted in hopping about, like a lot of sand-fleas in a dance, and just as he got hold of one and reached for another, the first would slip away from him. He began to get the best of them after a time, and he had an uncontrollable desire to say something. But his eyes and his lips were sealed tight, and to open them, a little army of gnomes came out of the darkness in the back of his head, each of them armed with a lever, and began prying with all their might. After that came the beginning of light and a flash of consciousness.

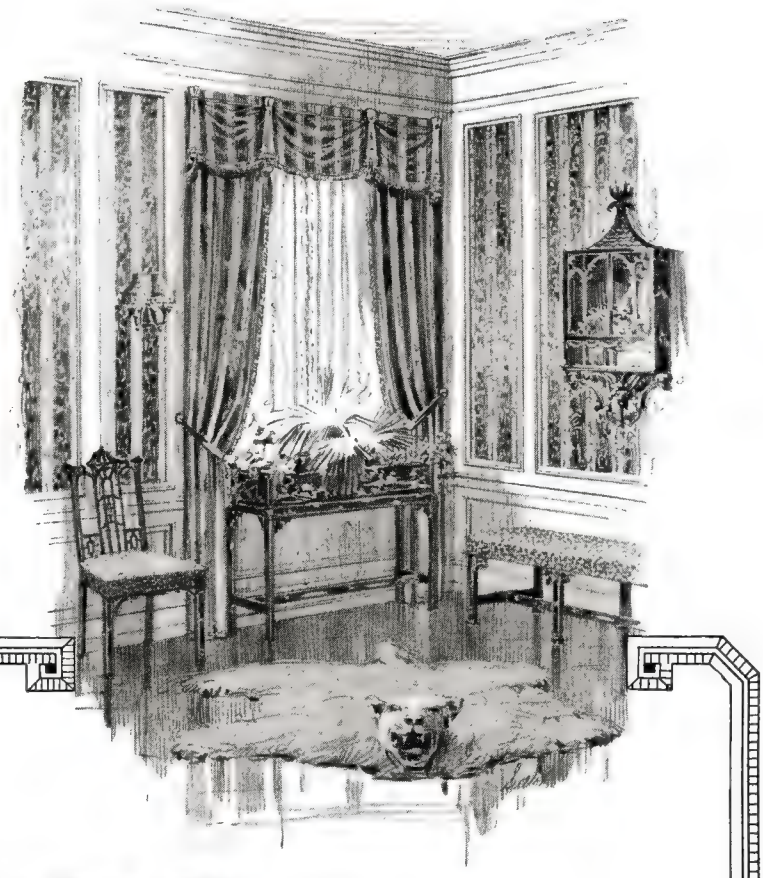
The girl was working over him. He could feel her and hear her movement. Water was trickling over his face. Then he heard a voice, close over him, saying something in a sobbing monotone which he could not understand.

With a mighty effort he opened his eyes.

"Thank *le bon Dieu*, you live, m'sieu," he heard the voice say, as if coming from a long distance away. "You live, you live—"

"Tryin' to," he mumbled thickly, feeling suddenly a sense of great elation. "Tryin'—"

He wanted to curse the gnomes for deserting him, for as soon as they were gone with their



KAPOCK Draperies for your home

Gorgeous in varied colorings, silky in texture, artistic in design, KAPOCK Draperies will express perfectly your individual taste.

GUARANTEED KAPOCK DECORATIVE FABRICS

Carry out the color scheme of your room with KAPOCK upholstery, cushions, lamp shades, etc., to match. Double width permits of splitting and their "Long-Life-Colors" of careful washing.

Genuine Kapock has a basting thread in selvage

Send us your drapery dealer's name and you will receive our "KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK" instructing you in colors, the newest ideas in home furnishings.

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO. Dept. E. Philadelphia

INSIST ON BEING SHOWN THE GENUINE

CREX GRASS RUGS THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY ALL YEAR ROUND

WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING

CREX CREX

Dodson Wren House
4 compartments 28 in. high 18 in. in diameter

Price, **$6**

A Worth While Christmas Gift

that brings Happiness for a Lifetime. There's no gift that gives more happiness than a **Dodson Bird House,** or feeding device. Every year will bring to your friend the memory of your loving thoughtfulness.

Dodson Bird Houses and Feeding Devices Win the Song Birds, because they are scientifically built by Mr. Dodson, the best known bird man in the United States, who has spent a lifetime in studying the birds, their habits, and in successfully attracting them to Beautiful Bird Lodge, his home and bird sanctuary on the Kankakee River. The Dodson Bird House adds to the beauty of your grounds, and the birds protect your trees, shrubs and gardens.

ORDER NOW Free Bird Book on request, illustrating Dodson Line, giving prices; also beautiful bird colored picture free

Joseph H. Dodson *President American Audubon Ass'n.*
764 Harrison St., Kankakee, Ill.
Dodson Sparrow Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these quarrelsome pests, price $8.00.

Doll Furniture

Dainty, miniature reproductions of old New England Colonial Furniture. Just the thing for the little girl's doll house, or the big girl's dressing table.

SPECIAL DIRECT PRICES

Combination Offer

Hand made, hand decorated wing back chair with box seat; hand made, hand decorated treasure chest; old fashioned New England Braided Rug; pair of Candle Sticks, and old fashioned Colonial Cradle—a complete outfit for a room **$5.00.** Post paid.

Chair or cradle, separately . . . $2.00 each
Treasure chest, separately . . . 1.25 each
Rug or Candle Sticks, separately . .60 each

Miniature catalog free on request
Dealers Wanted

ROGER WILLIAMS TOYS
26 Custom House Street
Providence, R. I

PAUL JONES MIDDIES

THE delight of the girl because of their stylish appearance—cut, tailoring, finish, workmanship; of the boy because they fit, look well and stand the wear and tear of hard play.

Quality alone is responsible for "the charm of a Paul Jones Middy." The highest quality middy manufactured—the original girls' middy.

The label (shown below) is placed in the neck of each garment for your protection. Made in various styles, materials and colors to suit all tastes. Sold by good dealers most everywhere.

Paul Jones Garments: Middy Blouses, Middy Dresses, Skirts, Bloomers, Boys' Middies, Boys' Middy Suits.

MORRIS & CO., INC.,
BALTIMORE

Originators of Girls' and Boys' Middy Garments

PAUL JONES
REGD. TRADE MARK
Morris & Co. Inc. BALTO.

Lightens Wash-Day Labor

Stop taxing your strength tugging heavy baskets of wet clothes from line to line. Hang them easier—dry them better on a

★HILL CHAMPION CLOTHES DRYER

Saves time and steps. 100 to 150 feet drying space within easy arm's reach. When through, remove and fold top, lift pole from socket and store in house. Sturdy construction—years of service. Easily set up. Write for Folder "C."

HILL CLOTHES DRYER CO.,
48 Central St., Worcester, Mass.

Dealers: Write for our proposition

Something for little hands to do—

can be found opposite page 33, where Sheila Young has her pretty colored cutouts entitled: "Polly goes to Grandma's for Thanksgiving." If you have no kiddy of your own you surely know one who'd like to have the cutout page. Some folks take a delight in mailing the page to a little friend.

The Flaming Forest

levers, his eyes and his lips shut tight again, or at least he thought they did. But he began to sense things in a curious sort of way. Some one was dragging him. He could feel the grind of sand under his body. There were intervals when the dragging operation paused. And then, after a long time, he seemed to hear more than one voice. There were two—sometimes a murmur of them. And odd visions came to him. He seemed to see the girl with shining black hair and dark eyes, and then swiftly she would change into a girl with hair like blazing gold. This was a different girl. She was not like Pretty Eyes, as his twisted mind called the other. This second vision that he saw was like a radiant bit of the sun, her hair all aflame with the fire of it and her face a different sort of face. He was always glad when she went away and Pretty Eyes came back.

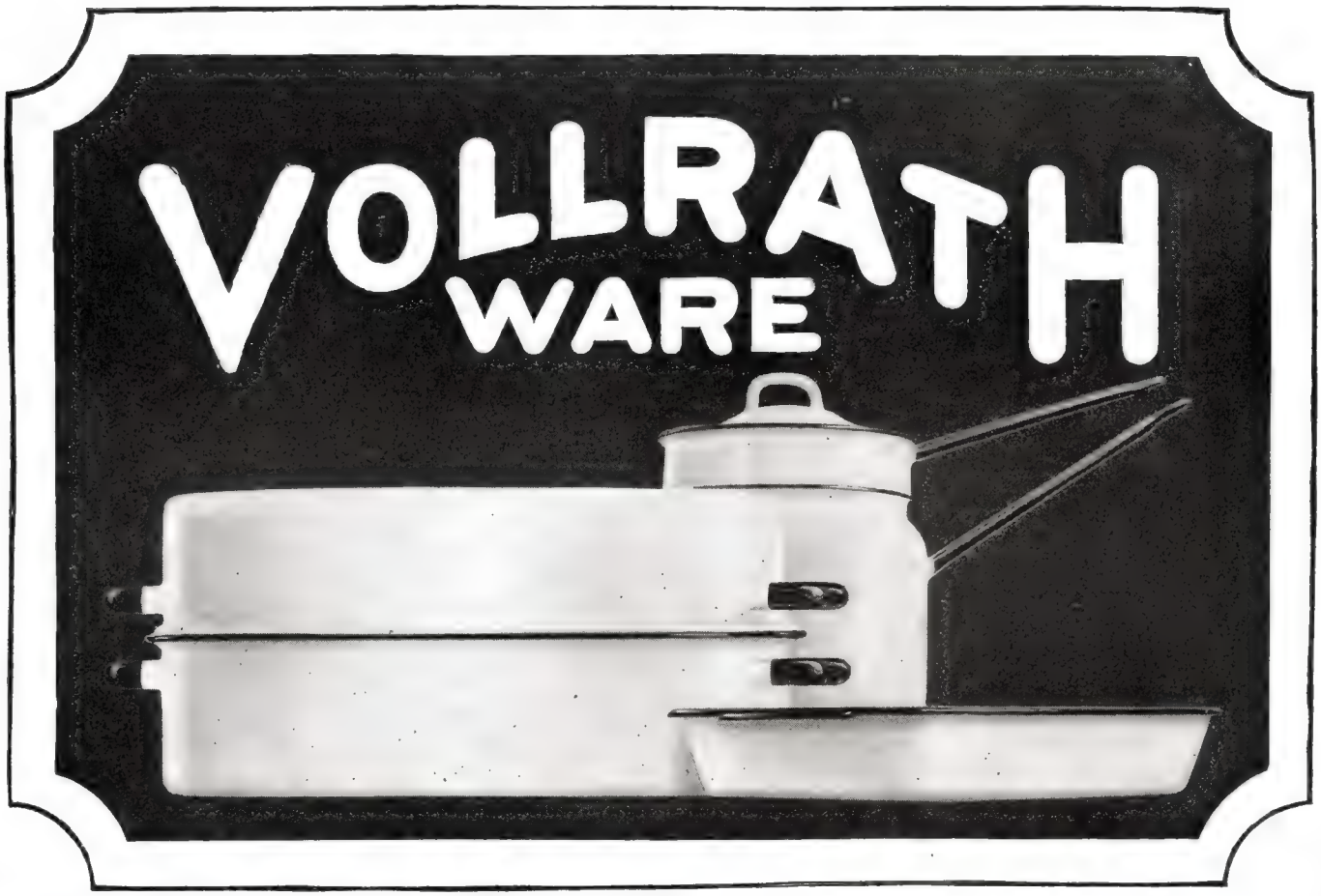
To David Carrigan this interesting experience in his life might have covered an hour, a day, or a month. Or a year for that matter, for he seemed to have had an indefinite association with Pretty Eyes. He had known her for a long time and very intimately, it seemed. Yet he had no memory of the long fight in the hot sun, or of the river, or of the singing warblers, or of the inquisitive sandpiper that had marked out the line which his enemy's last bullet had traveled. He had entered into a new world in which everything was vague and unreal except that vision of dark hair, dark eyes, and pale, beautiful face. Several times he saw it with marvelous clearness, and each time he drifted away into darkness again with the sound of a voice growing fainter and fainter in his ears.

THEN came a time of utter chaos and soundless gloom. He was in a pit, where even his subconscious self was almost dead under a crushing oppression. At last a star began to glimmer in this pit, a star pale and indistinct and a vast distance away. But it crept steadily up through the eternity of darkness, and the nearer it came, the less there was of the blackness of night. From a star it grew into a sun, and with the sun came dawn. In that dawn he heard the singing of a bird, and the bird was just over his head. When Carrigan opened his eyes, and understanding came to him, he found himself under the silver birch that belonged to the wood warbler.

For a space he did not ask himself how he had come there. He was looking at the river and the white strip of sand. Out there were the rock and his dunnage pack. Also his rifle. Instinctively his eyes turned to the balsam ambush farther down. That, too, was in a blaze of sunlight now. But where he lay, or sat, or stood—he was not sure what he was doing at that moment—it was shady and deliciously cool. The green of the cedar and spruce and balsam was close about him, inset with the silver and gold of the thickly-leaved birch. He discovered that he was bolstered up partly against the trunk of this birch and partly against a spruce sapling. Between these two, where his head rested, was a pile of soft moss freshly torn from the earth. And within reach of him was his own kit pail filled with water.

He moved himself cautiously and raised a hand to his head. His fingers came in contact with a bandage.

For a minute or two after that he sat without moving while his amazed senses seized upon the significance of it all. In the first place he was alive. But even this fact of living was less remarkable than the other things that had happened. He remembered the final moments of the unequal duel. His enemy had got him. And that enemy was a woman! Moreover, after she had blown away a part of his head and had him helpless in the sand, she had—in place of finishing him there—dragged him to this cool nook and tied up his wound. It was hard for him to believe, but the pail of water, the moss behind his shoul-



A Real Aid to Good Cooking

In thousands of American homes in which good cooking is a family tradition, Vollrath Ware stands in high favor.

Women who insist upon the utmost care in cooking know that they can rely upon Vollrath Ware and be sure of desired results.

Juicy roasts and savory stews, tempting pies and puddings, lose none of their relish when cooked in Vollrath Ware. There is no possibility of tainted flavor.

For Vollrath Ware is easily kept wholesomely clean. Its smooth, seamless, hard surface, (a triple coating of purest enamel), cannot absorb odors or flavors and all residue from cooking is quickly washed from it.

Long years of service do not mar or discolor Vollrath Ware—it is durable and handsome. Its lustrous surface, shapely design and smooth fitting attachments, (gas welded, not riveted), make Vollrath Ware as much desired for its beauty as prized for its quality.

Vollrath Roasters, Bake Pans, Rice Boilers and other Vollrath utensils, all of which possess special features of construction particularly helpful in cooking, are interestingly described in the booklet "How To Select Household Utensils." Mailed free at your request.

★**THE VOLLRATH COMPANY**
Sheboygan Wisconsin

For sale by department and hardware stores throughout the United States.

Every article of genuine Vollrath Ware bears this blue oval label.

When it rains
IT POURS

★ MORTON'S SALT

THE next time salt cakes in the cellars make up your mind to buy Morton's Salt and end that nuisance forever. Morton's Salt never cakes. It can't; it pours in any weather. That means convenience and economy for you. When salt is good enough to pour you can get every grain. Morton's Salt is the salt most women use for cooking and the table. Comes in the blue package with a common-sense spout that permits the salt to pour freely, yet protects it, too.

"The Salt of the Earth"

MORTON SALT COMPANY · CHICAGO

ders, the bandage, and certain visions that were reforming themselves in his brain convinced him. A woman had shot him. She had worked like the very devil to kill him. And afterward she had saved him! He grinned. It was final proof that his mind hadn't been playing tricks on him. No one but a woman would have been quite so unreasonable. A man would have completed the job.

He began to look for her up and down the white strip of sand. And in looking he saw the gray and silver flash of the hard-working sandpiper. He chuckled, for he was exceedingly comfortable, and also exhilaratingly happy to know that the thing was over and he was not dead. If the sandpiper had been a man, he would have called him up to shake hands with him. For if it hadn't been for the bird getting squarely in front of him and giving him away, there might have been a more horrible end to it all. He shuddered as he thought of the mighty effort he had made to fire a shot into the heart of the balsam ambush—and perhaps into the heart of a woman!

He reached for the pail and drank deeply of the water in it. He felt no pain. His dizziness was gone. His mind had grown suddenly clear and alert. The warmth of the water told him almost instantly that it had been taken from the river some time ago. He observed the change in sun and shadows. With the instinct of a man trained to note details, he pulled out his watch. It was almost six o'clock. More than three hours had passed since the sandpiper had got in front of his gun.

HE did not attempt to rise to his feet, but scanned with slower and more careful scrutiny the edge of the forest and the river. He had been mystified while cringing for his life behind the rock, but he was infinitely more so now. Greater desire he had never had than this which thrilled him in these present minutes of his readjustment—desire to look upon the woman again. And then, all at once, there came back to him a mental flash of the other. He remembered, as if something was coming back to him out of a dream, how the whimsical twistings of his sick brain had made him see two faces instead of one. Yet he knew that the first picture of his mysterious assailant, the picture painted in his brain when he had tried to raise his pistol, was the right one. He had seen her dark eyes aglow; he had seen the sunlit sheen of her black hair rippling in the wind; he had seen the white pallor in her face, the slimness of her as she stood over him in horror—he remembered even the clutch of her white hand at her throat. A moment before she had tried to kill him. And then he had looked up and had seen her like that! It must have been some unaccountable trick in his brain that had flooded her hair with golden fire at times.

His eyes followed a furrow in the white sand which led from where he sat bolstered against the tree down to his pack and the rock. It was the trail made by his body when she had dragged him up to the shelter and coolness of the timber. One of his laws of physical care was to keep himself trained down to a hundred and sixty, but he wondered how she had dragged up even so much as that of dead weight. It had taken a great deal of effort. He could see distinctly three different places in the sand where she had stopped to rest.

Carrigan had earned a reputation as the expert analyst of "N" Division. In delicate matters it was seldom that McVane did not take him into consultation. He possessed an almost uncanny grip on the working processes of a criminal mind, and the first rule he had set down for himself was to regard the acts of omission rather than the one outstanding act of commission. But when he proved to himself that the chief actor in a drama possessed a normal rather than a criminal mind, he found himself in the position of checkmate. It was a thrilling game. And he was frankly

Brassieres to Blankets

MUCH of the regular weekly wash is made up of slightly soiled garments that are easily cleaned and freshened, and require but little actual washing. Hot water, soap, rinsing and blueing—and the wash is satisfactorily done. But a part of the average wash requires a washer that will thoroughly clean heavy garments.

At this season, particularly, the housewife is faced with the winter's wash of blankets, heavy underwear and garments that are bulky—that require laborious, hard work, unless she has a washer that will do this work well.

Here is a machine, that in the language of business street, is 100% washer. The ONE MINUTE is built to wash clothes clean whether the daintiest of garments or the heaviest of the week's laundry. It does the hard work itself. It has a record of satisfactory wash-day performance that spans a period of twenty years.

Every feature that a mechanical washer should possess for lessening the work, for ease of operation, for thorough wash-day performance is built into the ONE MINUTE. Its four position reversible wringer makes it a washer of still greater utility in the laundry.

★ ONE MINUTE WASHER

This illustration shows how all the wood joints in the ONE MINUTE tubs and lids are double tongued and grooved—as strong as the thick Louisiana Red Cypress staves themselves.

In nearly every city and town there is a reliable ONE MINUTE dealer. Usually he is a leader in his line of business and he has handled the ONE MINUTE for years. He can demonstrate this machine that is 100% a washer, and he can refer you to satisfied ONE MINUTE users (there are more than a million of them) who know that the ONE MINUTE is inexpensive to purchase, and that it does the entire week's wash satisfactorily.

We will gladly mail you the name of your dealer together with the new ONE MINUTE catalog and a valuable booklet of Clothes Cleaning Recipes. Request your copy today.

One Minute Mfg. Company
125 Fourth Street **NEWTON, IOWA**

You don't know how good corn bread can be until you try
TRADE MARK
★ KRUSTY KORN KOBS
Made in Wagner K. K. K. Cast Iron Molds
Not at all like ordinary corn bread—they look more appetizing—they taste better, too. Nearly all of a Krusty Korn Kob is rich, golden brown crust—you know what that means. Just as easy to make as they are to eat. Try them—just once—and you'll have a family of Krusty Korn Kob fans. At your dealer's or prepaid $1.25. West of Denver $1.50 prepaid.
The Wagner Mfg. Co.
Dept. 129 Sidney, O.

Be Well why not?

IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE.

I have helped 98,000 refined, intellectual women regain health and good figures. I have taught them how to **keep** well. **Why not you?** You can devote just a few minutes a day in your room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health which I direct to suit your particular needs, and *as sure as sunrise.*

You Can Weigh Exactly What You *Should*

I KNOW it. I have reduced the weight of 45,000 women and increased the weight of 45,000 more. I can do the same for you and at the same time strengthen every vital organ.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural, permanent, scientific, and appeal to common sense.

You Can Have a Good Figure

Don't **envy** the friend who has a wonderful figure. **Perfect your own.** You **can** and you will look a lot better in a modest dress if you carry it well than in an expensive gown with a poor figure.

Have You Any of These Ailments?

Even the most stubborn—Common Ailments—yield to my treatment, as:

Excess Flesh in any part of body
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms
Round Shoulders
Incorrect Standing
Incorrect Walking
Poor Complexion
Poor Circulation
Lame Back
Headache
Sleeplessness
Lack of Reserve
Nervousness
Irritability
Constipation
Indigestion
Dizziness
Rheumatism
Colds
Torpid Liver
Malassimilation
Auto-Intoxication

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you CAN reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others.

The most progressive physicians are my friends. Their wives and daughters are my pupils. Medical magazines advertise my work.

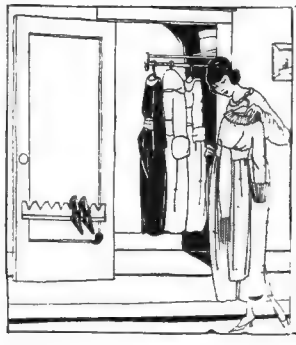
Write me about yourself. I will hold your letter in strict confidence and will tell you personally whether I can help your case.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send you **free** my valuable booklet on health, telling you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 22, 215 North Michigan Blvd., CHICAGO

57

Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps conditioned our men.



The Rite-Way Garment Fixture ★

For Ladies or Gentlemen

"Oh, for more clo et room"—just what you've said time and again. Whether you live in an apartment or house, it seems you can't have too much closet room. **The Rite-Way System of Hanging Garments** enables you to get more than twice as much space out of the closet room you already have. The Rite-Way fixture is easily fastened to your closet shelf and can be pulled out into the light so that you can plainly see and select the garment you wish. No need of removing several garments to find a certain one you want. *Price $1.50 postpaid.*

The Ideal Shoe Rack

Enables you to keep your shoes together in a convenient place from which to make quick selection. Easily attached to inside of closet door. *Price $1 postpaid.* Send price of either or both articles with name of your hardware dealer to

THE BARNEY MOORE CO., Inc., Dept. G, State-Lake Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

The Flaming Forest

puzzled now, until—one after another—he added up the sum total of what had been omitted in this instance of his own personal adventure. Hidden in her ambush, the woman who had shot him had been in both purpose and act an assassin. Her determination had been to kill him. She had disregarded the white flag with which he had pleaded for mercy. Her marksmanship was of fiendish cleverness. Up to her last shot she had been, to all intent and purpose, a murderess.

The change had come when she looked down upon him, bleeding and helpless, in the sand. Undoubtedly she had thought he was dying. But why, when she saw his eyes open a little later, had she cried out her gratitude to God? What had worked the sudden transformation in her? Why had she labored to save the life she had so atrociously coveted a minute before?

If his assailant had been a man, Carrigan would have found an answer. For he was not robbed, and therefore robbery was not a motif. "A case of mistaken identity," he would have told himself. "An error in visual judgment."

But the fact that in his analysis he was dealing with a woman made his answer only partly satisfying. He could not disassociate himself from her eyes—their beauty, their horror, the way they had looked at him. It was as if a sudden revulsion had come over her; as if, looking down upon her bleeding handiwork, the woman's soul in her had revolted, and with that revulsion had come repentance—repentance and pity.

"That," thought Carrigan, "would be just like a woman—and especially a woman with eyes like hers."

This left him but two conclusions to choose from. Either there had been a mistake, and the woman had shown both horror and desire to amend when she discovered it, or a too tender-hearted agent of Black Roger Audemard had waylaid him in the heart of the white strip of sand.

THE sun was another hour lower in the sky when Carrigan assured himself in a series of cautious experiments that he was not in a condition to stand upon his feet. In his pack were a number of things he wanted—his blankets, for instance, a steel mirror, and the thermometer in his medical kit. He was beginning to feel a bit anxious about himself. There were sharp pains back of his eyes. His face was hot, and he was developing an unhealthy appetite for water. It was fever. And he knew what fever meant in this sort of thing, when one was alone. He had given up hope of the woman's return. It was not reasonable to expect her to come back after her furious attempt to kill him. She had bandaged him, bolstered him up, placed water beside him, and had then left him to work out the rest of his salvation alone. But why the deuce hadn't she brought up his pack?

On his hands and knees he began to work himself toward it slowly. He found that the movement caused him pain, and that with this pain, if he persisted in movement, there was a synchronous rise of nausea. The two seemed to work in a sort of unity. But his medicine case was important now, and his blankets, and his rifle if he hoped to signal help that might chance to pass on the river. A foot at a time, a yard at a time, he made his way down into the sand. His fingers dug into the footprints of the mysterious gun-woman. He approved of their size. They were small and narrow, scarcely longer than the palm and fingers of his hand—and they were made by shoes instead of moccasins.

It seemed an interminable time to him before he reached his pack. When he got there, a pendulum seemed swinging back and forth inside his head, beating against his skull. He lay down with his pack for a pillow, intending to rest for a spell. But the minutes added themselves one on top of another. The sun

PLUME UNDERWEAR
TRADE MARK
Martin made since 1878
THERE is no time when the well dressed woman is not conscious of the comforting sense that she is immaculately and attractively underdressed.
M. Martin & Co.
102-108 Madison Avenue, New York
Write for our style booklet—"Milady's Underthings"

★ The ELECTRIC SWEEPER-VAC

WITH·MOTOR-DRIVEN·BRUSH

Arrange with Your Dealer for a demonstration of the Vacuum Cleaner with "That Lever"

The hostess heightens the delight of a charming afternoon tea when she shows her interested friends the newest labor-saving addition to her already well-equipped and modern home, namely, **The Electric Sweeper-Vac,** *with motor-driven brush,* which is the accepted standard of mechanical vacuum cleaner. Really, *two Vacuum Cleaners in one,* as with one turn of "THAT LEVER" you get Powerful Suction *only,* and with another turn the same Suction and Motor-Driven Brush *combined.*

Write us at once, for the most elaborate Vacuum Cleaner booklet ever issued.

PNEUVAC Company, 160 Fremont Street, Worcester, Mass.

slipped behind clouds banking in the west. It grew cooler, while within him he was consumed by a burning thirst. He could hear the ripple of running water, the laughter of it among pebbles a few yards away. And the river itself became even more desirable than his medicine case, or his blankets, or his rifle. The song of it, inviting and tempting him, blotted thought of the other things out of his mind. And he continued his journey, the swing of the pendulum in his head becoming harder, but the sound of the river growing nearer. At last he came to the wet sand, and fell on his face, and drank.

After this he had no great desire to go back. He rolled himself over, so that his face was turned up to the sky. Under him the wet sand was soft, and it was comfortingly cool. The fire in his head died out. He could hear new sounds in the edge of the forest—evening sound. Only weak little twitters came from the wood warblers, driven to silence by thickening gloom in the densely canopied balsams and cedars, and frightened by the first low hoots of the owls. There was a crash not far distant, probably a porcupine waddling through brush on his way for a drink; or perhaps it was a thirsty deer, or a bear coming out in the hope of finding a dead fish. Carrigan loved that sort of sound, even when a pendulum was beating back and forth in his head. It was like medicine to him, and he lay with wide-open eyes, his ears picking up one after another the voices that marked the change from day to night. He heard the cry of a loon, its softer, chuckling note of honeymoon days. From across the river came a cry that was half howl, half bark. Carrigan knew that it was coyote, and not wolf, a coyote whose breed had wandered hundreds of miles north of the prairie country.

The gloom gathered in, and yet it was not darkness as the darkness of night is known a thousand miles south. It was the dusky twilight of day where the sun rises at three o'clock in the morning and still throws its ruddy light in the western sky at nine o'clock at night; where the poplar buds unfold themselves into leaf before one's very eyes; where strawberries are green in the morning and red in the afternoon; where, a little later, one could read newspaper print until midnight by the glow of the sun—and between the rising and the setting of that sun there would be from eighteen to twenty hours of day. It was evening time in the wonderland of the north, a wonderland hard and frozen and ridden by pain and death in winter, but a paradise upon earth in this month of June.

THE beauty of it filled Carrigan's soul, even as he lay on his back in the damp sand. Far south of him steam and steel were coming, and the world would soon know that it was easy to grow wheat at the Arctic Circle, that cucumbers grew to half the size of a man's arm, that flowers smothered the land and berries turned it scarlet and black. He had dreaded these days—days of what he called "the great discovery"—the time when a crowded civilization would at last understand how the fruits of the earth leaped up to the call of twenty hours of sun each day, even though that earth itself was eternally frozen if one went down under its surface four feet with a pick and shovel.

Tonight the gloom came earlier because of the clouds in the west. It was very still. Even the breeze had ceased to come from up the river. And as Carrigan listened, exulting in the thought that the coolness of the wet sand was drawing the fever from him, he heard another sound. At first he thought it was the splashing of a fish. But after that it came again, and still again, and he knew that it was the steady and rhythmic dip of paddles.

A thrill shot through him, and he raised himself to his elbow. Dusk covered the river, and he could not see. But he heard low voices as the paddles dipped. And after a

A·F·B·A USE FACE BRICK —it Pays

One of the fifty small face brick houses shown in "The Home of Beauty"

The Abiding Satisfaction of the HOUSE of BRICK

THE thoughtful woman knows that she cannot get real satisfaction in building her home, unless she combines the artistic with the durable. Face Brick, in its wide variety of color tones and textures, and in the artistic effects possible through the architect's handling of bonds and mortar joints, offers an appeal to the most diverse tastes. Besides there is the solid satisfaction of knowing that for structural strength, fire-safety, and economy in the long run no other material surpasses Face Brick. Even if you are not ready to build now, now is the time to think the matter over and formulate your plans. "The Story of Brick" and "The Home of Beauty" will help you to a decision.

"The Story of Brick"

An artistic booklet with attractive illustrations and useful information for all who intend to build. The Romance of Brick, Extravagance of Cheapness, Comparative Costs, How to Finance the Building of a Home, are a few of the subjects treated. Your copy is awaiting your request. Send today.

"The Home of Beauty"

A book of fifty designs of attractive small Face Brick houses, selected from four hundred drawings entered in a national architectural competition. The houses represent a wide variety of architectural styles, with skillful handling of interior arrangements. Sent on receipt of fifty cents in stamps.

American Face Brick Association

1129 Westminster Building · Chicago

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"

KEEP YOUR TABLE TOP LIKE NEW ★

Protect Your Table from injury by hot dishes and spilled liquids.

The Table Top is Safe if covered with a GUARANTEED PEERLESS DINING TABLE MAT

This protection cost less than refinishing. Styles to fit all Tables or Extensions.

Insist on the Genuine PEERLESS

There are inferior imitations.

At nearly all Department and leading Furniture Stores. Write for Booklet and name of Dealer.

Chicago Asbestos Table Mat Co.

Dept. G. 215-219 Loomis Street, Chicago

BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE CO.

Jewelers Silversmiths Stationers

Philadelphia

DIAMONDS - EMERALDS - SAPPHIRES - RUBIES and PEARLS of SUPER - QUALITY

The reputation of this Establishment for excellence of Design, Workmanship and Quality of Merchandise has been conceded for nearly one hundred years

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT and JEWELED WEDDING RINGS

illustrated in a Booklet - Mailed upon request

EXCLUSIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS for nameplate Fancy Paper - Tissue-Lined Envelopes - Suitable for Christmas - Samples mailed upon request

GOOD taste in dress implies a well-clad ankle. True pride demands it. Let your hosiery be Holeproof and you'll never fear the verdict of the critical glance. Holeproof is the hose of exquisite texture, beautiful lustre and phenomenal wear. Look for the trade-mark when buying.

For Men, Women and Children in Silk, Silk Faced and Lusterized Lisle.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

Holeproof Hosiery

Have You Business Ability?

Would you like an opportunity to capitalize your business ability?

Good Housekeeping Magazine is now completing its staff of representatives and has decided to make a few more appointments.

If you feel you want to try your hand at business—to earn some money with your own initiative—without interfering with your home or office duties—the way is now open to you.

Experience is not necessary. All you require is the determination to make your spare time worth something, and the initiative to back up that determination.

Write today for full particulars.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Dept. 11A Agency Bureau

119 West 40th Street, New York City

The Flaming Forest

little he knew that one of these was the voice of a woman.

His heart gave a big jump. "She is coming back," he whispered to himself. "She is coming back!"

IV

CARRIGAN'S first impulse, sudden as the thrill that leaped through him, was to cry out to the occupants of the unseen canoe. Words were on his lips, but he forced them back. They could not miss him, could not get beyond the reach of his voice—and he waited. After all, there might be profit in a reasonable degree of caution. He crept back toward his rifle, sensing the fact that movement no longer gave him very great distress. At the same time he lost no sound from the river. The voices were silent, and the dip, dip, dip of paddles was approaching softly and with extreme caution. At last he could barely hear the trickle of them, yet he knew the canoe was coming steadily nearer. There was a suspicious secretiveness in its approach. Perhaps the lady with the beautiful eyes and the glistening hair had changed her mind again and was returning to put an end to him.

The thought sharpened his vision. He saw a thin shadow a little darker than the gloom of the river; it grew into shape; something grated lightly upon sand and pebbles, and then he heard the guarded plash of feet in shallow water and saw some one pulling the canoe up higher. A second figure joined the first. They advanced a few paces and stopped. In a moment a voice called softly,

"M'sieu! M'sieu Carrigan!"

There was an anxious note in the voice, but Carrigan held his tongue. And then he heard the woman say,

"It was here, Bateese! I am sure of it!"

There was more than anxiety in her voice now. Her words trembled with distress. "Bateese—if he is dead—he is up there close to the trees."

"But he isn't dead," said Carrigan, raising himself a little. "He is here, behind the rock again!"

In a moment she had run to where he was lying, his hand clutching the cold barrel of the pistol which he had found in the sand, his white face looking up at her. Again he found himself staring into the glow of her eyes, and in that pale light which precedes the coming of stars and moon the fancy struck him that she was lovelier than in the full radiance of the sun. He heard a throbbing note in her throat. And then she was down on her knees at his side, leaning close over him, her hands groping at his shoulders, her quick breath betraying how swiftly her heart was beating.

"You are not hurt—badly?" she cried.

"I don't know," replied David. "You made a perfect shot. I think a part of my head is gone. At least you've shot away my balance, because I can't stand on my feet!"

Her hand touched his face, remaining there for an instant, and the palm of it pressed his forehead. It was like the touch of cool velvet, he thought. Then she called to the man named Bateese. He made Carrigan think of a huge chimpanzee as he came near, because of the shortness of his body and the length of his arms. In the half light he might have been a huge animal, a hulking creature of some sort walking upright. Carrigan's fingers closed more tightly on the butt of his automatic. The woman began to talk swiftly in a patois of French and Cree. David caught the gist of it. She was telling Bateese to carry him to the canoe, and to be very careful, because m'sieu was badly hurt. It was his head, she emphasized. Bateese must be careful of his head.

David slipped his pistol into its holster as Bateese bent over him. He tried to smile at the woman to thank her for her solicitude—after having nearly killed him. There was an increasing glow in the night, and he began to see her more plainly. Out on the middle of the river was a silvery bar of light. The

Build with Assurance

IN the entrance is summed up all the character of your home. It is the jewel. The balance of the house is the setting. It suggests either hospitality and a warm handclasp or cold—according to its style.

Why Morgan Guaranteed Door and Entrances have superlative charm, why they retain their distinctive beauty and shape even after long years of exposure to outdoor weather, is only one of many things explained in "Building with Assurance." This remarkable book is a complete encyclopedia of building—written by experts in architecture, building, interior woodwork, heating, plumbing, lighting, decorating, landscape, etc.

Every prospective home builder, architect, contractor and dealer should own a copy. Address Dept. E-Eleven,

MORGAN CO.
OSHKOSH, WIS.

MORGAN MILLWORK CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

MORGAN SASH & DOOR CO.
Blue Island Avenue and
South Wood Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

One of the beautiful and distinctive entrances made by MORGAN

FREE

A prospectus containing many specimen color plates and pages, giving complete table of contents and explaining how this book may be obtained, will be mailed *free*—if you write.

MORGAN

MORGAN

Ask any prominent architect or builder **WOODWORK** *Look for the local Morgan dealer*

2

What rice is to the Chinese and what bread is to the people of the North, COCONUT is to the millions who live in the tropics. It is the staple article of food and is eaten in some form at nearly every meal. Not only is it used as a food, but the milk forms an important part of native medicinal preparations.
The Milk—the secret of coconut flavor
WHEN you're wondering about the distinctively DIFFERENT flavor of Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut, just remember the secret of its goodness—the MILK!
Nature put the milk into the coconut shell to keep the meat fresh, juicy and wholesome.
In the Baker process, the coconut is prepared with this same milk.
Remember that you can have coconut in cans at ALL times that is every bit as delicious as the meat of the freshly picked nut—just buy "Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut."
THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Recipe for the coconut pie illustrated below will be found on the inner side of can label. A FREE RECIPE BOOKLET is also available for you or any friends you mention. Write for it.
If Baker's Canned or Dry Shred Sweetened Coconut is not obtainable at your grocer's, send 20 cents in stamps for full size can or package. And please mention your dealer's name.
BAKER'S
COCONUT
FRESH GRATED
COCONUT
IN PURE COCONUT MILK
For those who prefer the old-fashioned sugar-cured kind, Baker's Dry Shred Coconut is also sold in paper cartons.
BAKER'S COCONUT
To prepare for use, merely follow simple directions on can label and success is assured.

moon was coming up, a little pale as yet, but triumphant in the fact that clouds had blotted out the sun an hour before his time. Between this bar of light and himself he saw the head of Bateese. It was a wild, savage-looking head, bound pirate-fashion round the forehead with a huge Hudson's Bay kerchief. Bateese might have been old Jack Ketch himself bending over to give the final twist to a victim's neck. His long arms slipped under David. Gently and without effort he raised him to his feet. And then, as easily as he might have lifted a child, he trundled him up in his arms and walked off with him over the sand.

Carrigan had not expected this. He was a little shocked and felt also the impropriety of the thing. The idea of being lugged off like a baby was embarrassing, even in the presence of the one who had deliberately put him in his present condition. Bateese did the thing with such beastly ease. It was as if he was no more than a small boy, a runt with no weight whatever, and Bateese was a man. He would have preferred to stagger along on his own feet or creep on his hands and knees, and he grunted as much to Bateese on the way to the canoe. He felt, at the same time, that the situation owed him something more of discussion and explanation. Even now, after half killing him, the woman was taking a rather high-handed advantage of him. She might at least have assured him that she had made a mistake and was sorry. But she did not speak to him again. She said nothing more to Bateese, and when the half-breed deposited him in the midship part of the canoe, facing the bow, she stood back in silence. Then Bateese brought his pack and rifle, and wedged the pack in behind him so that he could sit upright. After that, without pausing to ask permission, he picked up the woman and carried her through the shallow water to the bow, saving her the wetting of her feet.

As she turned to find her paddle her face was toward David, and for a moment she was looking at him.

"DO you mind telling me who you are, and where we are going?" he asked.

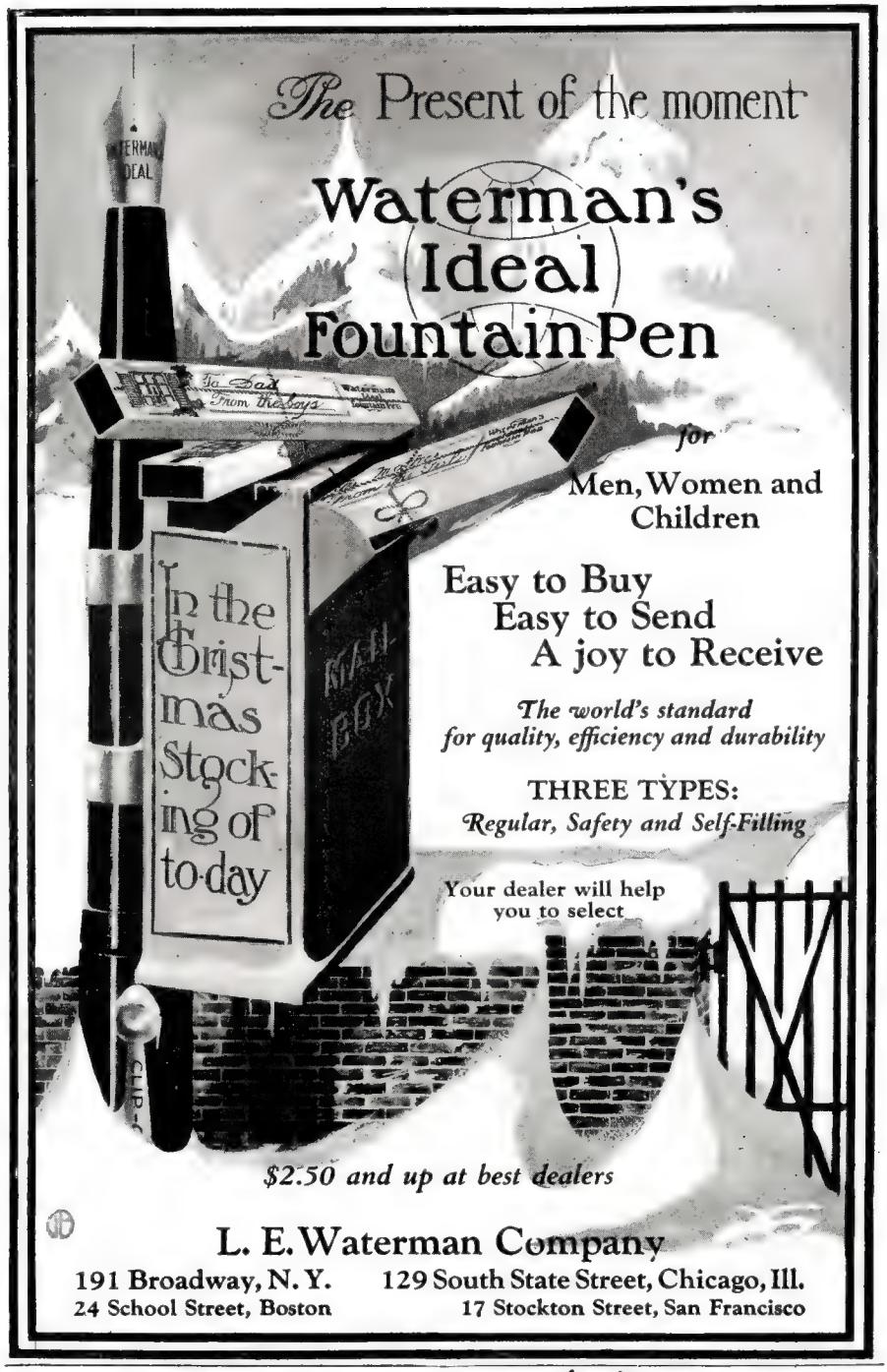
"I am Jeanne Marie-Anne Boulain," she said. "My brigade is down the river, m'sieu Carrigan."

He was amazed at the promptness of her confession, for as one of the working factors of the long arm of the police he accepted it as that. He had scarcely expected her to divulge her name after the cold-blooded way in which she had attempted to kill him. And she had spoken quite calmly of "my brigade." He had heard of the Boulain Brigade. It was a name associated with Chipewyan, as he remembered it—or Fort McMurray. He was not sure just where the Boulain scows had traded freight with the upper-river craft. Until this year he was positive they had not come as far south as Athabasca Landing. Boulain—Boulain— The name repeated itself over and over in his mind. Bateese shoved off the canoe, and the woman's paddle dipped in and out of the water beginning to shimmer in moonlight. But he could not, for a time, get himself beyond the pounding of that name in his brain. It was not merely that he had heard the name before. There was something significant about it. Something that made him grope back in his memory of things. Boulain! He whispered it to himself, his eyes on the slender figure of the woman ahead of him, swaying gently to the steady sweep of the paddle in her hands. Yet he could think of nothing. A feeling of irritation swept over him, disgust at his own mental impotency. And the dizzying sickness was brewing in his head again.

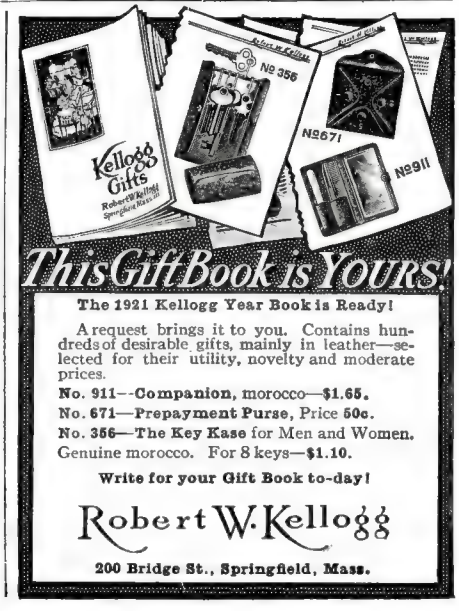
"I have heard that name—somewhere—before," he said. There was a space of only five or six feet between them, and he spoke with studied distinctness.

"Possibly you have, m'sieu."

Her voice was exquisite, clear as the note of a bird, yet so soft and low that she seemed


The Present of the moment
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen
for Men, Women and Children
Easy to Buy
Easy to Send
A joy to Receive
The world's standard for quality, efficiency and durability
THREE TYPES:
Regular, Safety and Self-Filling
Your dealer will help you to select
In the Christmas Stocking of to-day
$2.50 and up at best dealers
L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, N. Y.
129 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.
24 School Street, Boston
17 Stockton Street, San Francisco

Tippytoes
Tabby
Teddy
Bunny
Bushytail
CHILD'S NAPKIN CLIPS
Heavily Silver Plated $1.00 Each
A gift to delight any child. Choice of five loved animals. Made of spring nickel silver, finely silver plated 2¾ in. high. Order by name. Price postpaid in U. S. $1.00 each.
BUT ASK YOUR DEALER FIRST
Gets The Kernel Out Whole!
Cracks any Pecan, Walnut, Brazil Nut, Filbert, etc.—without crushing kernel! No scattered, flying shells, pinched fingers or lost tempers.
IDEAL NUT CRACKER
Just a quick easy turn of the handle brings the kernel out whole. So simple a child can do it. No levers, springs or clamps. Lasts forever. Thousands in use. Money back if not pleased. Order early for Xmas.
Style 2. Plain nickel plated 60c
Style 4. Highly polish'd "85c
Postage paid anywhere in U. S.
COOK ELECTRIC CO.
906 W. VanBuren, Chicago, Ill.


Kellogg Gifts
No 356
No 671
No 911
This Gift Book is YOURS!
The 1921 Kellogg Year Book is Ready!
A request brings it to you. Contains hundreds of desirable gifts, mainly in leather—selected for their utility, novelty and moderate prices.
No. 911—Companion, morocco—$1.65.
No. 671—Prepayment Purse, Price 50c.
No. 356—The Key Kase for Men and Women. Genuine morocco. For 8 keys—$1.10.
Write for your Gift Book to-day!
Robert W. Kellogg
200 Bridge St., Springfield, Mass.

Beauty – Your Companion Alway

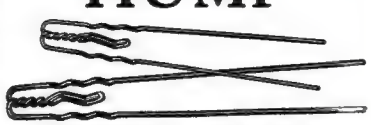
Before the journey, protect your complexion from the grime and dust of travel. Upon arrival refresh and promote the softness, fairness and daintiness of your skin with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, beauty's most intimate friend and aid.

On the trips of every day, let it guard your skin from weather's whims. Make the mile stones that mark the year along life's path less pronounced by the daily use of this "perfect" toilet requisite. To the American beauties of three generations it has brought winsome loveliness and enduring charm.

FREE Trial size tube of Perfect Cold Cream sent with our compliments. Address Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1914 D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

HUMP



HAIR PINS

Your Hair Always in Place

Supreme Hair Pin Quality
Unequaled Hair Pin Merit

Sold Everywhere
5c and 10c packages

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
Chicago

Xmas Furs

BUY THEM NOW

Send for our free-limited edition book—"Fur Facts and Fashions"—It tells how to know furs and how to buy the best fashionable furs at the least cost

Albrecht Furs

1855

This valuable book illustrates and describes Albrecht Furs of world renown. The House of Albrecht is America's leading fur house and their furs are sold with a money back guarantee

QUALITY FURS AT LOW PRICES

We buy most of our pelts direct from the trappers—therefore you get the very pick of the season's catch of furs at first cost

Send 10¢ postage today for catalog 172

E. ALBRECHT & SON

Saint Paul Dept H-2 Minnesota

The Flaming Forest

scarcely to have spoken. And it was, Carrigan thought, criminally evasive—under the circumstances. He wanted her to turn round and say something. He wanted, first of all, to ask her why she had tried to kill him. It was his right to demand an explanation. And it was his duty to get her back to the Landing, where the law would ask an accounting of her. She must know that. There was only one way in which she could have learned his name, and that was by prying into his identification papers while he was unconscious. Therefore she not only knew his name, but also that he was Sergeant Carrigan of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. In spite of all this she was apparently not very deeply concerned. She was not frightened, and she did not appear to be even slightly excited.

He leaned nearer to her, the movement sending a sharp pain between his eyes. It almost drew a cry from him. but he forced himself to speak without betraying it.

"You tried to murder me—and almost succeeded. Haven't you anything to say?"

"Not now, m'sieu—except that it was a mistake, and I am sorry. But you must not talk. You must remain quiet. I am afraid your skull is fractured."

AFRAID his skull was fractured! And she expressed her fear in the casual way she might have spoken of a toothache. He leaned back against his dunnage sack and closed his eyes. Probably she was right. These fits of dizziness and nausea were suspicious. They made him top-heavy and filled him with a desire to crumple up somewhere. He was clear-mindedly conscious of this and of his fight against the weakness. But in those moments when he felt better and his head was clear of pain, he had not seriously thought of a fractured skull. If she believed it, why did she not treat him a bit more considerately? Bateese, with that strength of an ox in his arms, had no use for her assistance with the paddle. She might at least have sat facing him, even if she refused to explain matters more definitely.

A mistake, she called it. And she was sorry for him! She had made those statements in a matter-of-fact way, but with a voice that was like music. She had spoken perfect English, but in her words were the inflection and velvety softness of the French blood which must be running red in her veins. And her name was Jeanne Marie-Ann Boulain!

With eyes closed, Carrigan called himself an idot for thinking of these things at the present time. Primarily he was a man-hunter out on important duty, and here was duty right at hand, a thousand miles south of Black Roger Audemard, the wholesale murderer he was after. He would have sworn on his life that Black Roger had never gone at a killing more deliberately than this same Jeanne Marie-Anne Boulain had gone after him behind the rock!

Now that it was all over, and he was alive, she was taking him somewhere as coolly and as unexcitedly as though they were returning from a picnic. Carrigan shut his eyes tighter and wondered if he was thinking straight. He believed he was badly hurt, but he was as strongly convinced that his mind was clear. And he lay quietly with his head against the pack, his eyes closed, waiting for the coolness of the river to drive his nausea away again.

He sensed rather than felt the swift movement of the canoe. There was no perceptible tremor to its progress. The current and a perfect craftsmanship with the paddles were carrying it along at six or seven miles an hour. He heard the rippling of water that at times was almost like the tinkling of tiny bells, and more and more bell-like became that sound as he listened to it. It struck a certain note for him. And to that note another added itself, until in the purling rhythm of the river he caught the murmuring monotone of a name Boulain—Boulain—Boulain. The name became an obsession. It meant something.

Welch's Grapelade

the pure grape spread

SWEET-TOOTH or not—all men like Grapelade. Everybody does. That Grapelade flavor is irresistible. It is a delicious spread for toast, bread, muffins, and griddle cakes.

Grapelade is a natural food. Made from whole, ripe, luscious grapes with all their juice and richness. Nothing but pure sugar is added. Seeds and skins are removed and acid crystals taken away by the Welch patented process.

Grapelade is *not* a by-product. Housewives have found Grapelade a new idea in cookery. It adds color and flavor to pastry, sauces and desserts of many kinds.

Order Grapelade from your grocer—in 15 oz. glass jars. Write for folder of tested recipes.

Other WELCH'lades in 15 oz. jars are

Cherrilade
Fruitlade (Grape-Raspberry)
Peachlade
Plumlade
Strawberilade
Currantlade
Blackberilade

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

THE NAMING OF THE THREE GOOD SPIRITS:

A Tale of Wawa-sa-mo, the Legend Maker

DEAR Boys and Girls: Tomorrow morning at breakfast a wonderful thing is going to happen to you!

At your plate, hidden in a bowl of a new kind of corn flakes, will be the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth!

This is the story of how they came to be there and of how they got their names, told to the Indians by Wawa-sa-mo, the Legend Maker, at the Dance of the Corn Harvest—with the yellow moon hanging in the sky, the fire burning red and bright, and old Anne-mee-kee, the Noise Maker, beating "Boom-te-boom-boom!" on his drum.

* * *

"Hear, all my brothers, I am Wawa-sa-mo, the Legend Maker, wise in all ways of the birds of the air and wild things of the forests.

"I know why Wawa, the Wild Goose, changes his song when the oak leaves turn to gold. I know where Washusk, the Muskrat, hides when the North Wind comes from his fields of ice and blows his chilly breath over the land. And I know why there's only one moon in the night sky.

"But all these things are as nothing compared to the story of the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth, that Ithenhiela, my father, told to me; and Ita-kemp-ka, his father, told to him; and Kanis-tagia, his father, told to him, as far back as time began.

"Listen, my brothers, as I tell you the story my father told to me. ("Boom-te-boom-boom!" went Anne-mee-kee on the drum.)

"Long ago when the world was young and the Beautiful Earth was peopled with strange and wondrous beings, Manitou, the Great Spirit who ruled all things, chose three of the noblest from all the tribes to carpet the earth with growing flowers, grass, trees, fruits and grain.

"And when they had finished, these three noble spirits asked the Great Spirit to come see what they had done. They showed Him the grass, the wild flowers glowing like jewels, the trees—the rich oak and tall pine—and the fruits. And the Great Spirit was pleased.

"But when they showed Him the beautiful corn standing like rows of youthful warriors with their royal tassels nodding in the west wind, He was overcome with joy.

"And He named them the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—the Spirit of Strength, the Spirit of Courage, and the Spirit of Truth; and He gave them the corn to be their home so that he who ate thereof would become strong and brave and true."

"Boom-te-boom-boom!" went the drum of Anne-mee-kee.

Wawa-sa-mo's story was finished. Then the Indians brought great baskets of the newly harvested corn and set them in front of him. And over the corn Wawa-sa-mo lifted his arms and sang this call that his father had taught him:

"Chitani-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Strength!
Ilau-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Courage!
Wula-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Truth!
Enter thou into our corn!
That we who eat thereof
May become Strong and Brave and True."

And out in the dark where the corn had been harvested lights began to glimmer and Wawa-sa-mo, the Legend Maker, turned to his brothers and told them the Three Good Spirits had answered.

* * *

This is the story Wawa-sa-mo told the red men, and this is the story the red men told the Quakers when they taught them why the corn was good.

And now we have called these Three Good Spirits for you, dear boys and girls—called them into a new kind of corn flakes named *Quaker Quakies*.

And Oh, how different are corn flakes with the Three Good Spirits in them! What strength for little bodies Chitani-wa-ganit has put into each crisp, firm flake! What a brave color for little cheeks Ilau-wa-ganit has put in the ruddy brown he has colored them! And what true thoughts for little hearts and minds Wula-wa-ganit has hidden in their sweet deliciousness!

Just ask your grocer for the fairy box of *Quaker Quakies* in which these Three Good Spirits dwell. And from it heap high your breakfast bowl with all their goodness. Then close your eyes and eat—and you, too, like the Indians of long ago, will become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth.

The Quaker Oats Company, 1613N Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago

Advertisement

Advertisement

Does advertising make it cheaper for you to live?

There are nine different Washing machines advertised in this issue of Good Housekeeping.

—Washing machines of different types, all capable of washing clothes efficiently—all possessing qualities of design and performance that differentiate them from one another.

How are you going to choose the one that best suits *your* purpose?

Advertising, by itself, helps you do that. The advertising is written carefully and conscientiously to bring out the individual merits of each machine. Every precaution is taken to keep you from making a mistake. Because mistakes are costly—to the consumer. The cold white light of publicity is turned on each one of these washing machines. They must live up to their claims.

That is the function of advertising itself—to sell you a machine that answers your purposes so that *you* will be satisfied.

There is a further safeguard. Every advertisement in Good Housekeeping—washing machine, ironer, kitchen cabinet, percolator, or what not—is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping itself. Such products have been tested by Good Housekeeping Institute; each one is certified to do the work it is advertised to do; it must do that work efficiently and continuously or the advertising will not be accepted. (You will find the guarantee on page four together with a handy index.)

What does this mean to you? It means satisfaction and comfort. It means reliability. It means a real and substantial money-saving. It means what the publishers prize most—confidence in Good Housekeeping.

Advertising makes it difficult to go wrong. Advertising in Good Housekeeping makes it impossible.

OAK FLOORS
(For Everlasting Economy)

Install Oak Floors
Before Winter Arrives

WINTER months are home months—days when a bright, attractive interior pays big dividends in comfort and enjoyment. Here and there, through the house, changes should be made. But most important of all is the need of beautiful new oak floors.

This marked improvement may be made in any home at a truly moderate cost and with a minimum disturbance of home routine. A special grade of oak flooring is specially made for laying over old floors and the cost will be lower than new carpets for the same space.

Oak, richly figured and colored by nature's artistry, is the choicest flooring material. It bespeaks good taste and its quiet elegance enriches any room.

You'll find much to interest you in our book about oak flooring, sent free upon request. Please send for your copy today.

OAK FLOORING MFRS. ASSN.

1032 Ashland Block Chicago, Illinois

Magazine fiction saves you money

100,000 copies of each of James Oliver Curwood's stories, "The River's End," and "The Valley of Silent Men," which were first published in Good Housekeeping, have been sold in book form for $1.75 a copy. This is convincing proof that your money is saved when you read big stories as a part of your magazine, instead of having to wait to purchase them in book form.

In addition to the pleasure of knowing your money is saved, there is that delight that is yours when you read such splendid stories long before other folks get them in book form.

The Flaming Forest

And he knew what it meant—if he could only whip his memory back into harness again. But that was impossible now. When he tried to concentrate his mental faculties, his head ached terrifically.

He dipped his hand into the water and held it over his eyes. For half an hour after that he did not raise his head. In that time not a word was spoken by Bateese or Jeanne Marie-Anne Boulain. For the forest people it was not an hour in which to talk. The moon had risen swiftly, and the stars were out. Where there had been gloom, the world was now a flood of gold and silver light. At first Carrigan allowed this to filter between his fingers; then he opened his eyes. He felt more evenly balanced again.

Straight in front of him was Jeanne Marie-Anne Boulain. The curtain of dusk had risen from between them, and she was full in the radiance of the moon. She was no longer paddling, but was looking straight ahead. To Carrigan her figure was exquisitely girlish as he saw it now. She was bareheaded, as he had seen her first, and her hair hung down her back like a shimmering mass of velvety sable in the star-and-moon glow. Something told Carrigan she was going to turn her face in his direction, and he dropped his hand over his eyes again, leaving a space between the fingers. He was right in his guess. She fronted the moon, looking at him closely—rather anxiously, he thought. She even leaned a little toward him that she might see more clearly. Then she turned and resumed her paddling.

CARRIGAN was a bit elated. Probably she had looked at him a number of times like that during the past half-hour. And she was disturbed. She was worrying about him. The thought of being a murderess was beginning to frighten her. In spite of the beauty of her eyes and hair and the slim witchery of her body he had no sympathy for her. He told himself that he would give a year of his life to have her down at Barracks this minute. He would never forget that three-quarters of an hour behind the rock, not if he lived to be a hundred. And if he did live, she was going to pay, even if she was lovelier than Venus and all the Graces combined. He felt irritated with himself that he should have observed in such a silly way that sable glow of her hair in the moonlight. And her eyes. What the deuce did prettiness matter in the present situation? The sister of Fanchet, the mail robber, was beautiful, but her beauty had failed to save Fanchet. The Law had taken him in spite of the tears in Carmin Fanchet's big black eyes, and in that particular instance he was the Law. And Carmin Fanchet was pertty—deucedly pretty. Even the Old Man's heart had been stirred by her loveliness.

"A shame!" he had said to Carrigan. "A shame!"

But the rascally Fanchet was hung by the neck until he was dead.

Carrigan drew himself up slowly until he was sitting erect. He wondered what Jeanne Marie-Anne Boulain would say if he told her about Carmin. But there was a big gulf between the names Fanchet and Boulain. The Fanchets had come from the dance halls of Alaska. They were bad, both of them. At least, so they had judged Carmin Fanchet—along with her brother. And Boulain—

His hand, in dropping to his side, fell upon the butt of his pistol. Neither Bateese nor the girl had thought of disarming him. It was careless of them, unless Bateese was keeping a good eye on him from behind.

A new sort of thrill crept into Carrigan's blood. He began to see where he had made a huge error in not playing his part more cleverly. It was this girl Jeanne who had shot him. It was Jeanne who had stood over him in that last moment when he had made an effort to use his pistol. It was she who had tried to murder him and who had turned faint-hearted when it came to finishing the job.

But his knowledge of these things he should have kept from her. Then, when the proper moment came, he would have been in a position to act. Even now it might be possible to cover his blunder. He leaned toward her again, determined to make the effort.

"I want to ask your pardon," he said. "May I?"

His voice startled her. It was as if the stinging tip of a whip-lash had touched her bare neck. He was smiling when she turned. In her face and eyes was a relief which she made no effort to repress.

"You thought I might be dead," he laughed softly. "I'm not, Miss Jeanne. I'm very much alive again. It was that accursed fever—and I want to ask your pardon! I think—I know—that I accused you of shooting me. It's impossible. I couldn't think of it—in my clear mind. I am quite sure that I know the rascally half-breed who pot-shotted me like that. And it was you who came in time, and frightened him away, and saved my life. Will you forgive me—and accept my gratitude?"

There came into the glowing eyes of the girl a reflection of his own smile. It seemed to him that he saw the corners of her mouth tremble a little before she answered him.

"I am glad you are feeling better, m'sieu."

"And you will forgive me for—for saying such beastly things to you?"

She was lovely when she smiled, and she was smiling at him now. "If you want to be forgiven for lying, yes," she said. "I forgive you that, because it is sometimes your business to lie. It was I who tried to kill you, m'sieu. And you know it."

"But—"

"You must not talk, m'sieu. It is not good for you. Bateese, will you tell m'sieu not to talk?"

Carrigan heard a movement behind him.

"M'sieu will stop ze talk or I brak hees head wit' ze paddle in my han'!" came the voice of Bateese close to his shoulder. "Do I mak' ze word plain so m'sieu compren'?"

"I get you, old man," grunted Carrigan. "I get you—both!"

And he leaned back against his dunnage-sack, staring again at the witching slimness of the lovely Jeanne Marie-Anne Boulain as she calmly resumed her paddling in the bow of the canoe.

(*To be continued*)

Thanksgivin'

(*Continued from page 67*)

butcherin', dressmakin', some comin' weddin' or divorce, th' crops, but mostly th' weather. Th' longer they wait, th' quieter they git, an' finally th' conversation dies away completely an' nothin' mars th' stillness but th' changin' o' legs or th' occasional click o' a huntin'-case watch.

After dinner is over ever'buddy seems t' be meditatin' on an excuse t' git away. That's th' trouble with goin' out t' a Thanksgivin' dinner. You've got t' hang around an' be pleasant afterwards. Th' conversation is forced an' grunty, an' takes th' most unexpected turns. It ebbs away an' revives an' zigzags. Ever'buddy's waitin' fer somebuddy t' start th' gitaway.

"Well, it's four o'clock already," says Uncle Henry, like he wuz indignant at th' flight o' time.

"You don't mean it?" says Cousin Em, real excited like. "I must go out in th' kitchin' an' bid Aunt Ellie goodby an' git started fer home."

That's th' long-wanted cue, an' th' guests arise with all th' effort of a troupe o' trained elephants. By five o'clock ther all gone, leavin' nothin' behind 'cept some cigar ashes an' prob'ly an odd glove.

But Thanksgivin' Day in th' bigger towns an' cities has degenerated int' a day t' fill up an' sleep thro' a matinee, or struggle thro' an afternoon with relatives.

Where Discrimination Prevails

You will find Mid-Sil-Craft holders, with Pyrex baking dishes, in homes where discrimination prevails in the selection of tableware.

Casserole No. 2847, produced in four sizes, is one of many artistic patterns.

Beautifully designed; heavily silver plated to give richness and insure long wear; well wrought by master silver artisans; rivals the finest sterling—*yet moderately priced.*

The "Pyrex" Transparent Oven Ware Lining is removable, and insures perfect baking. Endorsed by experts in the culinary art, and used by housewives who pride themselves on their fine cooking.

With an extra Pyrex dish, the Mid-Sil-Craft holder can be used for serving meat or vegetable and a dainty dessert.

If your dealer does not carry Mid-Sil-Craft tableware, write us, giving his name

Middletown Silver Company
of
Middletown, Conn.

MID-SIL-CRAFT E·P· N·S·

USED DAILY IN A MILLION HOMES

Colburn's Red Label **Spices**

The A. Colburn Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Purity, freshness and flavor are the essential qualities of imported

Pompeian Olive Oil

Your Thanksgiving Dinner
will be an assured success if you use this NEW EDITION of

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL COOK BOOK

By

FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

This New Edition of the acknowledged leader of all cook books contains, in addition to its 2,117 tested recipes, additional chapters on the cold-pack method of canning, on the drying of fruits and vegetables, and on food values.

$2.50 net. 600 pages. 133 Illustrations

At all Booksellers, or of the Publishers.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
34 Beacon Street, BOSTON, Mass.

Your Baby

Should be a healthy, happy, growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable hygienic clothing

NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS

Are exceptionally soft, smooth and non-irritating flannels (65c to $2.00 a yard) and are sold only by us. "Non-Nettle" stamped every half yard on selvage except silk warps.

Send for Free Sample Case

containing samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalog showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits ($15.50 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the baby, and valuable information on care of the baby.

No advertising on wrappers. For **25 cents** we will add a complete set of seventeen Modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost $1.70 if bought separately.

Write at Once or Save this Advertisement

THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 343 Summit St., Toledo, O.
Established in 1885 Known around the globe

With the growing interest in basket weaving we have selected three designs, which are easily made from our instructions

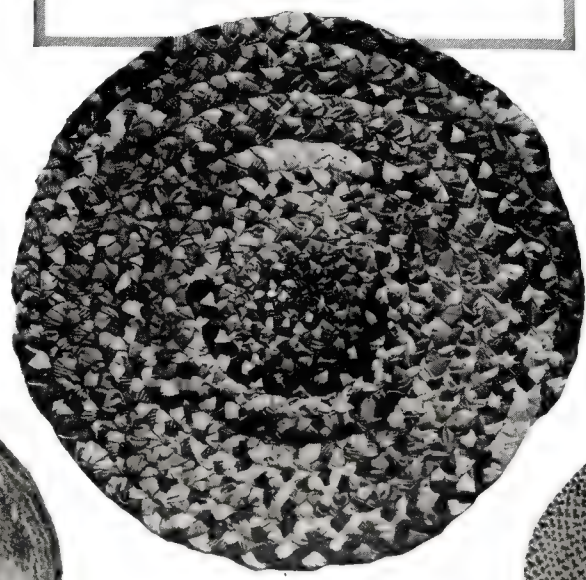
Directions for making jardinière and trays may be obtained upon receipt of ten cents. Write Good Housekeeping

The Old and the New Suggest Themselves in Various Forms as Gifts to Make

This drawn rug looks well in a hall, and is of coarse, stamped burlap through which rags are drawn in short, even loops with a crochet needle. The loops are then clipped with heavy shears. To make shopping bag at right use thread No. 3 and a ball of heavy wrapping cord

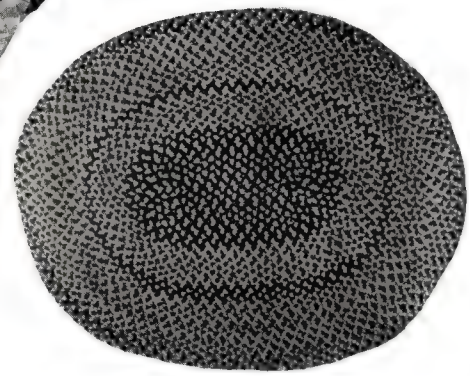
Unusually attractive for a hall is this knitted rug in subdued colorings. To make it, tear rags of all kinds rather fine, mixing them to give a well blended effect. With two large needles set up as for ordinary knitting and knit in strips as wide as the needles will allow. Sew strips together

The crocheted rug below looks best in the nursery. Tear rags rather fine, but strong enough not to break. Use a large crochet hook and begin with a chain stitch, closing for a round rug, or shaping into an oval by crocheting round and round the chain with single crochet stitches



Silk mat at left. Odd ribbons or rags cut in strips of equal width make this mat. Pin three strips and braid. When braid is long enough, form into a round center and sew on under side. Use same directions for braided rug below, which is made of coarser materials

Complete directions for making five rugs and also shopping bag will be sent upon receipt of ten cents. Address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 119 West Fortieth Street, N. Y. City

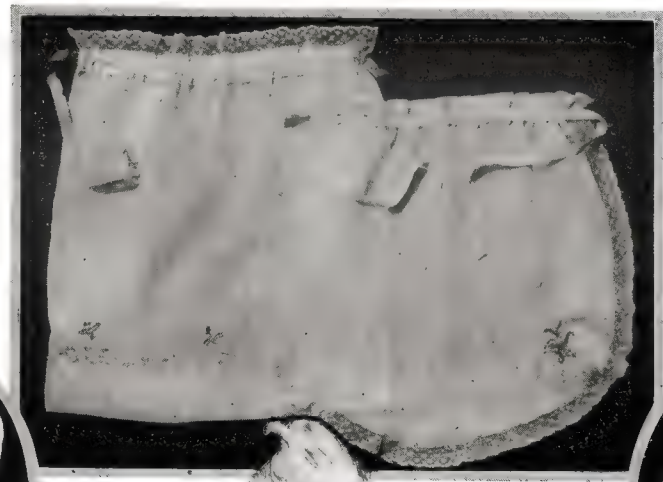


Pretty effects are achieved in this pin tray and in cushion at right by sewing together old pieces of lace of various kinds

Covered with satin is the outer envelop of this Japanese basket, which trims itself with gilt braid and striking yarn flowers

Christmas Making and Giving Made Easy by Resorting to Old Lace and Organdy

An effective idea for a little sewing apron of French blue organdy is to turn a deep hem and hold it with three rows of wide yarn stitches in rose. Gay little bunches of flowers in which the rose shade predominates may be embroidered above the hem. Other colors are equally pretty. Patterns for collars or aprons are ten cents each. Good Housekeeping Shopping Service



With colored organdy, yarn flowers, and velvet ribbon one can not resist making up the Frenchiest sort of aprons. These may be edged with an inexpensive, creamy lace and finished at the top with a band of matching insertion through which the ribbon is run for ties. These aprons, when ornamented with a cluster of colored flowers, make unusually dainty gifts

Decidedly new is this rounded white organdy collar embroidered with daisies of shaded yarn and a cord and tassels of jade green yarn, which contribute a colorful touch

An appealing gift to the child is the bib in center of flour-sack muslin, which is finished with a band of yellow or blue linen and has brown or yellow chickens outlined above the border

Unlimited opportunities offer themselves for smart collars in colored organdy. A pretty shade of rose is used for this collar and cuff set quaintly embroidered at each corner in old blue yarn

Bits of real lace worked in with creamy batiste embroidery are shown in the doilies at left. White is not effective; the materials should be tinted by using weak tea or coffee

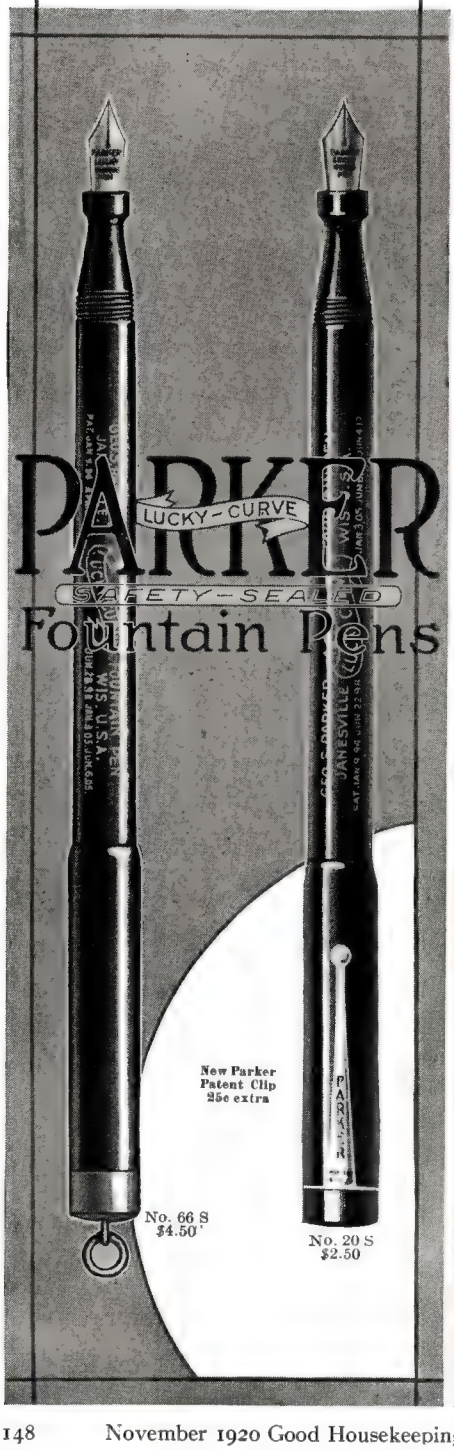
Clean Pen Clean Hands Clean Gown

You may rely utterly on the perfected Parker for its exclusive Safety Sealed feature makes it leak proof.

Made in many styles for men as well as women. An exceedingly desirable gift of lasting value.

The Parker Pen Company
Janesville, Wisconsin

New York, Singer Bldg.
Chicago, 36 W. Randolph St.
San Francisco, Wells Fargo Bldg.
Spokane Wash.



The Yellow Tree

(Continued from page 32)

out-and-out luxury. But the high cost of keeping her yellow tree rather enhanced Miss Greenaway's joy in its possession.

The one thing which nobody could possibly find out was what Miss Greenaway intended having done with the yellow tree when she—but it was a delicate subject. The Park Avenue nephew, Benjamin, who in matters *not* pertaining to his business was something of a mystic, said seriously that he half expected Aunt Melita would take Hollyhock House and the yellow tree with her when she went on her long journey. If anything should happen to her, he was sure they would all mount heavenward together and that the skyscraper and drug store would clap together into one solid piece of masonry, just as if they had never been.

AND then, at last, came the early May day when Mrs. Chemford, seated on her hotel piazza, was knitting herself a wisteria-colored sweater, glancing occasionally at a blossoming pear tree, and pondering on the idiosyncrasies of Melita. She was especially wroth with Melita today. Miss Greenaway had refused to come and spend a week-end because her Sunday-school class had invited her on a picnic, and she wanted to go.

"Melita always had a predilection for dirty little children!" reflected Mrs. Chemford crossly. And she recalled with scant sympathy a small room off the kitchen where Miss Greenaway kept various gifts from unkempt small boys. The gifts included a snake skin, several birds' nests, a number of odd-shaped stones, and a hornet's nest—untenanted. As she sat wondering if her sister were not mildly insane, an automobile paused in front of the hotel, an automobile so unusually luxurious that Mrs. Chemford stopped narrowing to look at it. An Adonis of a chauffeur in the most expensive of liveries opened the door obsequiously, in order that a man who might have been in his late forties, and who looked worthy to represent his country at a foreign court, might descend and rush up the hotel path on an errand that was pressing. If you live in a small hotel, you get wondering about things which don't concern you. Just as Mrs. Chemford was about to go in and find out who that man was and what he wanted, a bell-boy appeared with the important stranger at his heels.

"Mrs. Chemford? Luella, don't you remember me?"

"I'm sorry," she began, fairly dizzied by his magnificence. He was just the sort of person one would most wish to recall!

"Well, you were older than I was!" Which wasn't tactful, considering that Mrs. Chemford was so well-preserved and accustomed to being told how young she looked. "May I sit down?" he asked, as if he were in full sight of his Mecca. "I'm Wally Morgan."

The ball of wisteria-colored worsted darted out of Mrs. Chemford's lap and sped the entire length of the piazza in its astonishment. When Mr. Morgan had returned with it, Mrs. Chemford had adjusted her expression from aversion to tolerance.

"Not the Wally Morgan that used to steal our cherries!"

"And grapes and pears, and then hide up in the old 'yellar' tree."

"I had no idea," said Mrs. Chemford, speaking severely and addressing, not the man at her side, but the unspeakable little imp of her girlhood, "I had no idea that you would ever amount to anything!" And her inflections were not complimentary.

For Wally Morgan had been the dirtiest, smeariest boy in town. Always in rags, always covered with bruises, he had a closely shaven, unwashed scalp; he was invariably bare-footed—except when it actually snowed—and was always bandaged somewhere. There had seemed to be a fatality about the way his toes got caught in woodchuck traps and corn shellers.

A Great New Novel of God's Country

By the Author of
"The River's End"

The Valley of Silent Men

***by* James Oliver Curwood**

A STORY of the manhood and womanhood of the Canadian Northwest in the days before the railroads came.

> As you travel the long water trail of this wild Tree River Country you will come to know men and women who meet a thousand perils—whose eyes glisten with the love of adventure. Men and women whose hearts are big, whose blood is rich and strong, whose souls chant themselves to the skies.

You will not only read but you will *live* the story of Sergeant James Kent the best man trapper in the Royal Mounted who lied gloriously to save a friend, and of Marette, that wonderful little goddess of

The Valley *of* Silent Men

A most thrilling story as well as one of the most beautiful romances it has ever been your pleasure to read.

Hit the trail to God's Country with James Oliver Curwood in The Valley of Silent Men—

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

Get your copy today, wherever books are sold—$2.00

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
Publishers
119 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

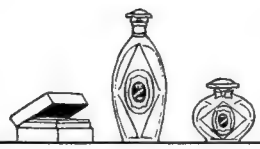
Stearns'

★

Day Dream Boudoir Creations

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE exquisite fragrance of Day Dream—subtly refreshing as the odors of wild flowers, caressing as the soft, soothing touch of the summer breeze—is presented to you, alike, in Day Dream Perfume, Face Powder, Toilet Water, Creme, and other Day Dream Boudoir Creations.

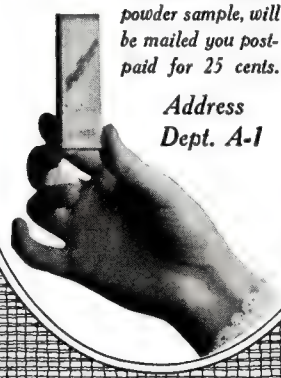


STEARNS *Perfumer* DETROIT

Day Dream L'Echo—

containing perfume miniature and face powder sample, will be mailed you postpaid for 25 cents.

Address
Dept. A-1



Things fell down on them. More than half the time he limped. Not a small girl but turned up her disgusted nose at him if he so much as looked at her. And if he spoke to her, she put out her small red tongue at him. The mere name, "Wally Morgan," still left an unpleasant taste in Mrs. Chemford's mouth. That he had been the smartest boy in school had made no impression on his snobbish, youthful associates. His worst trait was the habit of cheerfully turning up everywhere, whether he had been invited or not. He had spoiled more children's parties! As Mrs. Chemford recalled his past she felt a sudden misgiving. After all the years, Wally Morgan was still running true to form; he had again turned up unexpectedly, uninvited, and with immense enthusiasm.

"Where's Melita?" Mrs. Chemford heard this *de luxe* addition of Wally Morgan inquire.

"*Melita?*" And Mrs. Chemford almost lost control of the worsted again.

"I just came from the place where your farm used to be. There's a city on it now. I remembered hearing that your husband was a successful merchant in Worcester, so I came to you to find out about Melita." A cold, unspoken dread stole into her eyes.

"Melita's alive and well!" Mrs. Chemford began to make wild mistakes in her knitting. "She's right there on the two acres that's left of the farm." And Mrs. Chemford explained Melita in a way that explained herself even more.

Wally Morgan had settled back in his chair as he listened. "Melita is sixty-three," he said finally. "The last time I saw her, she was eighteen. I told her I'd be back, but I didn't expect to be quite so long." A grim humor stole into his keen eyes.

"I didn't know you knew Melita specially."

"Nobody knew. We met less than half a dozen times, on Spring Hill. That was after you were married and gone. The last night I spent in town it was moonlight—I climbed up in the yellow tree and tried to make her elope with me out of her bedroom window. Much as she wanted to—for she loved me—she wouldn't. Your family never allowed me in the house, and she wouldn't go against their wishes. I wasn't much of a catch, as you seem to remember. And there hasn't been a day since that I haven't thought of her." Mrs. Chemford accepted this last remark with a dry, incredulous cough. "Could you ride out to Melita's with me—now?"

"Why do you want me?" Strange how the idea of going anywhere with Wally Morgan went against the grain, after nearly fifty years!

"At first I wanted to go alone, but since I have talked with you, Luella, the forty-five years seem appallingly in the way. If Melita isn't glad to see me, it will be easier to pass it off casually with you there."

MRS. CHEMFORD, who had changed to her best spring garments, felt more tolerant of Wally Morgan as she sat bowling along by his side in the finest car she had ever seen. She grew almost eager, as she pointed out landmarks, and he was the more perturbed of the two when the car finally stopped at Hollyhock House. Over the edge of the fence smiled the blossoming yellow tree. It was the "on" year for apples.

"Foolish old tree tries to act as if it was young!" remarked Mrs. Chemford tactlessly in her excitement.

When Wally Morgan lifted the latch of the green gate and held it open for her, she rustled importantly up the crooked walk and to the Doric-columned piazza. Always superior when she visited her old home, Mrs. Chemford felt today like Fate herself clad in navy-blue taffeta and a new spring hat with bachelor's buttons on it. Miss Greenaway was nowhere to be seen, and Wally Morgan, who stood just inside the gate gazing about him in a trance, hardly seemed to hear her when she said she would hunt up Melita and prepare her.

Abby answered the door sourly—she didn't

The Nestlé Permanent Wave A trial for $2.00

THE Nestlé Home-Outfit has made such a success with women who have their own hair waved that we feel that only a little further encouragement on our part is needed to prevail upon thousands of readers of Good Housekeeping to give the Nestlé-wave a trial in their homes.

Send us today a cheque or money-order for $19.00 (the price of the Nestlé Home-Outfit, complete). We will send the Home-Outfit immediately, with full instructions. Do some trial work on your hair (the hair cannot suffer under any circumstances). Use no more than five of the curlers and don't keep the outfit more than seven days. If after trial you find permanent-waving at home not to your taste return the outfit and we will, without questioning your reasons, immediately return you $17.00, retaining but $2.00 to cover partly the cost of packing, shipping and use of materials.

Over 12,000 of these outfits are now in private use

Illustrated booklet free

C. NESTLÉ CO.
12 and 14 East 49th St., New York
Just off Fifth Avenue

Tired Feet Cause Wrinkles

Aching, tired feet sap your energy, causing weariness, loss of temper - - - - - - wrinkles.

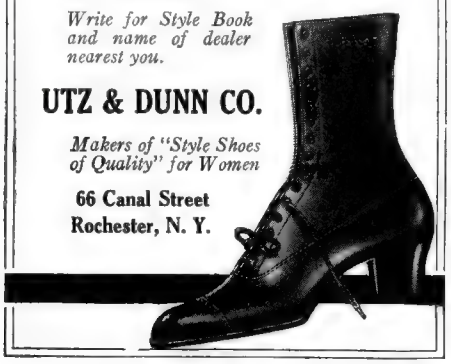
Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe

"The Easiest Shoe for Women"

Gives extraordinary foot comfort when walking or standing. This popular shoe contains an innersole of live, wool felt which excludes dampness and eliminates jar. The cushion conforms with the sole of the foot, permits free blood circulation and protects sensitive foot nerves.

If you do much walking or standing, put your weary, tired feet in these restful, comfortable, stylish Dr. Edison Cushion Shoes. The graceful arch, modish lines and excellent finish are exceptional for comfort shoes.

Write for Style Book and name of dealer nearest you.



UTZ & DUNN CO.

Makers of "Style Shoes of Quality" for Women

66 Canal Street
Rochester, N. Y.

Secrets

Many secrets you will find revealed in the green box of

★Nadine Face Powder

They are secrets which every woman would solve—secrets of personal charm.

The secret of a rose-petal complexion—NADINE'S own gift to womanhood.

The secret of lasting charm, charm which endures throughout the day.

The secret of skin comfort—of refreshing coolness, with never a hint of harm.

To you, as to a million other women, NADINE will reveal these intimate secrets.

It remains only for you to procure NADINE from your favorite toilet counter or by mail—60c.

NATIONAL TOILET CO.,
Department G.H.
Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White

The ONE BUTTON Slumber Suit

IT keeps the little folks warm and comfortable, this new

HATCHWAY SLUMBER SUIT

A row of buttons down the back is uncomfortable to lie on, and dangerous because they *will* come undone and expose the little body to sudden chills. One button on the shoulder is much simpler and more sensible, and of course doesn't need constant repairing.

This slumber suit is made only in a soft, warm, heavy cotton fabric very slightly fleeced on the inside. All sizes are made with feet and a roomy drop seat. This garment is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send remittance with instructions to our mill at Albany, New York, and you will be supplied direct, delivery prepaid anywhere. In ordering, specify an ample size as the suit should fit loosely while the child is sleeping. For that reason it is made in even ages only.

Age 2—$1.50 Age 4—$1.60
Age 6—$1.70 Age 8—$1.80
Age 10—$1.90

Made by the makers of the well-known Hatch One-Button Union Suit

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.
Albany, Dept. B, New York

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

★Liquid Silmerine

is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Dr. Esenwein

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*, 13 volumes; descriptive booklet free. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 20 cents, annual subscription $2.00. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. ***Please Address***

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 67 Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

A Splendid Xmas Gift 65¢

65c. Pair of 6 inch **Bayberry Candles.** Mailed with a Sprig of Bayberry and Hand-Colored Gift Card they are irresistible. See Cat. page 67.

Our Big Catalog pictures thousands of splendid gifts—it makes your Xmas shopping easy—a list of your friends and our Big Gift Book are all you need. Send for the book Today—NOW. It's **FREE** and it's a **Great Big Help.**

THE HOLMES CO. 819 ELMWOOD
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

"Home-Making, as a Profession"

Is a 100 pp. ill. handbook—it's FREE. Home study *Domestic Science* courses, fitting for well-paid positions and home efficiency.
Am. School of Home Economics, 507 W. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

10 Buys ¢100

Millions Billions in use to-day

Engel "Art Corners"

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in album. NO PASTE NEEDED

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitution, there is nothing as good. **10c** brings full pkg. and samples. From **Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 32D, 1456 Leland Ave., Chicago**

This Tiny-Tot Cap Was Made By Hand

It was crocheted by a woman in her home, and into it went almost as much love and tenderness as though it were for her own baby.

Every thread of it is soft, warm wool, and it comes in white, blue or pink. It fits the little head snugly and is the ideal head covering for baby in wintertime.

The Tiny-Tot Cap is only one of numerous articles we make for baby's wardrobe. There are cute little booties and dainty sacques—all knitted by hand, every stitch. Every mother should have our catalogue. A copy will be sent free on request.

If you want the cap illustrated, No. 11, send $2.40, and it will be sent at once, charges paid. Please give age of baby, and color wanted. Your money will be returned if you are not satisfied.

Frederick D. Johnson Company,
Dept. B
Bay City, Mich.

Genuine Castile

Made in Castile, Spain, for over 114 years, from purest olive oil. Cleansing, soothing, and ideal for the most sensitive skin. A true bath and complexion soap—absolutely PURE, always wholesome, always safe. *Order by name* — frauds are dangerous.

At your dealer's or send his name and address with 60c for 3 full-size cakes.

LOCKWOOD, BRACKETT CO.
Direct Importers
222 State Street
Boston, Mass.

Aluminized Metal Crates

For Parcel Post. Indestructible. No breaks. Thousands in use. All sizes. Sold by good dealers, or postal us for circulars.

Metal Egg Crate Company
Fredericksburg, Va.

The Yellow Tree

like surprises—and after a withering inquiry as to whether anybody was dying, she reluctantly admitted that Miss Greenaway was in her room.

"I'm coming up, Melita!" called Mrs. Chemford, her skirts murmuring prosperously about her as she climbed the old, wooden staircase which squeaked its welcome in the same old places, the third and eleventh steps.

"All right," replied calm tones. "Come along!"

"In your own room?"

"Yes, Luella."

Mrs. Chemford panted in to find her sister in the act of pinning her grandmother's brooch in the front of one of her gowns. They kissed affectionately.

"Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Chemford. And then, before Miss Greenaway could answer, she added, "Wherever you're going, you'll never get there!"

Miss Greenaway took no heed of this odd statement, but remarked, as she went to the closet for her hat, "I was going to call on the minister's wife. She's poorly. If you don't wish to accompany me, I'll send her a note and a glass of quince jelly. What is the matter with you today, Luella? It isn't hot, but your face is almost purple."

"Melita, Wally Morgan is down in the yard and he wants to know if you'll come down and see him."

AS she uttered the few simple words, Luella Chemford felt changed from a self-possessed woman of no small social importance to a vandal who had burst into a sanctuary and was treading blasphemously on sacred things. After the words were out, she began to tremble as she stared at the slowly crimsoning Melita. Any one in the next room would not have noticed much of a pause between what Luella said and what Melita answered, but to Mrs. Chemford those few seconds had the immensity of forty-five years. She was dizzied at being rushed back and forth through time. And when Miss Greenaway did speak, she said something which everlastingly endeared her to the most critical relative. Entirely without bitterness, her reply showed the very essence and depths of her sweetness and, above all, her naiveté. For when she realized the full meaning of what Luella had said, her hand strayed to her shining gold and silver hair to pat it more primly into place, and she said with soft eagerness,

"I'll come down if Wally won't begin tormenting me again!"

Apparently willing to risk any and all torments, however, she fled past Mrs. Chemford down the stairs, which didn't creak beneath her because she knew where to spare the tired old things, and she ran down the front steps, leaving her years behing her, down the path to Wally Morgan, where he stood under the blossoming yellow tree.

It would be pleasant to state that Mrs. Chemford, restrained by a delicate desire to let the former lovers—if such they were—have their meeting entirely to themselves, remained discreetly within the doors of Hollyhock House. Such, alas, was not the case. The old-fashioned, protruding iron catch of Miss Greenaway's bedroom door reached out almost humanly, and grabbed Mrs. Chemford's blue taffeta hip and tore the new silk in a way that would always show. To baste up this rent was a matter of several minutes, and when Mrs Chemford finally reached the yellow tree, the meeting was over and done with, and the tree alone had been a witness. Melita and Wally sat unashamed on the rocking Windsor bench with clasped hands, looking at each other with beatific unbelief. Wally immediately brought down a chair from the piazza for Mrs. Chemford, who seated herself a little apart, like a spectator who has come in a little late to a most absorbing play and listens doubly hard hoping to catch hints of what she has missed.

Abby must be told! At this thought Miss Greenaway fell into a mild panic and fled into

Buy Jewelry–Diamonds Watches–Silver–etc.

Direct by Mail

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.

Manufacturing Wholesale and Retail Jewelers and Diamond Importers

From our 45th Annual Catalog (which we will be pleased to mail to you free) we have selected at random a few interesting items—as follows. Money refunded unless entirely satisfied.

Alhambra Pearl Necklaces

Our foreign agencies, after a long and careful search, have selected the Alhambra Pearls for their superior quality and rich, iridescent beauty. They possess the smooth, lustrous surface and the rich, delicate rainbow hues of the finest Oriental Pearls.

Each Necklace is furnished in a beautiful gray velvet case, as illustrated.

16-inch Alhambra Necklace . . . **$10**
18-inch Alhambra Necklace . **$12.50**
24-inch Alhambra Necklace . . . **$15**
30-inch Alhambra Necklace . . . **$18**

Write for Free Catalog on "How to Buy Diamonds"

Deliveries prepaid to any address

No. 10871H. Diamond Mounted in Onyx. This solid gold ring in the new green gold finish, is richly pierced. Perfectly cut blue white diamond embedded in black onyx top **$25.00**

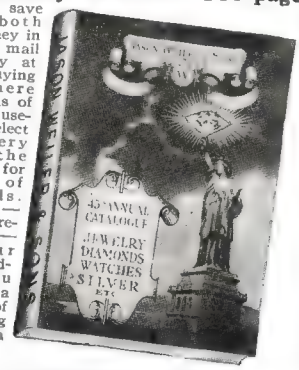
No. 60066H. Saffein Leather Pocket Book with mirror, 6x4 in. **$1.95**

Silver monogram $1.25 extra.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

of Jewelry—Diamonds—Watches—Silver—Pearls—Toilet Goods—Leather Goods—Umbrellas—Clocks—Cut Glass—Fountain Pens and Hundreds of Other Articles.

This beautifully illustrated 144-page Book will save you both time and money in shopping by mail—particularly at this gift buying season. There are thousands of beautiful and useful gifts to select from for every member of the family and for every one of your friends. Write today—a postal card request will do—with your name and address—you will receive a Free copy of this catalog by return mail.



Jason Weiler & Sons

335 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers, since 1870
Diamond Importers since 1876

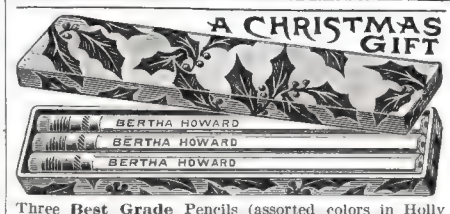
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam, London and Paris

CONWAY'S HAND-MADE BABY CLOTHES FROM NEW ORLEANS

Real hand-made garments, Designed and hand-sewed by French needlework artistes. Every article a work of art—dainty and exquisite. Made of the finest materials. Like imported garments, but at domestic prices. On request will show baby caps, coats, skirts, dresses, slips, layettes, etc. Sizes, Infants to 4 years. Get something different for YOUR baby. Sent on approval.

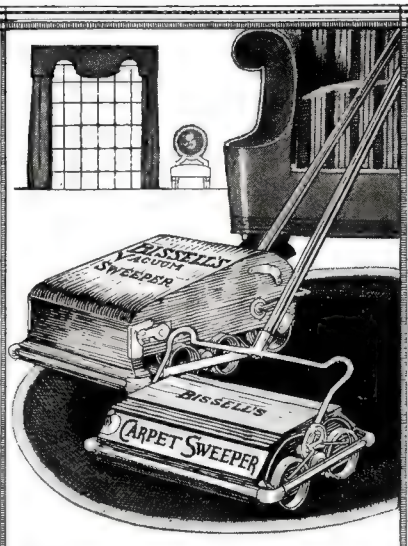
CONWAY'S 2912 Prytania St. New Orleans, La.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT



Three **Best Grade** Pencils (assorted colors in Holly Box) with **your name** stamped **in gold** sent **Post Paid** for **50 cents;** a most pleasing gift for boys and girls. Send check, money order or U. S. Postage. Orders filled within 48 hours.

F. O. BALLARD, The "Pencil Man," 10 Spruce St., N.Y. City



These home cleaners make cleaner homes

Highest efficiency
Lowest cost

HOMES are brighter, healthier and happier where these two friends of the housewife keep rugs and carpets free from dust and dirt.

They are always ready for instant use. Simply run them over the floor with one hand and the day's cleaning is done. Easy to carry up and down stairs or from room to room.

Bissell's New Lightweight Vacuum Sweeper develops more suction than the average electric, and of course costs much less.

★BISSELL'S

Carpet Sweepers and Vacuum Sweepers

Put your sweeping reliance on a Bissell's Appliance

Carried in leading stores almost everywhere. If you cannot see Bissell's demonstrated in your store, send for booklet. Price $9 to $17.50. "Cyco" Ball Bearing Carpet Sweepers are $9 and less. Prices depend upon style and locality.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
230 Erie St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Made in Canada, too

★ The Royal Ossco All Steel Sanitary Kitchen Cabinet

Pride!

The pride the modern woman takes in her kitchen centers in the Royal Ossco Kitchen Cabinet. Built of snow white enameled steel, it is beautiful, sanitary and everlasting.

Write for catalogue

THE OHIO STATE STOVE AND MFG. COMPANY
COLUMBUS OHIO

RESTORES
FLOORS
BANISTERS
STAIRS
WOODWORK

Be Proud of Your Fine Old Woodwork

Take care of it. Restore its original lustre and smoothness, the rare beauty of its finish. You can do it easily with

BUTCHER'S
BOSTON POLISH
A Hard Wax Finish

A polish with a *wax body* which *fills in* surface breaks —and then polishes. Superior to thin oil, or ordinary wax, which give merely a surface polish.

Used for generations in American homes famous for their beautiful woodwork.

Send 25c for large sample can.

THE BUTCHER POLISH CO.,
Boston, Mass.

"The favorite for three generations."

Electro Silicon

A small quantity of Electro-Silicon lightly applied, removes the tarnish from Silverware and all fine metals without scratching or wearing the most delicate surface.

Cleans glassware beautifully.

A careful housekeeper who cleans with

Electro-Silicon

lightens her work and keeps her choice Silver and Glassware polished like new.

Electro-Silicon can be had either in Cream or Powder form.
Powder, 10c. size,
Cream, 10 and 25c. size.

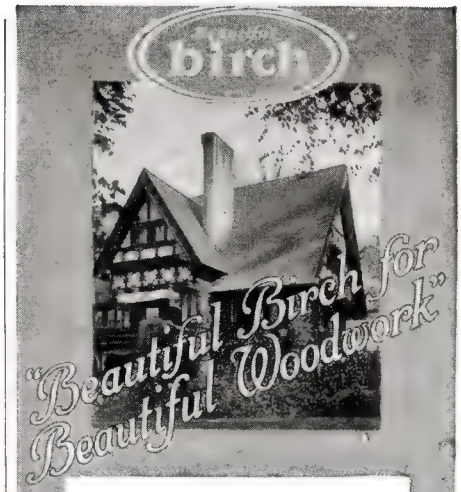
Send address for Free Sample.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

Electro Silicon Co.
30 Cliff St.,
New York City

BASKETRY and CRAFT MATERIALS

Free catalog. Reeds, raffia, wooden bases, chair cane, dyes, books, tools for work in leather, beads, stencilling, wood block printing, china, glass painting, painted wood, weaving, carving, jewelry, copper, pottery. **Louis Stoughton Drake, Inc., 27 Everett St., Allston 34, Boston, Mass.**



DOES BIRCH SUIT—not somebody else—but YOU? It *does* appeal to thousands of homebuilders as being the best value for the money in beauty, wear resistance, durability and general adaptability which the market affords. We believe that your Birch woodwork will please you to the utmost—permanently—and it is very simple for you to KNOW that it will. Simply ask us to send you FREE the illuminating "Birch book" which tells the whole story.

The Birch Manufacturers
206 F.R.A. Bldg. Oshkosh, Wis.

TRADE STOVOIL MARK

A Liquid Stove Polish

Cleans and polishes lastingly. Kills *rust*. Prevents rusting.

Doesn't Stain Your HANDS

Price - - - - - - 50c

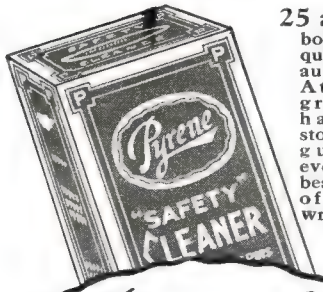
Ask your dealer or send 50c to

Superior Laboratories
Dept. 10
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Gloves Spotted? Use PYRENE Cleaner

See how stains vanish when Pyrene Safety Cleaner is used. And note the pleasant, faint odor. Note, too, how quickly this slight aroma disappears. Pyrene cannot injure the most delicate fabrics.

NON-INFLAMMABLE
NON-EXPLOSIVE



25 and 50c. bottles. Also quart cans for automobilists. At all drug, grocery and hardware stores. Your guarantee: every bottle bears the label of the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Pyrene SAFETY CLEANER

PYRENE Mfg. Company
Makers of Pyrene Fire Extinguisher

"Spots Take Wings"

ROUGH ON RATS

Never-Failing Exterminator

No need to be troubled with rats and mice. "Rough On Rats" never fails to clear the premises of these pests when used according to directions. It is *not* a ready-mixed exterminator; rats do not learn to avoid it because the food you mix it with can be changed as necessary. It tempts old and young rats alike. At drug and general stores. "Ending Rats and Mice"—booklet—sent free.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

The Yellow Tree

the house to return followed by a none-too-cordial Abby. The remembrance of all that Wally Morgan had been was writ uncompromisingly on Abby's face. After she had shaken hands grudgingly and then wiped her hand mechanically on her apron, she said that if Miss Melita was bound to have some seed cake and dandelion wine, she'd better get it at once, and she marched away haughtily, as much as to say:

"So we have come down to *this!*"

Never was a small brother more hoplessly in the way than Mrs. Chemford: At length, seeing there was no chance of her showing any mercy, Wally Morgan announced that he would take Miss Greenaway for a short ride, and he took Melita's arm and led her almost forcibly out through the green gate. Mrs. Chemford and Abby, who had been watching and listening behind the blinds, pursued them with wraps but were too late, and stood staring at each other with their arms full of shawls and sweaters.

"The only time your mother ever spanked Melita was when she said she thought Wally Morgan would be a nice little boy if he was cleaned up!" said Abby. "It all came back to me in a rush and made me so nervous I could hardly open the wine."

One must keep one's dignity before the servants. "Mr. Morgan had no mother, and his father was shiftless," Mrs. Chemford recalled extenuatingly for Abby's benefit.

"Melita must have known you folks wouldn't stand for the marriage."

After all, it was useless to try and be grand with Abby. Besides—

"Abby, did you ever see him cleaned up before today?"

"Oh, my, yes! Last two years he lived here Wally Morgan used to usher in church. But nobody ever got used to seeing him neat. There's a few folks left round town that still say 'as dirty as little Wally Morgan'!"

"He says he's got a valet now, Abby." Mrs. Chemford returned to the grand manner.

"Don't care how many valets he's got, he'll always be a byword."

"I know it," seesawed Mrs. Chemford. "I've always said it myself, and both my children were brought up on 'as dirty as littleWally Morgan.'"

MEANTIME Miss Greenaway and Wally Morgan sat under an apple-tree on Spring Hill. The chauffeur had been told to come back in two hours.

"Almost as wonderful as finding you, was finding our old post-office alive and blossoming."

"I've still got the first letter you ever wrote me and left in the yellow tree. 'I love you, Melita. Do you love me? Wally.' And it was *so* dirty!"

"I haven't got your neat little answer, but I remember it. 'I *might* love you, Wally, if you would wash your face and hands. Melita.'"

"Wally, there's something about a lonely, grimy little boy that even yet I can't resist!"

"And there's something about a clean, sweet prim little girl, Melita—"

"Ah, well!" they sighed in chorus.

"I married all in a hurry in the vain hope of forgetting you. It wasn't fair to anybody. But I always thought, underneath, that I'd come back."

"And here you are, Wally!"

"Are you ready, Melita?"

"I knew you'd begin to pester me again! Yes, I'm ready, and so are all my things. Although I told myself that you might never come, yet I thought it was better to be prepared in case you came in a hurry some day."

"I'm in an awful hurry now, Melita."

"Well, then, we'll have the wedding tomorrow and ask everybody. I want my Boston and New York relatives. The Boston ones are club-crazy, every one of 'em. They've organized everything except their own home and their lives, and I can't make any impression on them. Most of all, I want you to see Nancy, from Park Avenue. If ever there

Style G 509
Fine Georgette blouse given long lines by the V-shaped vestee and rows of tucks and fagotting.

STOUT BLOUSES

After the ordinary "extra size" waist, these models are a delight.

Besides fitting perfectly, they are so cleverly designed in the latest styles that they create a fashionable appearance and lessen the apparent size.

Made in the newest silks and cottons, and sold in good stores everywhere. If you are unable to obtain R & Z Stout Waists, we shall be glad to supply you direct. Write for booklet of our most successful styles in blouses and overblouses.

All Moderately Priced — Sizes 42½ to 56½. Also Regular Sizes

REUBEN & ZUCKERMAN, Inc.
Dept. G.
119-125 West 24th Street, New York

The label below, sewed on the belt of every genuine R & Z Stout Waist, is your assurance of a FASHIONABLE and PERFECT FITTING stout blouse. Look for it.

STOUT R and Z WAISTS

The foundation of good dressing is
LI FALCO
Underwear for Women

MADE by Specialists in Knit Underwear for Women.

Daintily finished, form fitted and skillfully tailored from finely woven fabric that gives *warmth* without *bulk.*

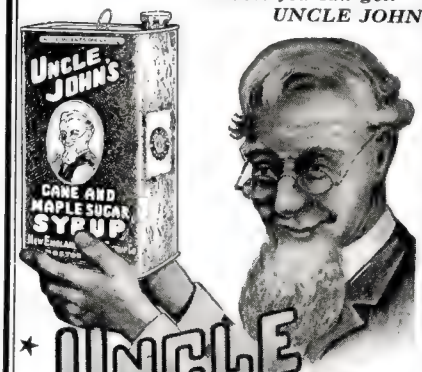
Always ask for

LI FALCO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Vests, Pants, Tights, Union Suits
Little Falls Mfg. Co., Little Falls, New York

"I cal'late my Syrup's the best you can get."
UNCLE JOHN



UNCLE JOHN'S SYRUP

Poured over a juicy, well-browned

BAKED APPLE

puts a finishing touch on one of our nicest breakfast dishes. With UNCLE JOHN'S SYRUP, it is a very pleasing dessert as well.

It is a real surprise even to some of our best friends, to know how many good things can be made better with a pour of

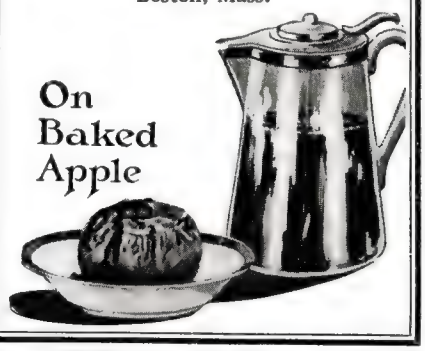
UNCLE JOHN'S SYRUP

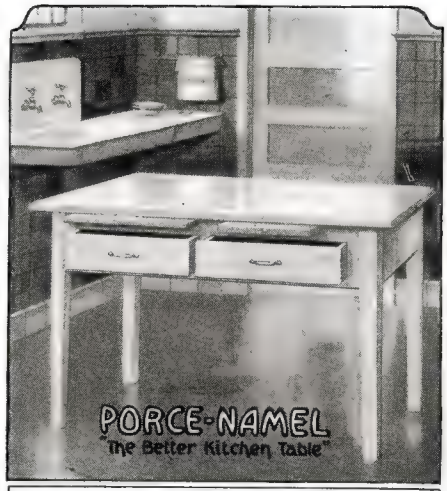
As necessary on your table
As the sugar and the cream

Delicious with Pan Cakes, Waffles, Hot Biscuits, Toast, Cereals and Grapefruit.

4 Convenient Sizes.
Send TODAY for book of recipes.

NEW ENGLAND MAPLE SYRUP CO.,
Boston, Mass.





Put a Table Like This in Your Kitchen

Are you toiling at an old-fashioned rough wooden kitchen table?

Why not *furnish* your kitchen with a beautiful, sanitary *Porce-Namel*, the "Better Kitchen Table?"

You'll do your work twice as quickly with its many conveniences. Many of the patterns are fitted with a revolving swinging seat. You can rest as you work.

A snow-white *Porce-Namel* table, white enamel inside and out, with top as shiny and clean as a china plate, will give a touch of beauty to your kitchen. It is the *one* piece of furniture that enthusiastic housewives love and are proud of. Many patterns to choose from. Prices surprisingly low for such finely constructed and handsome furniture.

★ *See Porce-Namel Tables at your furniture dealer's. If not found there, write us. We will see that you get a style that suits you.*

Mutschler Brothers Company
NAPPANEE, INDIANA
Makers of Fine Tables Since 1896.

AN OLD FAVORITE AND A NEW ONE

"RUMME"---a splendid card game---made more exciting than ever and brought right down-to-date. A combination of ten famous games in one and one of the most popular of

Bradley's THE WORLD'S BEST GAMES

Another great game for young folks is "UNCLE WIGGILY"---the Happy-Rabbit Game---keeps the children interested for hours. Fascinating---thrilling---exciting. The best work of Howard R. Garis, author of the famous "Uncle Wiggily" tales.

Ask your dealer for these games, also for

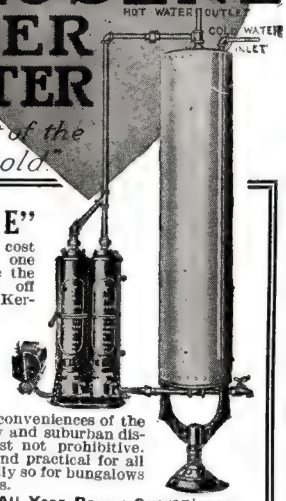
SPOOF
PIRATE AND TRAVELER

on sale at department, novelty, stationery and toy stores everywhere.

MILTON BRADLEY CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
"Makers of the World's Best Games"

"The HOLYOKE" KEROSENE WATER HEATER

It's the Heart of the ★Household



THE "HOLYOKE"

reduces the high cost of living. Have one installed and note the immediate falling off of your fuel bill. Kerosene, long considered an ideal fuel, is safe, low-priced, easy to handle and available in every nook and corner of the country.

Have hot water conveniences of the city in the country and suburban districts and at a cost not prohibitive. Very convenient and practical for all homes and especially so for bungalows and summer homes.

A Wonderful All Year Roun Convenience

Write us and learn more of this efficient heater that is installed in thousands of homes and that gives entire satisfaction. NOTE—This heater may be connected to the regular range boiler without interfering with the connections—not necessary to install a special storage tank.

Ask your Plumber--Progressive Plumbers install and recommend it, or write us for literature and information.

HOLYOKE HEATER COMPANY, Holyoke, Mass.
LIVE DEALERS SHOULD WRITE FOR OUR PROPOSITION

Eat Dr. Von's Health Biscuit

The Natural treatment for constipation

TWO to six biscuits a day will help keep the bowels regular. Very palatable. Especially desirable for keeping children healthy. Contain no drugs. Used for years by sufferers from constipation. Three sizes—35c cartons, $1.00 tin, $1.50 popular Household caddy. Sent postpaid. Order today. 25c extra west of Mississippi.

J. S. IVINS' SON, Inc.
635 N. Broad Street.
In Philadelphia since 1846

You'll Smile— Then You'll Laugh!

Read "Thanksgivin'," by Abe Martin, on page 67, and "Brite and Fair," by Judge Henry A. Shute, on page 68. You'll enjoy both of them.

For fun for the kiddies, turn to pages 38 and 39 where Harrison Cady has drawn "Coasting Down Butternut Hill."

PURITY CROSS Welsh Rarebit

Smooth as velvet-always, and so tasty!

Handy tins - All Quality Stores.

FREE BOOKLET
"The Daily Menu Maker"
PURITY CROSS MODEL KITCHEN
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

POULTRY AND RABBITS
De Puy's Great Rabbit Book, 25c. Poultry Advocate $1.00 year. Paper one year and Book, $1.15. Sample copy and Book List FREE. AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, Dept. B-56, Syracuse, N.Y.

COPLEY CRAFT CHRISTMAS CARDS

Hand-colored, sent on approval. An individual line, known both for beauty of its hand-coloring and for its distinctive verses. Special rates to Gift Shops. Personal mail orders attended to. Write for samples.
JESSIE H. McNICOL, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

There Are Two Good Things About November—Thanksgiving and Sausage!

It's the season when everybody begins to listen for that welcome sizzle in the morning and to sniff the air for Sausage!
Don't disappoint them; don't give them anything less delicious, less wholesome than Hormel's Dairy Brand. Full of juicy tenderness, no tough particles, every bite melts in the mouth. And the seasoning has a sweet yet pungent delicacy.

HORMEL'S

★ *Dairy Brand*

Pork Products

are from "preferred porkers" raised in the dairy section of the Northwest, far from congested packing centers.
If your quality store cannot supply you, send us your dealer's name.

GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
Department B **Austin, Minn.**

The name "Hormel's Dairy Brand" on Pork Products is your certificate of QUALITY.

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

Season It

Here is a seasoning which puts temptation into dishes.

A rare Seasoning
of every imaginable condiment except salt.

For salad dressings, meats, soups, gravies, stews, fish. In 15c., 25c. and 1-lb. cans, at dealer's. Or send us 20c. for a 2-oz. can and Henry Dietz' Recipe Folder.

C. F. Blanke Sales Co., Dept. 2, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Distributors of Famous Faust Instant Coffee and Tea.

★ **FAUST CHILE POWDER**

The Yellow Tree

lived a mistaken darling! And I haven't been able to do anything with her, either!"

Before they returned to Hollyhock House, they stopped at the station and wired the relatives, they got the license and the minister and the caterer and the boy choir and the florist, and they invited every dirty little boy and girl on Miss Greenaway's list to come the nex t da at five o'clock.

"So everything is arranged, and there's nothing to do!" smiled Miss Greenaway upon her astonished sister.

"What'll you be married in?" gasped Mrs. Chemford.

"Her wedding dress," said Abby. "I know you got one, Melita, because I caught you parading round in it nights, sometimes."

"I didn't see why I *shouldn't* have a wedding dress, feeling as I did about Wally," said Melita shamelessly. "I'll go right up and get it out; it may need a little pressing."

The three women, each according to her limitations, rushed up to the garret, leaving the bridegroom neglected, as bridegrooms always are and always will be.

WHEN Mrs. Chemford found that Miss Greenaway's wedding dress was of the finest white satin, that it was made simply and hung with old point, and though anything but stylish, had an odd effect of beauty, that the slipper and stockings, though yellowed, were all the lovelier in hue, she began to feel that Wally Morgan must not be permitted to marry into the Greenaway family without a formal session with some one. He might not be so prosperous as he appeared; he might be marrying Melita for her slender means. Characteristically, Melita hadn't asked him a thing about his worldly affairs. The grand chauffeur and car might have been borrowed. The valet might be a myth.

"Melita has only just enough to live on," she began, when she joined the bridegroom.

"You are wondering about my circumstances, Luella?" he said. He seemed to have a disconcerting way of anticipating what you were going to say. "That's right—and natural. Melita didn't ask me, but I guess that was because she knew I wouldn't ask her if I couldn't look out for her."

"Then you are well-fixed?"

"I've got a little laid by. But I don't own anything as valuable as Hollyhock House."

"Then you aren't rich!" In spite of herself disappointment cooled her tones.

"Riches haven't got anything to do with this wedding, Luella, and I'm not going to desecrate the air with talk of dollars. You are entitled to know that I've got—enough."

Because they were so astounded, the relatives forsook business, bridge, and the welfare of the human race, and arrived, every last one of them, with wedding gifts and incredulity, on the four-thirty. It was an unusual gathering that took place under the yellow tree, for that is where they were married. It didn't dare rain for such a wedding. The bride and the groom and the many children took the wedding as a matter of course, but the grown-ups, including the minister, looked as if they had just been roused from sleep and didn't know quite where they were.

"Mother," said Benjamin Chemford, when everything was over, and he was bringing his mother a second plate of chicken salad, "do you happen to know who Wally Morgan is?"

"Don't tell me, Benny, now that they're married, that he's served a sentence of forty-three years in j—?"

"Hardly!" Benjamin lowered his voice. "He's made millions in—"

"I see that the yellow tree is beginning to crack," said Zelda triumphantly. "It always was a homely shape, and I hope Uncle Wally will have it cut right down—if he keeps the place, that is."

"Your Uncle Wally had a tree doctor looking after it this morning," said Mrs. Chemford.

"I don't see how anybody as silly as that

It's the Unique Edge

Bread is so tempting when it appears on the table in thin, even slices—it goes so much further and seems to taste so much better.

With the

★ ***Lightning*** THIN SLICE ***BREAD KNIFE***

you can easily cut your bread—even fresh bread—into just such slices.

And it cuts your beautifully iced cake without crushing or breaking the delicate frosting.

It is the unique, serrated edge that marks the superiority of the Lightning Bread Knife.

Wiebusch & Hilger ESTABLISHED 1864 LTD
106 Lafayette Street
New York City

Wiebusch & Hilger, Ltd.,
106 Lafayette Street, New York City

Enclosed find 50c. Please send me a "Lightning" Thin-Slice Bread Knife.

Name .....

Address.. .....

My dealer's name is .....

★ **Delicious Muffins**

For Diabetics

From famous HEPCO Flour. High per cent of fats and protein—scarcely a trace of starch.

Ten 2c stamps will bring ¼-pound sample—enough for a heaping plate of muffins or gems. Address

Waukesha Health Products Co.
160 Spring Drive, Waukesha, Wis.
Ask Your Doctor

FREE!

Just send name and address on a postal card and get this big 175-page jewelry book FREE and Postpaid from world's largest mail order jewelers. It is filled with unusual money-saving offers in all kinds of Jewelry, Diamonds, Fine Cutlery, Choice Novelties, etc. All goods are sold direct to user at money-saving prices and on money-back guarantee.

No. 608A—Solid 10K Gold Bar Pin. Set with amethyst in center, 2 pearls, and green gold trimmed. **Price only $4.**

10,000 Articles to Choose From

Every article of the unlimited selection afforded by this big book is a real bargain in the finest Jewelry offered for the money in America.

No. 551A—Genuine Pink Shell Cameo Ring. Little finger ring. Solid 10K heavy gold mounting, white gold trimmed. **Specially priced at $6.**

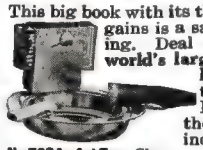
Save Money on Jewelry

Satisfaction or Money Back

Prove for yourself that you can save money by dealing with the old, time-tried, reliable house of **Baird-North.** Order any article shown here and if you are not absolutely satisfied with the value received, we will refund your money at once.

Send Now for FREE Jewelry Book

This big book with its thousands of jewelry bargains is a safe guide to jewelry buying. Deal with **Baird-North Co.—world's largest mail order jewelry house—established more than 25 years.** Buy from Providence, the heart of the jewelry manufacturing industry. **Send TODAY.**



No. 703A—Ash Tray, Glass lined brass tray with two cigar rests and holder for box of safety matches. 4 1-2 inch diameter. **Price only 89 cents.**

BAIRD-NORTH CO.

Established 1895 Capital, $1,000,000

739 Broad St. Providence, R. I.

The Ideal

Christmas Gift

fragrant with

★ *Parfum*

Mary Garden

Write for "L'art de la Toilette" to—

Rigaud

16 Rue de la Paix PARIS

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO. NEW YORK

His Music Masterpieces

and 2,000 others

all 15c each

YOU know Paderewski's "Menuet"—his masterful composition is world famous. But, do you know that you can buy it for 15c—beautifully printed on the best of paper—certified to be correct as the master wrote it?

That is the achievement of ***Century Certified Edition Sheet Music***—for 15c you can select from masterpieces like *"Madrigale," "Il Trovatore," "Humoresque," "Barcarolle," "Melody in F," "Butterfly," "Harlein," "Shepherd's Dance," "First Tarantelle," "Grand Marche de Concert," "Il Puritani," "The Brook," "La Scintilla," "Mazurka No. 2,"* "*The Palms,*" and practically all the other standard classics.

Insist on Century Edition

When you buy music, select the dealer who has Century. You'll get the best music at a real saving and deal with a merchant who is fair minded and broadminded. Remember, Century at 15c means a low profit for him. Insist on Century. If your dealer won't supply you, we will. Catalogue of over 2,000 classical and standard compositions free on request.

Ask your dealer to show you Martin's "Elementary Rudiments for the Piano" and Jahn's "Elementary Rudiments for the Violin."

CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
227 West 40th St. New York City

CENTURY
Certified
EDITION
SHEET MUSIC

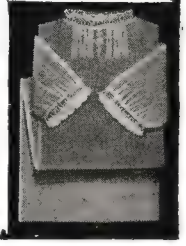
Hand-Made Slip

$2.75

No. 1024 Nainsook. Tucks, feather-stitching. French knots and embroidery. Neck and sleeves edged with entre-deux and lace. Infants' 6 mos., 1 and 2 yrs. Satisfaction guaranteed. $2.75, delivered.

De Lis Infants' Wear

Made by French needleworkers in old New Orleans. Beautiful, dainty work—unusually low priced. Also full line of crêpe-de-chine dresses, coats and caps to match.



Special Xmas Selections

Assortments made up for Xmas will be sent on approval. Ask for special folder. Get our beautiful catalog showing full line

DE LIS

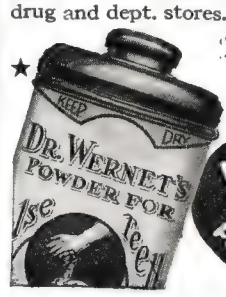
Dept. A-11, New Orleans

Avoid False Teeth Discomfort

Your false teeth troubles may be caused by a condition your dentist can correct—consult him. **Until you visit your dentist get relief by using Dr. Wernet's Powder.** Keeps dental plates from dropping and permits you to eat, laugh, and talk with ease. Mildly antiseptic. At drug and dept. stores.

30c, 60c and $1.00

Wernet Dental Mfg. Co.,
112 Beekman Street,
New York City



DR. WERNET'S POWDER FOR FALSE TEETH

Knitting yarns direct from the mill

Free
73 Samples

First quality all wool worsted yarn. At a saving of 20 to 40 per cent. Send today for free Peace Dale sample card—4 weights—45 lovely colors—73 samples in all. Heathers, the new Fibre Silk and Worsted Mixtures, Germantowns, heavy Sweater Yarns, Shetland Floss. Strong, good wearing yarns. Smooth and even. Knit up beautifully. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write today. Peace Dale Mills, Sales Office, Dept. 231, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Peace Dale Mills founded 1801

Write for sample card today

FREE! for 15 Days' Use

Sent on Free Trial A Famous Piedmont Red Cedar Chest. Your choice of many styles and designs sent on 15 days' free trial. *A Piedmont protects furs, woolens and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp.* Pays for itself in what it saves. The finest and most unique Xmas, wedding or birthday gift. *Write today for our great new illustrated catalog—postpaid free to you. Also ask for a free package of fragrant Red Cedar shavings.*

Direct from Factory to Home

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 10, Statesville, N. C.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

Cards and Folders to hand color—fascinating work—big profits. Our 1920 Christmas, Birthday, Tally and Place cards are in stock. Send for our illustrated catalog "Pleasant Pages" Free. LITTLE ART SHOP, 626 F St. N. W., Wash., D. C.

Quick Relief

NOTHING is more comforting than heat, for dozens of ailments. It soothes quickly and safely. To insure a satisfactory water bottle —ready at any time for all members of the family—use the dependable

Whitall Tatum Maroon "Special"

No better bottle can be made at any price; doubly reinforced; guaranteed two years, but lasts much longer.

Obtainable at all first-class drug stores

$3.50 for two qt. size $3.75 West of Mississippi

Other Sizes

Whitall Tatum Company

75 Years Makers of Dependable Goods

227-lb Man will not burst it

New York Philadelphia Boston San Francisco

My! but she's a lucky little girl to have an Effanbee Doll

EVERYBODY *knows* that little girls love dolls. And Effanbee Dolls are made to perfection, to be loved, to be cared for, to be dressed in their dainty clothes, to be undressed again, to stand alone, to sit down, to lie down —they do almost everything but talk. Bodies fully jointed, lovely hair, lovely clothes. Your little girl will learn a great deal from playing with her dolls. Choose one for her at an Effanbee Dealer's today, or write us direct.

FLEISCHAKER & BAUM
45 East 17th Street, New York City

Effanbee DOLLS

The Yellow Tree

could have made millions. I suppose Aunt Melita will begin to put on airs now."

Ever since she had arrived, Nancy from Park Avenue had kept very close to the bride.

"It isn't your happy ending that makes me want to weep with joy," she whispered at last. "The happy ending is just an accident or a chance. The really wonderful thing is that you didn't need a happy ending to make your life a success."

Mrs. Wallace Morgan, who was enjoying herself immensely and feeling really reckless, for once, reached up and picked a little spray of the blossoming yellow tree, and put it in her niece's diamond bar pin.

"I never let any of the tree be picked before!" she said.

"If that's the case, then Nancy will have to be the third member of the order of the yellow tree," said Wally Morgan.

The sophisticated Nancy took one of their hands in either of hers.

"I'll join," she said, soberly, "with all that the membership implies!"

Crisp Cranberries

(*Continued from page 64*)

cupful of cold water for five minutes. Dissolve in one-half cupful of hot water, and add one cupful of sugar, one cupful of cranberry juice, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Chill, and when the mixture has begun to stiffen, beat until light and fold in one cupful of cream whipped stiffly. Chill thoroughly and serve.

Cranberries Cooked in Sirup

Into a saucepan place two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of water. Put over a slow fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then add one quart of cranberries. Cook very slowly until the skins are tender. Take care not to stir too much; keep the cranberries whole if possible.

Cranberry Apple Sauce

Pare and core apples and slice enough to make one-and-one-half cupfuls. To these add one-and-one-half cupfuls of cranberries. Put them all in a saucepan with one cupful of water. Cook slowly until soft, then add one cupful of sugar—more if the apples are very tart—and cook until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved.

A baked apple, with its core space filled before baking with cranberries and brown sugar with a sprinkle of cinnamon over all, is new and appetizing, and especially adapted to serving on the nursery table, where cooked fruits should often be served.

Delicious tarts may be made using cranberry jelly, cranberries cooked in sirup, or cranberry apple sauce for the filling. This is an excellent way to utilize bits of pastry which may be left from pie making. Roll the pastry thin, cut in rounds, and cut tiny circles or slits in half of these. On the other half place a teaspoonful of the jelly, wet the edges with water, and cover with the first rounds; press the edges well together and bake in a quick oven.

Cranberry Soufflé

In a double-boiler place one cupful of milk and one-half cupful of sugar. When the milk is hot, add the yolks of three eggs beaten slightly, with one-half cupful of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt added. Cook until thickened, and add one cupful of cranberry juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and one tablespoonful of granulated gelatin which has been softened in one tablespoonful of cold water. Cook until the gelatin has dissolved; then turn out and cool. When cold, fold in the whites of the three eggs beaten stiffly. Pile in the serving dishes and serve when cold.

A DROP OF 3-IN-ONE OIL

will lighten the labor of any housewife. Here are some of the things this world famous oil will do:—

FOR PARLOR. Try 3-in-One on piano or mahogany furniture. Removes all stains, wear marks, scratches and scars. Restores original beauty of finish. Contains no grease—no acid.

FOR LIVING ROOM. Use 3-in-One on library table, chairs, davenport, book case. Removes the grime of use and time—quickly—at little cost. 3-in-One keeps all metal-work, fixtures, etc., as bright and rustless as a new dollar.

FOR BED ROOM. Wood and metal beds cleaned and polished with 3-in-One last longer and look better. Prevents rust on grates. Oil right for hinges and locks. Unsurpassed for oiling revolvers.

FOR KITCHEN Oil the washing machine, coffee grinder, ice cream freezer with 3-in-One. 3-in-One prevents red rust forming inside oven of gas range or on any japanned or black parts—stops tarnish on nickel surfaces. Prevents rust on metal refrigerator shelves. Leaves no odor or grease or residue of any sort.

FOR DINING ROOM. Wring out soft cloth in cold water. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One. Go over surface of dining-room table, chairs, sideboard, buffet, china cabinet. Wipe thoroughly. Rub briskly with dry cloth. Ideal cleaner and polisher.

FOR SEWING MACHINES. Use on any sewing machine. Makes whole machine work easier —quieter. Repair men 'knock" 3-in-One because a little of this good oil saves many dollars in repair bills.

3-IN-ONE—Made in 3 sizes—1-oz. 15 cts., 3-oz. 30cts. and 8-oz. 60cts.

FREE! Send for generous sample of 3-in-One and handsome 3-in-One Dictionary—**both free!**

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165 CZH. Broadway NEW YORK.

One! Two!! Three!!! Vegetable Set

Look for This Seal Pohlson GIFTS

To *cut* and *core* and *slice* and *peel*, in preparation for the meal. Surely a kitchen or kitchenette is not complete without these "*handy helpmates*". They come *in gift box*, making it possible for you to send them as a *useful gift*, which is sure to be appreciated. Our *yearbook* shows a *remarkable collection* of just such articles—clever, proper, interesting, useful—and the book is a *real help* in these days of high prices. Send for it if you please, or there may be a *Pohlson* dealer in your town. Look for our seal.

Gift No. 4023 $1, postpaid

POHLSON Gift Shops, Pawtucket, R. I.

". . . for we have treasures in the field, of wheat, and of barley, and of oil, and of honey."

—Jeremiah 41-8

AS an article of food honey was regarded by the ancient Israelites as a "treasure of the field"—one of Nature's best gifts to man.

★ *You'll treasure*

AirlinE

ABSOLUTELY **HONEY** PURE

From flower, to bee, to you

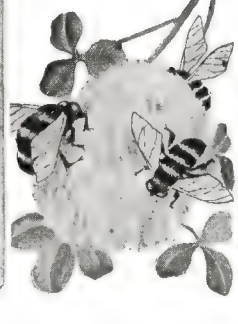
—as one of Nature's rarest treats. Its deliciousness is not to be equaled—there's no flavor in the world like honey. Eat Airline Honey to know the surpassing goodness of *real* honey.

Airline Honey is the *purest* of honey—from flower—to bee—to you. Graded and packed by a 50-year-old company of bee experts, its goodness and uniform flavor is guaranteed.

Sold by most good grocers—served in hotels, clubs and on dining cars

The A. I. Root Co.
Medina, Ohio

"The Home of the Honey Bees"



Brite and Fair

(*Continued from page 68*)

the most. they was thirty six left, both kinds.

well Beany sed his father was papering sum rooms in Masonick block in the 2th story for General Maston and that he was going to Portsmuth tonite to a masonick meating. so Beany sed he wood get the kee of the office and we wood go up there and lock the door and open the windows easy and not have enny lite birning and we cood see evrybody in the square and nobody cood see us and we gessed mister pedler wood think sumbody had throwed a skunk at him.

well i have forgoten wether i got licked in school today or not. i dont think i did but aint sure. i dident think of ennything but what we was to do to the pedler. o yes i remember now. i got laffing about the pedler and old Francis grabed me and shook me up and give me 2 or 3 bats and stood me on the platform for a hour. so i dident get licked after all. i thought i wood remember it if i was licked.

Well after supper i studded until haff past seven and Cele done all of my xamples if i wood let her read Ratlesnaik Red Head the red Handed after she had read 2 provirbs. so i let her have it and after i had coppied the zamples i hipered over to Beanys. he and Pewt were ready. we divided the egs and filled our pockets with them and then we went down town.

when we got there the pedler was standing in his wagon in the square. and he had a big torchlite and he was hollering and holding up things to sell. they was a crowd of peeple round him men and wimmen and boys and girls. we went down to Masonick block and went up stairs. we dident meat ennybody and the stairs were pich dark. we unlocked the door of the office and went in and opened the winders eesy. it was lucky we did becaus Beany ran into a table in the dark and broak 2 egs in his pocket. murder how they smelt. we had to stick our heads out of the window to breeth. Beany sed what am i to say to father and mother when they smell me and find i have got roten eg on my close and Pewt sed we will say we were in the crowd and got hit and nobody will think we pluged ourselfs. i tell you Pewt is awful smart to think up things. that is why he gets so few lickings in school and me and Beany get so menny.

so after we had got all the egs out of our pockets and in little piles ready and cood breeth inside we all got ready. the old pedler had a bottle in his hand and sed now ladies and gentlemen i have here a bottel of my sellibrated panyseer compounded by the most destinkwished chemists in Europe and of the purist and most xpensive drugs and warranted to cure headacke, earake, backake, hartake, rumatism, growing panes, varicose vanes, bunions, corns, ingrowing tonales, scroffuler, siattiker, lung fevers, scarlet feever, meezles, hooping coff, mumps and croop. children cry for it, old maids sy for it, you must have it. waulk up, run up, gump up, tumble up, enny way to get up only fetch your money up and all for 1 dollar.

jest as he sed that Pewt let ding with a chicking eg as hard as he cood. it wood have took the mister pedler square in the head but jest then he leened down to take a dollar and it went over his head and took old Mizzery Dirgin who was standing facing towerds us rite square in the mouth and spatered all over him. i bet he gumped 9 feet in the air and then begun to hoop and gag and rushed for the horse troff and put his head in and soused it round and the people all began to laff and holler and old Mizzery gumped up all driping and arested Mike Prescot for being drunk and begun to drag him off and Mike held back and fit and old Swane grabed him to help old Mizzery and we let ding as fast as we cood and old Swane got one rite between the sholders and one rite in the back of his head that popped like a pistol and

Burns Gas Coal or Wood

Find Out What You Can Save at Kalamazoo

HAVE you ever looked into the big values that you can get for so little money dealing direct with manufacturers.

Here's your opportunity. Find out how much you can save on this beautiful combination range. You'll be surprised at how little this newest masterpiece of the Kalamazoo stove builders costs, delivered freight prepaid by us to your station.

Burns gas, coal or wood fuel. This means a cool kitchen in summer, a warm kitchen in winter. Beautiful mission design, white enamel splasher back, warming closet and oven door. Has every feature that one could want for economy, convenience and long service.

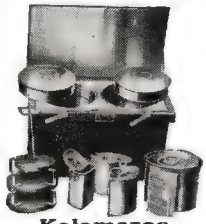
Kitchen Kabinet
All-Metal, white-enameled. Far better, more sanitary than the ordinary cabinet. Write and learn how easily you can make it *yours* with our easy payment plan.

Satisfied customers everywhere say you cannot beat Kalamazoo quality. Why not find out what you can save?

Write for Our Catalog

showing this and other Kalamazoo Ranges, Furnaces, White Enameled Metal Kitchen Kabinets and Tables, Fireless Cookers, etc.

Cash or easy payments. We pay freight. Unconditional guarantee. Mail a postal or a letter, today.



Kalamazoo Fireless Cooker
Highest quality, at a wonderful saving in price. Write for catalog.

Ask for Catalog No. 107

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY
Manufacturers **Kalamazoo, Mich.**

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

Which Do You Prefer?

WILL you attempt the thrice daily trip to an out-door receiver in the cold, wet days of this coming winter?

Or, like thousands of progressive homes, will you abolish this great annoyance together with the unsanitary, unclean sink waste container—and substitute the clean, white, self-disinfecting, self-deodorizing

★ SANI-CAN

You keep it in an out-the-way nook of the kitchen. No stooping necessary—top lifts with slight foot pressure on "Press-Toe." Both hands free to scrape waste into can. Top automatically lowers and sprinkles contents (if you wish) with powerful deodorizer.

Strictly sanitary, convenient, labor-saving. Essential to the modern, efficient kitchen. Never in the way. It fits under sink, table or in corner.

Substantial construction; round corners, easily flushed; receiver pail (4 gals.) removes for emptying.

Press-Toe

At better department, hardware and house-furnishing stores—or write

Sanitary Receiver Co., Inc.

Dept. 10, Dunkirk, N. Y.

DEALERS: Write for prices and terms.

he let go of Mike and rushed for the troff and put his head in and while the old pedler was laffing his head off he got 2 chickings egs 1 in his shert bosum and one rite square in the eye and i never heard sutch swaring and hooping and gaging in my life and Sheriff Odlin who was standing on the curbstone got one in his stovepipe hat and of coarse he had to arest sum one and he took Bill Hartnitt and waulked him off and as soon as the old pedler got enuf of the eg out of his ey so he cood see and breeth he grabed the ranes and licked his horse round the corner. peeple were rushing round and triing to get out of the way and sum were hollering murder what a stink and sum were hollering oh what a stink and some were laffing their heads off and bending over and slaping their gnees and leening agenst trees and holding their sides and sum were swaring and getting the polisemen to arest inosent peeple whitch hadent did nothing and one man with a streek of yellow down his back where he had got a popper was offering 500 dollers for the man which wood tell him who throwed them roten egs. i see father there talking with old Swane and old Mizzery and shaking his head. father dident get hit but Pewts father did. he got a popper in the coat tale and he was mad. he wood have been madder if he gnew it was his eg.

of coarse we hit a good many peeple that we dident meen to hit. they shoodent have been in the way and they coodent blaim ennybody but themselfs. but i suppose they wood about kill us if they gnew who done it. peeple is prety unreesonable sumtimes. but we drove the old pedler away and saved a grate deel of money for the peeple and we pluged old Swane and old Mizzery Dirgin and evrybody was glad of that. of coarse when a feller gets a roten eg in the ey or in the middle of his vest when he has got his best close on he dont feel xackly pleasant towerds ennybody. after tonite i gess evrybody will ware their old close when they go out to hear a pedler pedle.

WELL while the people was hollering and swaring and holding their nose and being arested for being drunk by old Swane and old Mizzery and Sheriff Odlin and being draged into the lockup me and Beany and Pewt shet the winders of the office and we come down stairs and went home. when we got to my house we all went in. mother and Aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele was setting up. well we went in and begun to talk. mother and Aunt Sarah begun to maik awful faces and Keene and Cele sed phew what a awful smell and mother sed Keene open the windows quick and sumone birn a rag. what in the wirld have you stepped in, boys, go out and scrape your feet on the scraper and wipe them on the mat. you had aught to be moar cairful where you step and Beany he sed it aint that missis Shute i got hit with a roten eg when sumone roten eged the pedler and mother sed i dont want to be unpolite Elbrige, Elbrige is Beany you know, but i think you had better stand in the doorway while you explain. so Beany stood there and we were telling about it while Keene leened out of the window and hollered phew and mother and Aunt Sarah held their nose. then father came in and the minut he come in he sed Geerusalem the golden naim ever dear to me will that smell folow me all the days of my life till i dwell in the house of the lord forever, and mother sed George i realy wish you woodent talk so befoar the children and father sed all rite Joey, he calls mother Joey you know, i wont, but it is verry triing to a man of my partickuler disposision to return to the buzum of his family to find the entire homsted smeling iike a combinasion of a glu factory, a fertilizer factory and a ded horse which has been left 3 weeks in a hot July sun. and mother sed for heavens saik George dont say enny more. it is bad enuf without thinking of sutch dredful things. and father sed i wont Joey only you shood not have interrupted me and tirned me from my religus meditasions. i was doing prety well. then Aunt Sarah sed if you aint moar choise in your langage you never will

Danish Pride
Evaporated
MILK
First Place on the Pantry Shelf
Years of actual test in thousands of homes have placed Danish Pride Milk in first place among the "old reliables" of cooking and eating necessities. Always pure, sweet and always ready. *All* milk—rich milk from which nothing but water has been taken.
Use This Pure Milk ★ Every Day
Its surpassing richness and fine natural flavor recommend it for preparing tasty, nutritious food for the whole family, for seasoning various dishes, for desserts, cakes, fruits and salad dressing, candies, etc. No other food can compare with it for economy and actual nutriment. Ask your grocer to send you a case of Danish Pride Evaporated Milk, or write us direct and receive it.
Danish Pride Idea Book
A budget of useful cooking recipes edited by a noted authority on cooking. Write today giving your grocer's name.
Danish Pride Milk Products Co.
Denmark, Wis.
General Offices:
Sheboygan, Wisconsin
0-12
Danish Pride
EVAPORATED
MILK

SAVE YOUR BACK
WITH A
★CADILLAC

and enjoy the blessings of a Dustless Home—

The Vacuum Cleaner
with every desirable feature.

Study the diagram and make comparisons, then write for name of dealer in your city who will demonstrate without obligation.

CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
603 Fulton St., : CHICAGO
76 Duchess St., Toronto, Canada

PISTOL GRIP WITH PUSH BUTTON SWITCH PATENTED JUNE 30TH 1914
ADJUSTABLE HOOKS FOR CABLE—PAT. DEC. 23RD 1913
SPLIT PLUG FITS ANY STANDARD ELECTRIC LIGHT SOCKET
20 FEET CABLE
CLIP FOR DUST BAG—PATENTED AUG. 5TH 1913 EMPTY FROM THIS END
THUMB SCREW TO LOCK HANDLE RIGID
MOTOR ATTACHMENT PLUG
CLAMP HOLDS DUST BAG TO CLEANER
MOTOR COOLING FAN
REMOVE CAP TO USE ATTACHMENTS
1-6 H P MOTOR
ADJUSTMENT SCREW TO RAISE AND LOWER NOZZLE
ALUMINUM MOTOR HOUSING
GREASE CUP
6 BLADE STEEL FAN
ALUMINUM NOZZLE PATENTED NOV. 21ST 1916
FRICTION DRIVEN CARPET SWEEPER BRUSH FOR PICKING UP LINT AND THREAD
ROLLER IN NOZZLE TO DRIVE BRUSH
PRESSURE SPRING—FORCE BACK TO REMOVE BRUSH
CADILLAC LITTLE BEN

Model 34

A Christmas Gift that lasts a lifetime.

Why did Jeanne try to kill him —and then nurse him back to life?

Women do the queerest things; there's no understanding them whether they're in town or in the wild spaces of the Northwest where Jeanne shot David Carrigan. You'll be thrilled if you turn back to page 8 for the beginning of

The Flaming Forest
By James Oliver Curwood

Brite and Fair

dwell in the house of the Lord but sumwhere elce, and father sed tell me sumthing new and dont scair me to deth Sarah. but how in the wirld did that smell get here, and me and Beany and Pewt all hollered Beany got a eg in the side and father sed i shood think he did and the best thing Beany can do is to go home and chainge his close. it is neerly 10 oh clock and we have got to go to bed sumtime tonite. so Pewt and Beany went home and father set down and mother shet the winders and father told us about it and how meny got hit and what they sed and we all nearly dide laffing as we always do when father tells stories, and father sed Gim Ellison got hit in the middle of his vest and went home holding his nose up in the air so high that he run bang into a tree and broak his speckticles, and old Bradbiry Purington, Pewts father went home holding his coat tale up like a woman holds up her trane. he said that old Mag Mackflannery got hit and went rite down to old Bill Morrils house and maid so mutch fuss that Bill promised her a new dress if she wood shet up and go home. he sed Bill says he will never run for selickman again. it keeps him in hot water all the time he sed Bill sed if he hadent agreed to by her a new dress she wood have drove him into a loonitick assilem.

father sed it was wirth 25 dollars of enny mans money to see old Swane and old Dirgin get it and they hadent enny rite to arest Mike and Bill and Gimmy Josy whitch wasent doing nothing but standing round, and wasent drunk enuf to be arested, and he sed he and Amos Tuck went in and baled them all out and that was why he was lait. father sed he wished moar egs had hit the polisemen and he wished he gnew the fellers whitch throwed the egs he wood give them 5 dollers.

gosh i wanted to tell him but my othe forbid but i wish we cood get that 5 dollers. father sed if the Terrible 3 done it they hadent aught to be blamed for ennything they had did to old Biley and the others.

then he told me and Keene and Cele to go to bed and we done it.

tomorrow i will wright the report for Pewt to copy becaus i can spel so mutch beter than Pewt.

October 28, 186– brite and fair. gosh the funniest thing happened to Pewt and to Beany. when Pewt got home his father was there and auful mad becaus he had got a popper on the coat tale because he was going to a temprunce meating tonite and was going to set on the platform and Pewts mother sed it wood be a weak befoar he cood ware that coat again becaus she wood have to boil it in 2 waters and rince it in 3 and then dry it and iron it. so Pewts father coodent set on the platform at the temprunce meating and he was mad enuf to lick his grate granfather.

if Pewt had gnew enuf to keep still he wood have been all rite but he wanted to be funy and he sed that is a funy way to boil egs and old man Purinton grabed him and lambasted him with his ratan can till you cood have heard Pewt holler down town. it was tuf on Pewt but he dident get a lot of lickings he ought to have got and i gess he cant complane.

and Beany had tuf luck two for when he went into the house they maid him go out and take off his jacket and his father licked him for spoiling his close and maiking sutch a smell until Beany hollered as loud as Pewt. for onct in my life i had sum good luck for i got up the hoal thing and they got licked for it. i supose it aint rite for 1 of the Terible 3 to laff when the other 2 gets licked but i cant help it.

tonite we didnt do nothing but put up another sine on old Ikes house it sed

bewair Isak the hour of retrobusion is at hand.

the Terible 3

i expect to hear sumthing from Ike tomorow.

October 29, 186– today neither Pewt nor

GOLD DUST

GOLD Dust has no hard particles to scratch or mar. Just a little Gold Dust goes a long way.

N K F Co 1920

GOLD Dust completely dissolves grease in sinks—keeps drain pipes open and hygienically clean.

YES. Gold Dust is very, very soapy. Four heaping tablespoonfuls to a quart of boiling water will make the finest soft soap.

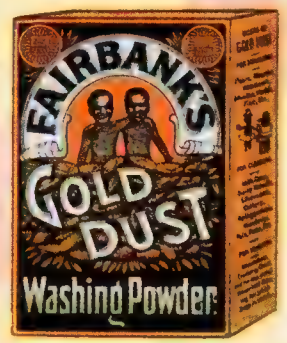
How to keep your "Fireside" cheerful

COAL Grates or Gas Grates! Brick or stone open Fireplaces! Marble or tile mantels! Gold Dust will keep them always clean—always cheerful—because Gold Dust so quickly and easily removes all grime and "smoke stains."

Here is the simple GOLD DUST recipe:

For brick, stone, marble and tile: Dissolve a tablespoonful of GOLD DUST in a little hot water. Add to half a pail of warm water. Use a scrubbing brush. Rinse with clear water. Dry with soft cloth.

Every day more housekeepers are asking for the *real* Gold Dust—for household cleansing tasks. Look for the name FAIRBANK'S and the Twins on the package. Be sure it is really Gold Dust you buy.



Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

SKINNER'S Fried Egg Noodles

1 package Skinner's Noodles	2½ tbsp. flour
4 slices bacon	⅛ sp. salt
3 eggs, hard boiled	¼ sp. paprika
2½ tbsp. butte.	1 cup milk

Empty one package of Skinner's Egg Noodles into 2 qts. of rapidly boiling, salt water. Boil 10 to 12 min. Turn into colander, drain and rinse in cold water. Fry noodles in 2 tbsp. bacon fat and when thoroly heated, turn out on platter. Serve with bacon and white sauce. Garnish with the riced yolks, toasted bread points and parsley.

WHITE SAUCE—Put butter into a saucepan, stir till melted, add flour, salt and paprika. Mix thoroly. Add milk, stirring constantly. Boil 5 min. Add chopped whites of the eggs and serve.

Copyright 1919 S. M. Co.

Whatever you are doing——

Change!

HOUSEHOLD work is a drudgery only when you do the same old thing day in, day out—breakfast, lunch and dinner. Try this novel and delicious breakfast of SKINNER'S fried egg noodles, rashered with bacon. It will be a surprisingly agreeable *change*

*SKINNER'S

Egg Noodles

are, *we* believe, the best it is possible to manufacture. We absolutely *guarantee* their superiority to be *immediately noticeable* or we will refund your money. So be sure you get what you order—SKINNER'S *genuine* Egg Noodles.

SKINNER'S Egg Noodles are only one of the family of SKINNER Macaroni products—all made from the very highest quality amber durum wheat in the largest, finest, cleanest macaroni factory in this country. They come to you *clean.*

Skinner Manufacturing Company

World's Largest Macaroni Manufacturers

Omaha, U. S. A.

Warning The cooking qualities of SKINNER'S MACARONI are so Distinctive that if you attempt to use a SKINNER recipe with another macaroni you are sure to reap disappointment.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Largest Macaroni Factory in America

Send us your name on a postcard and we shall send you SKINNER'S 141 recipes for preparing SKINNER'S Macaron. Products in as many different ways. You can find an almost endless variety of methods by which to please the palates of your family. Write for it at once.

Beany cood go out of the yard xcept to go to school. they both sed they wood be willing to stay in the yard a hoal day if they cood stay away from school but they thought it was tuf to have to go to school and run the risk of being licked and then stay in the yard when the other fellers was having a good time.

but i done the best i cood to help them out. after school this morning i got a croud of fellers to go up to Pewts. they was Pop Clark and Hunny Donovan and Ham Welsh and Skinny Bruce and Jack and Gim Melvin and we staid there until Pewts father drove us out and after school this afternoon i got the saim croud to go over to Beanys so he woodent be loansum and we staid there till Beanys father drove us out. Beanys father told my father that it was more punishmunt for his family when he kep Beany in the yard than it was to Beany becaus evry time he kept Beany in the yard all his friends come in and rased the dickens.

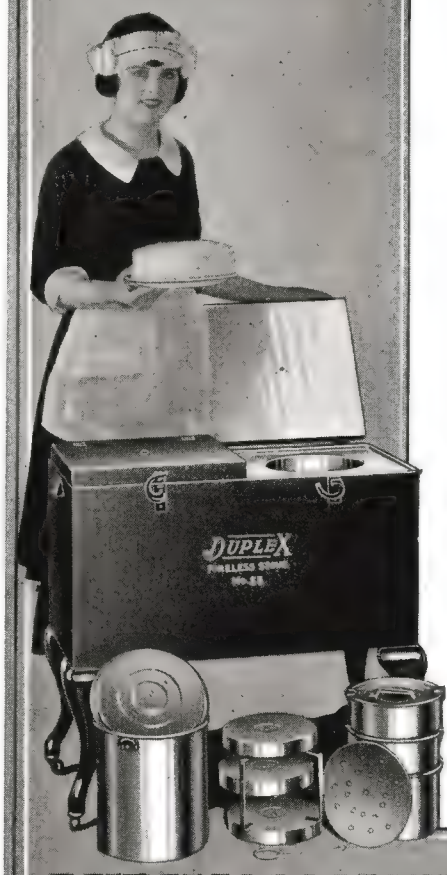
tonite old Ike sent for father and wanted to know if he wood come up and stay with him until nine oh clock when he was going to have a poliseman stay all nite to perteck him from the Terible 3. father he sent him word that he wood be up after supper. he had to go down town a few minutes and he sent me up to tell him and to say that he had better stay in and keep the doors locked. he told me to tell him he wood give 3 gnocks but not to open the door for enyone elce.

Aunt Sarah sed George do you really think they is enny dainger. and father sed not a bit. sumone is having fun with Ike and Aunt Sarah sed why do you want to scare him to deth and father sed sister mine our gentle cussin Isak has had far too eesy a life and it is a good thing to instill into his mind the idea that moths and rust do corrup and theeves braik throug and steel. then aunt Sarah tride not to laff and sed i think it is a shaim to wurry so good a man as he is and father sed sister thou wast mild and luvly gentle as the summer breez but it is hard to convinse you that desperrit cases need desperrit remmedies. now this is a desperrit case. verry desperrit. supose the Terible 3 shood kidnap Ike and hold him for ransum. who wood give 5 cents for Ike? who wood give ten? have i enny offers? maik it 7½ cents. no offers. maik it six. do i have enny offers. no by saint bride of Bothwel no let the portculis fall. and i wood have to go throug life uncheered by the companionship of Ike.

THEN aunt Sarah sed George do be sensible for onct in your life. jest onct. are you going to scare that poor man to deth or not? and father he sed far from it sweet sister. i shall be kindnes itself. is it kindnes in the doctor when he conceles the faital naiture of a diseeze from a diing man and alows him to go whooping into the vast beyond without a chanct to repent. is that kindnes sister? ecco ansers not by a darn site sister. it aint kindnes. it wood have been kindnes to tell him the gig was up and give him a chanct to maik his will and pay a few notes and by sum paper with black edges and 40 or 50 yards of craip for a vale for his wife.

so it will be my duty, sister, in spite of your prairs and teers, not to concele from Isak the seerius nature of the thret maid by the Terible 3. have you ever reelized how my boyhood was blited by the thrashings i received becaus i was a bit rud to my gentle cussen Ike. and do you reelize how many hundred times he was held up to me as a moddle and how i was erged sumtimes prairfuly by mother and moar often strapfuly by father to emulait his vertus. and do you think, sweet but earring sister that i will alow sutch a opertunity of asureing him of my pertecksion and simpathy to pass. i gess not, Sarah mine. i shall go up and convinse Isak that the wicked stand in slepery plaices and that the way of the transgresor is hard. Isak has called upon his cussen for pertecksion. wood you have me fale him speek woman.

DUPLEX
FIRELESS STOVE



★

Cuts Cooking Costs

In your kitchen—the Duplex Fireless Stove is ready to pay for itself.

It not only saves costly fuel in hundreds of savory dishes which require slow, thorough cooking, but it opens a wide range of other savings by cooking the less expensive foods so deliciously that the most critical taste is satisfied.

And remember—the many exclusive features of the Duplex—giving greater cooking capacity, greater convenience and greater value—really cost you less. Ask for the Duplex Folder showing all sizes of better fireless stoves.

Let us send you the name of your nearest dealer.

DURHAM MANUFACTURING CO.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FIRELESS STOVES ~ 300 Durham St. Muncie, Ind.

IMPORTED
★ Pompeian Olive Oil
is fine for growing children. Your doctor will tell you so.

BOHN
Refrigerators
Dealers everywhere
★ ST. PAUL, MINN.

Better Waffles
Try baking waffles with a Stover Waffle Iron. The improved design of its plates—a square tooth in one plate exactly opposite a square hole in the other—produces waffles of uniform thickness, assuring quick even baking.

STOVER
Waffle Irons
Have Ball and Socket Joints—roll over easily when baking, stand upright and rigid when thrown back. Lifted easily from socket for quick cleaning. Look for name STOVER. At dealer's generally. Write for Leaflet.
Stover Mfg. & Engine Co., 740 East St., Freeport, Ill.

★ ROBERTS
Lightning Mixer
Beats Everything
Beats eggs, whips cream, churns butter, mixes gravies, desserts and dressings, and does the work in a few seconds. Blends and mixes malted milk, powdered milk, baby foods and all drinks.
Simple and Strong. Saves work—easy to clean, no spatter. Most necessary household article. Used by 200,000 housewives and endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute.
If your dealer does not carry this, we will send prepaid quart size $1.25, pint 90c. Far West and South, quart $1.40, pt. $1.00. Recipe book free with mixer.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Cambridge 39 BOSTON, Mass.

And Don't Forget Thanksgiving Almonds

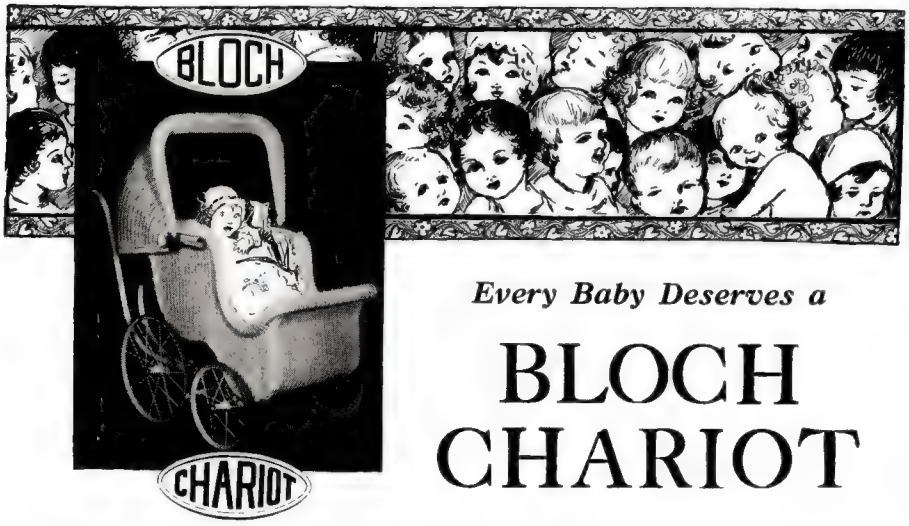
Can you conceive a successful Thanksgiving dinner without the holiday touch of Almonds, in the shell or blanched and salted, in almond bread and cake, almond salads, cookies, candies and desserts, and almond dressing for the turkey?

But be sure of quality when you buy them. Ask your dealer for BLUE DIAMOND Almonds—the big, soft-shelled, full-meated kind. Buy them in the shell—crack them yourself and get all their flavor and goodness.

Send us your Dealer's name and address and receive FREE our beautiful new Almond Recipe Book. Address Dept. D.

CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS EXCHANGE
T. C. Tucker, *Manager*
311 California Street, San Francisco
A non-profit, co-operative association of 4000 American citizens

BLUE DIAMOND BRAND *Almonds*
Finest in the world From the Valleys of California



Every Baby Deserves a

BLOCH CHARIOT

EVERY mother will appreciate the combination of artistic beauty and practical utility presented in this newest Bloch production. The graceful sweep of hood and body actually suggest the charm and comfort provided by this clever creation. Snug enough for the tiniest tot, its reclining back gives ample room for a sound sleep for even the largest three-year-old kiddie you ever saw!

Improved light-weight running gear makes the Chariot delightfully easy to handle. It is made of *genuine reed*, as are all Bloch Go-Carts, and only the finest materials are used throughout. Bloch Baby Carriages have been famous for over thirty years for their superior quality and workmanship and for the extra years of service they give. The new Bloch models may be seen at the best stores in almost any city in this country. Ask especially to see the Bloch Chariot.

"Two Mothers Get Together" is the title of an instructive little booklet we have just published. A copy will be sent you free on request. We will appreciate your mentioning the name of your dealer.

BLOCH GO-CART COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

BLOCH

The Baby Carriage of the Nation

Brite and Fair

then aunt Sarah began to laff and sed there is no use in talking to you when you are fealing like that and i shall not say enny moar and she went off. i gnew there wood be sum fun for they always is when father talks like that and so i asted father if i cood go up to Ikes with him. he sed i cood go but i must let him do the talking and not say a word unless i was asted to. so i sed i wood be cairful and we went up. it was not quite dark and when we got up there father gnocked 3 gnocks and we heard sumone say who is there, and father sed it is me George and then Ike unlocked 3 or 4 locks and opened it about 5 inches and it was held by a chane. then he peeked out and sed it is you George. who have you got with you and father sed this is my boy Harry. then he sed to me this is cussen Isak and i sed how do you do cussen Isak and he sed how do you do and i sed i spoke to you one day and you dident know me so i told father if he ever got a chanct to interduce me.

then Ike sed i am a little neer sited and i sed i see you are cussen Isak, and then father nugged me with his elbo and i dident say enything moar. then father sed you havent heard enything moar of the kidnapers and Ike he give a sort of gump and sed do you think cussen George that they is kidnapers and father sed i have thought so from some things i have heard. and old Ike sed what have you heard and father sed well Isak i dont want to friten you but you had ougt to know this. jist then Ikes wife Mary come in. we call her Mary Isak becaus they is so mutch alike and never goes enywhere and jest sets and rocks in rocking chairs and looks at each other.

WHEN she came in father got up and shook hands with Mary Isak and interduced me and she asted him if he thought they was verry daingerous men and father laffed and sed no cussen Mary there isent the leest dainger in the wirld. it is only sum smart fellers that wants to have a little fun with sum of our best cittisens and they isent the leest need of wurrying. so you go to bed and i will set up and talk with Isak until the poliseman comes.

so Mary Isak went up stairs and Isak begun to perk up quite a lot until father sed as i was saying Isak when cussen Mary come in, i have read the papers cairfully and there has been quite a number of cases cimmiler to this. 1 in Milton Massachusetts and 1 in Lewiston Maine and 2 in New York State. in eech case warnings was hung up like these and in each case a verry ritch and promminent cittisen was kidnaped and held for ransum. the man in Milton had to pay 35 hundred dollers and the man in Lewiston paid i think 48 hundred dollers they wanted 5 thousand dollers but all he cood rase was 48 hundred and the 2 in New York had to pay 9 thousand apeace. but you know prises is higher in New York. probly you woodent have to pay moar than 5 thousand.

well all this time old Ike had been setting ferst in one chair and then in another chair and puling his whiskers and when father sed this he gave a grone and sed aint there no pertection under the law? and father sed the matter is being vestigated and persecution will folow enny false step that the villins make. the trubble is they are verry hard to ketch.

then Ike sed isent there sum way out of it and father sed i have been thinking Isak why dont you and J. Albert Clark and Biley Tilton and the others fellers whitch has been warned make up a purce like you and sum of the fellers done when they was afrade of being draffed in the civil war to hire substitoots. then if the scoundrils get one of you the others will help pay his ransum. well Ike he thougt that mite be a good idea and he sed he wood see sum of them tomorow if the Terible 3 dident get him befoar morning. then father sed dont wurry a bit Isak while i am here they will have to get you over my ded body and Ike sed thank you George you were always a kind

frend and father sed yes Isak we was frends but not xactly Damin and Pithius.

well bimeby the poliseman come up and it was old Filander Kize and he was smoaking a old black pipe that smelled wirse than one of our poppers that we pluged at the pedler and old Ike sed have you got to smoak that mister Kize and old Filander sed yes it is the only thing that will keep me awake and so Ike sed well i supose i shall have to stand it. so me and father come away after shaking hands with old Ike and father told him to go to bed and to get a good nites rest and not to worry and then come away and we cood hear him locking all the locks and puting up the chane so the Terible 3 coodent kidnap him.

when we was going home father began to laff and sed i supose i was a meen cus to wurry cussen Isak like that but all my life he has been held up to me as a moddle and if i thought you wood tirn out like him i shood feal like throwing you over the brige in a bag with rocks in it.

when we got home mother and Sarah was setting up and darning stockings and Sarah sed well George did you wurry the poar man out of his wits and father sed piece woman i treated him with the uttmost kindnes and was a grate comfort to him. of coarse i was cairful not to under estimait the dainger for feer that Ike mite be bold to rashniss and xpose himself needlessly to dainger. it wasnt verry hard to perswade him to stay in the house for a weak or 2. indeed i think i would have had to fite hard to get him out. but when i left him i asured him that if wirst came to wirst he wood probly be able to pay his ransum if it wasent moar than 20 thousand dollers. i thougt he was going to faint ded away then and i told him that with me and Filander Kize and old Swane and Mizzery Dirgin and old Brown willing to sacrifise our lifes for him he needent worry.

then Aunt Sarah sed she coodent talk verry well becaus she was triing to bite a thred off. i think i shall go up and tell cussen Isak that you are jest stirring him up and father sed he will not beleeve you for i told him the hoal family but me had tirned agenst him strangly becaus they thougt he has did sum dredfill thing that wont see the lite of day and that Harry and I are the only ones that stand up for him and Aunt Sarah bit off the thred with a snap and sed George Shute if i cood beleeve a single wird you say i shood be verry indignent, and father sed it is harroing to be so douted and missunderstood by them whitch is deer to you and he pretended to burst into teers and sed he wood go to bed and weep his piller sopping wet and he made up a auful face and winked at mother and went up stairs and Aunt Sarah sed to mother what a man he wood have been on the staige. he wood have beet comical Brown and Artimus Ward and Joshua Billings all to peaces, and mother she sed yes he wood but i prefer him jest as he is.

OCTOBER 29, 186– rany again. it hasent done enything but rane for 3 weaks. It was so rany that we coodent put up eny sines or comit eny crimes. I saw old Filander coming down from Ikes this morning and when i went to school i saw Mary Isak with all the winders open airing out the house.

October 30, 186– cold and windy. All the horse chestnuts in frunt of Sheriff Odlins place has fell down and all the fellers is stringing them on strings and pluging them over the telligraf wires. of course me and Beany and Pewt does it to pass away the time and devert suspishons. We have got moar serius things to think about. saw old Filander come down from Ikes again today and saw Mary Isak airing out the house again. tonite father went up again to cumfort Ike. father says that he dont think Ike cood get along without his sunny precence. evry time father comes home from Ikes he says Ike sends down town for a man to put on a new chane or a new lock on the door. father says if he goes a few moar times he will get him to put ion bars in the winders.

(*To be concluded*)

. . . DECORATED IN GOLD . . . . .

A Hall Teapot for Christmas

May your friendship be as lasting as the teapot!

As capable of withstanding life's daily rude shocks.

As permanently pure and sweet.

As beautiful and rich.

As full of the spirit of gracious service.

You can get a genuine Hall's Teapot of Secret Process Fireproof China with rich decorations in genuine gold at good stores.

Look for circle on bottom and words "Hall's China."

If you have trouble in finding one, send direct—$3.00 will bring you a 5-cup pot prepaid. Or a folder illustrating them in color on request.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Hall China Co., 600 Walnut St., East Liverpool, Ohio

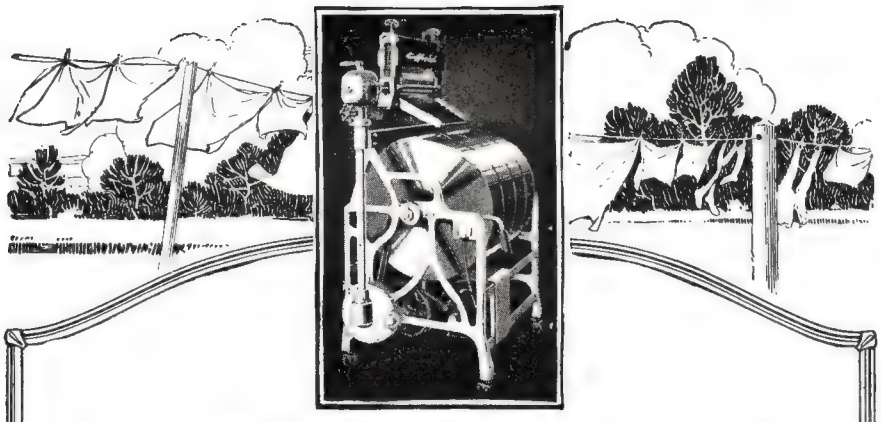
HALL'S TEAPOTS
~of Secret Process Fireproof China

O-B RINGS

WHETHER for riding habit or dinner gown — a woman is never at a loss to find just the appropriate Ring among these versatile and individual O-B designs. "Wherever good jewelry is sold."

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

OSTBY & BARTON CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.



To own a Coffield Electric Washer is a sign of good judgment.

Your least concern on wash-day will be the machine that is washing the clothes—perfectly, yet quickly and without wear.

Sixteen oilless bearings eliminate all worry about how often or where to oil.

The large 12" Wringer swings into any position—and locks positively when set.

A clever little Copper Water Shutter does away with a drain board under the wringer rolls.

And the Coffield runs so silently you scarcely realize it is in operation—making it ideal for any home, and especially so for apartments.

But above all, the laundress is better satisfied for she has no "hard Work"; and, by the way, laundresses always like the

★ Coffield

You want the best Washer that money can buy. Then you must see the Coffield. Write for catalog and nearest dealer's name. Then take your husband to help you select a Washer—his judgment will be good from a mechanical standpoint—and after you have seen them all we believe you will decide upon the COFFIELD.

THE COFFIELD MOTOR WASHER CO.

DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

"PRODUCERS OF WASH-DAY SMILES" since 1904

★

S-C-R-R-ATCH! How brutally "slideless" chair-legs deface floors and carpets.

If the furniture is equipped with Domes of Silence, no such damage occurs. For, with these smooth-steel slides attached, even the heaviest pieces glide smoothly at a touch; no tugging, no screeching, no wearing, no wrenching open of joints.

When buying, you'll be safe in giving your preference to furniture equipped with Domes of Silence.

For the furniture now in your home, get these slides at any hardware, department or variety store. A hammer-tap attaches them.

DOMES of SILENCE

A mark of BETTER Furniture regardless of its cost

The Mountebank

(*Continued from page 24*)

the heavy odor of the place, his head ached with an intolerable pain round his temples and at the back of his eyeballs, and acute nervousness gripped his vitals.

Presently the call boy put his head in the doorway. Andrew rose, descended the iron stairs to the wings. Instinctively he went to the waiting table covered with green velvet and gold, on which lay piled the once familiar properties—the one-stringed fiddle, the pith balls, the rings, the cigar, the matches, the trick silk hat, the cards, the coins, and the rest of the juggler's apparatus—and methodically checked them. In the visible shaft of brilliantly lit stage he could see the back of the head and the plump shoulders and *tournure* of a singer, rendering in bravura fashion the Jewel Song from "Faust." The stillness whence arose this single flood of sound seemed almost uncanny. The superheated air, thickened with hot human breath and tobacco smoke, stood stagnant like a miasma in the unventilated wings and back of the stage. The wild-beast smell of the lion, although his cage had been hurriedly wheeled out through the scenery door, still persisted and caught the throat, and in the dim, white-washed bareness, a few figures, stage-hands in shirt-sleeves and vague, pale men in hard felt hats, tiptoed about like perspiring ghosts. One of the latter approached Andrew. "Monsieur Patou need have no fear," he whispered. Everything was arranged—the beautiful ball-room interior—the men who were to set the stage had their orders, also the limelight operators. Andrew nodded, already having given explicit instructions. The singer vanished from the quivering streak of stage in order to give her finale close to the footlights. She ceased. Rapturous applause. She appeared panting, perspiring, beaming in the wings; went on again to bow her acknowledgments amid hoarse cries of "*Bis, bis!*" She reappeared, glowing vaporously in her triumph, and spread out her arms before the pallid man in the hard felt hat.

"Well! What did I say? You made difficulties about offering me an engagement. I told you I could make these little birds eat out of my hand. You hear?" The clamor would have been perceptible to a deaf-mute. "They are mad about me. I go on again."

"*Mais non, madame.* Three songs. That is your contract. The program's long."

So spake the assistant manager. But the lady snapped her fingers, heard like a pistol shot amid the uproar, and made a vast gesture with her arms.

"If I am not allowed to have my encore, I tear up my contract."

The assistant manager released himself from responsibility, yielded to woman's unreason; and the lady, who had arranged the matter with the leader of the orchestra, returned in contemptuous triumph to the stage.

ELODIE, meanwhile, had descended and stood by Andrew's side. She wore a very low-cut and short-skirted red evening frock, so tight that she seemed to ooze distressingly from every aperture. A red rose drooped in her thick, black hair. Like the lank, green-clad Andrew, she betrayed anxiety beneath her heavy make-up. The delay to their turn, prolonging her suspense, caused her to stamp her foot with annoyance.

"The *sale grue!* And she sings like a duck."

"She pleases the audience," whispered Andrew.

"And ruins our reception. It is the last straw."

"It can't be helped," said Andrew.

The singer gave as her encore a song from "La Traviata." She certainly had the mechanical technique so beloved by French audiences. That of Olympia listened spellbound to her trills, and, when she had finished, broke

once more into enthusiastic cheering, calling and recalling her two or three times. At last the curtain came finally down, and she disappeared up the iron staircase.

The interior back cloth and wings provided for *Les Petits Patoux* were let down, stagehands set the table and properties, Andrew and Elodie anxiously supervising, and when all was clear, the curtain went up. Andrew went on alone and grinned familiarly, his old tradition, before the sea of faces. A few faint handclaps, instead of the old expectant laughter, welcomed him. A generation had apparently risen that knew not *Petit Patou*. His heart sank. The heat of the footlights shimmered like a furnace and smote him with sudden lassitude. He began his tricks —took his tiny, one-stringed, broomstick-handled fiddle and played it with his hands encased in grotesquely long cotton gloves. Presently, with simulated impatience, he drew off the gloves, threw them, conjuror fashion, vanishing into the air, and then resumed his violin to find himself impeded now and then by various articles cunningly fixed to his attire, one after another of which he disposed of like the gloves. Finally in his perplexity he made as if to undo his tights—a certain laugh in former days—but thinking better of it, threw fiddle and bow as in disgust across the stage into the wings, where they were caught by the waiting Elodie.

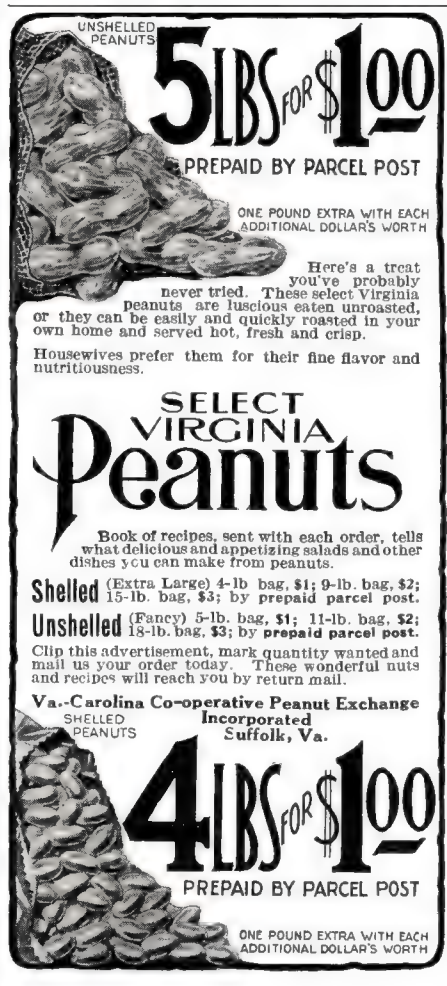
THE act, once arousing merriment, fell flat. Andrew's heart sank lower. In itself the performance, which he had carried through with skilful cleanness, contained nothing risible; for laughter it depended solely on a personal note of grotesqueness, of exaggerated bewilderment and impatience, and of appealingly idiotic self-satisfaction when each impediment was discovered and discarded. Had he lost that personal touch, merely gone though his conjuring with the mechanical precision of a soldier on parade? Heavens, how he hated himself and his aching head and the audience and the lay out of futile properties! Elodie appeared. The performance must continue. He threw into it all his energy. Elodie gave him her old loyal support. They did their famous cigar trick, developed from the act of Prépimpin.

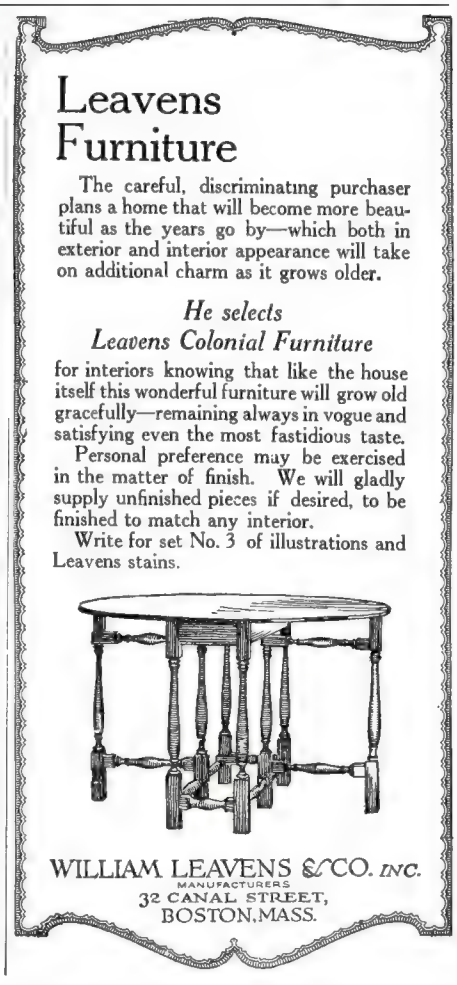
Andrew had elaborated much of the old comic business. The new patter with up-to-date allusions had resulted from serious colloquy with Horatio Bakkus, whose mordant wit supplied many a line that should have convulsed the house. But the house refused to be convulsed. His look of vacant imbecility when one after another of a set of plates with which he juggled disappeared, being fastened to an elastic contrivance on his back, and his expression of reproach when, turning Elodie round, he discovered her wearing the plates as a sort of basque, which once excited, on no matter what stage, rolling guffaws of mirth, now passed by unappreciated.

The final item in the program was one invented and brought to mechanical perfection just before the war broke out. He insisted on playing his cigar-box and broom-handle fiddle in spite of Elodie's remonstrances. There was a pretty squabble. He pulled, and she pulled, with the result that both bow and handle, by a tubular device aided by a ratchet apparatus for the strings, assumed gigantic proportions. *Petit Patou* prevailing, after an almost disastrous fall, perched his great height on a chair superimposed on a table, and with his long, lean legs and arms, looking like a monstrous and horrible spider, began to work the heavy, eight-foot bow across the ten-foot string. He had rehearsed it to perfection. In performance, something happened. His artist's nerve had gone. His fingers fumbled impotently for the stops. His professional experience saved a calamitous situation. With an acrobat's stride he reached the stage, telescoped fiddle and bow to normal proportions, and after a lightning nod to the *chef d'orchestre*, played the Marseillaise.

At the end there was half-hearted perfunctory applause. A light-hearted section of

LA GRECQUE
Tailored Underwear
"Tailored-to-Fit"
is beautifully and permanently tailored to fit the individual form. Its elegant simplicity and artistry of design are so distinctive, the ultra fastidious woman gives it first place in her wardrobe.
"The Lingerie of a Lady" sent free on request if you mention dealer's name.
LA GRECQUE UNDERWEAR CO.
339-B Fifth Avenue New York
LA GRECQUE
TAILORED UNDERWEAR


UNSHELLED PEANUTS
5 LBS FOR $1.00
PREPAID BY PARCEL POST
ONE POUND EXTRA WITH EACH ADDITIONAL DOLLAR'S WORTH
Here's a treat you've probably never tried. These select Virginia peanuts are luscious eaten unroasted, or they can be easily and quickly roasted in your own home and served hot, fresh and crisp.
Housewives prefer them for their fine flavor and nutritiousness.
SELECT VIRGINIA Peanuts
Book of recipes, sent with each order, tells what delicious and appetizing salads and other dishes you can make from peanuts.
Shelled (Extra Large) 4-lb bag, $1; 9-lb. bag, $2; 15-lb. bag, $3; by prepaid parcel post.
Unshelled (Fancy) 5-lb. bag, $1; 11-lb. bag, $2; 18-lb. bag, $3; by prepaid parcel post.
Clip this advertisement, mark quantity wanted and mail us your order today. These wonderful nuts and recipes will reach you by return mail.
Va.-Carolina Co-operative Peanut Exchange
Incorporated
Suffolk, Va.
SHELLED PEANUTS
4 LBS FOR $1.00
PREPAID BY PARCEL POST
ONE POUND EXTRA WITH EACH ADDITIONAL DOLLAR'S WORTH


Leavens Furniture
The careful, discriminating purchaser plans a home that will become more beautiful as the years go by—which both in exterior and interior appearance will take on additional charm as it grows older.
He selects
Leavens Colonial Furniture
for interiors knowing that like the house itself this wonderful furniture will grow old gracefully—remaining always in vogue and satisfying even the most fastidious taste.
Personal preference may be exercised in the matter of finish. We will gladly supply unfinished pieces if desired, to be finished to match any interior.
Write for set No. 3 of illustrations and Leavens stains.
WILLIAM LEAVENS & CO. INC.
MANUFACTURERS
32 CANAL STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

As a berry set, for preserves, sliced oranges—endless is the variety of uses to which this handsome service may be put

Glassware that tells your refinement of taste

Dignified in design, sparkling in clearness, charming in effect, the new patterns of Heisey glassware give the table an added note of invitingness, a new promise of satisfaction. Any hostess may be proud to let her guests find in its brilliance the true reflection of her taste.

In constant use it is as practical as beautiful, for many pieces are of a substantial style not easily broken.

All patterns may be duplicated at once and inexpensively. We will supply you direct if your dealer refuses to do so. A. H. Heisey Co., Dept. 98, Newark, Ohio.

On every piece

HEISEY'S TRADE H MARK GLASSWARE

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY A H HEISEY & CO

On every piece

FOR THE TABLE

Latest Paris fashions

From Good Housekeeping's Paris fashion bureau at 2 Rue de la Paix come the very newest fashions—by cable and by mail—just as soon as they are designed. Paris O. K's the wide-sleeved coat and immediately the news is published in Good Housekeeping. Tomorrow's styles—today.

The Mountebank

every audience applauds anything. But mingled with it there came from another section a horrible, sibilant sound, the stage death-warrant of many an artist's dreams, the modern down-turned thumb of the Roman populace demanding a gladiator's doom.

The curtain fell. Blank silence now from its further side. A man swiftly bundled together the properties and drew them off. A tired-looking man in evening dress with a hideously painted face and a long, waxed mustache stood in the wings amid performing dogs, some free, some in basket cages, amid the waiting clatter of apparatus that at once was rushed upon the stage. Andrew and Elodie moved clear, and at the bottom of the iron staircase he motioned to her to ascend first.

She clutched him by the arm and gulped down a sob. "*Mon pauvre vieux!*"

He tried to smile. "Want of habit. We shall get it all back soon. *Voyons!*" He took her fat chin in his hand and turned up her face on which make-up, perspiration, and tears melted into one piteous paste. "This is not the way that battles are won."

ON the landing they separated. Andrew entered his sweltering dressing-room and gave himself over to the little dresser who had just turned out the dog trainer in his shabby evening suit.

"Monsieur had a good reception at his appearance?"

"Good enough," said Andrew, stretching himself out for the slipping off of his green silk tights.

"Ah," said the intuitive little man in the white jacket. "It is the war. Audiences are no longer the same. They no longer care for subtlety. Monsieur heard the singer before his turn? Well! Before the war Olympia wouldn't have listened to her. One didn't pay to hear a bad gramophone. And on the other hand, a performance really artistic—" the little man sighed. "It was heart-breaking."

Andrew let him talk. Obviously the hisses had mounted from the wings to the dressing-room corridors; the man meant well and kindly. When he had dressed and appeared in his own Lackaday image, he put a twenty-franc note into the dresser's hand with a "Thank you, my friend," and marched out and away into the comparatively fresh air of the sulphurous night. He lit a cigarette and sat down at the corner of a little obscure café commanding a view of the *entrée des artistes*, and waited for Elodie. His nervousness, even his headache, had gone. He felt cold and grim and passionless, like a man measuring himself against fate.

When Elodie came out a while later, he sat her down at the table and insisted on her drinking a *grog Américain* to restore her balance. But iced rum and water could not medicine an overwrought soul. In her native air nothing could check her irrepressibility of expression. She had to spend her fury with the audience. In all her life, never had she encountered such imbecility, such bestial stupidity. Like the dresser, she upbraided the war. It had changed everything. It had changed the heart of France. She, Marseillaise of the Marseillaise, was ashamed of being of Marseilles. Once the South was warm and generous and responsive. Now it was colder than Paris. She had never imagined that the war could press like a dead hand on the heart of the people of Provence. Now she knew it was true what Bakkus had once said—she had been very angry, but he was right—that through the sunny nature of every child of the *Midi* swept the *mistral*.

She was not very consecutive or coherent or logical. She sought clamorously for every evil influence, post-war, racial, political, that could account for the frozen failure of the evening's performance. No thought disloyal to Andrew hovered on the outskirts of her mind. He per-

Their Recipe

For Making Pork and Beans

At a famous restaurant a connoisseur found his ideal Pork and Beans. One day he asked the waiter to find out how they baked them. The waiter brought him, wrapped in a napkin, the emptied can of Van Camp's.

That's the secret when you find superlative Baked Beans at home or anywhere. They were baked in the Van Camp kitchens, under new-day methods, by our scientific cooks.

Why Van Camp's are Unexcelled

Culinary experts, college trained, have studied this dish for years. Famous chefs have helped perfect the sauce. Domestic science experts have been watching every step.

Then we built and equipped the finest kitchen in the world to bake this dish in their exacting ways.

The beans are selected by analysis. The water used is freed from minerals, for minerals make skins tough.

Modern steam ovens are used in the baking. Thus high heat is applied for hours. The beans are fitted to easily digest. Yet every bean is mellow, mealy, whole.

They are baked in sealed containers so the flavor can't escape. They are baked with a sauce which was never matched in delightful tang and zest.

Thus we have created a new-style Baked Bean. And in millions of homes it gives this dish an entirely new position.

You and your folks have a surprise in store when you first serve a dish of Van Camp's.

★VAN CAMP'S **Pork and Beans**

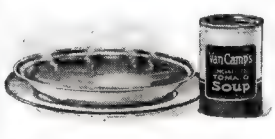
Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

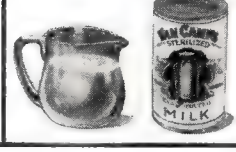
Soups **Evaporated Milk** **Spaghetti** **Peanut Butter**
Chili Con Carne **Catsup** **Chili Sauce, etc.**

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Tomato Soup
The result of hundreds of tests. One of our 18 famous soups.

Van Camp's Spaghetti
Italian style, famous for its matchless cheese and sauce.



Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
As thick as rich cream. Fully twice as rich as milkman's milk in butter fat and solids.

Are you fair to your children?

THEIR well-being in later life is bound up in the habits of health which you develop in them today. A nervous, fretful or irritable child is frequently so because of nothing more than sluggish intestines, a condition easy to correct in childhood, but dangerous if allowed to run unchecked. Be fair to your children. Train them from the start in the laws of bodily health, the first of which is regular elimination of the body's waste. Nujol will start them properly and keep them regular. Mothers are finding Nujol an invaluable aid in correcting constipation in their children, as well as in the older members of the family.

Nujol relieves constipation without any of the unpleasant and weakening effects of pills, salts, mineral waters, etc. Nujol does not upset the stomach, cause nausea, or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Nujol actually prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark. Write today to the Nujol Laboratories. Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 700, 44 Beaver Street, New York, for booklet "As the Twig is Bent,"—Constipation in infancy and childhood.

The Modern Method of Treating an Old Complaint

★ **Nujol** *For Constipation*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

For All Babies

This wonderful little coat-shaped shirt, double thick over chest and stomach, is the safeguard of infancy.

It insures protection where it is most needed—to the sensitive vital organs.

ALL the time

Baby needs his Rubens all the year round to keep him safe from weather changes.

Made in all materials for children of all ages. If your dealer hasn't it, write to us. For your protection, insist on the genuine RUBENS.

Manufactured only by

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.

358 W. Madison St. Chicago

Rubens

Look for this Trade-Mark

Put on and off like a coat

Always fits perfectly

NO BUTTONS NO TROUBLE

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Mountebank

ceived it, infinitely touched. When she paused in her vehement outburst, he leaned toward her, elbow on table and his delicate hand at the end of his long bony wrist held up as a signal of arrest:

"The fault is not that of France or Marseilles, my dear Elodie. Perhaps the war may have something to do with it. But the fault is mine."

She waved away so insane a suggestion, went into details. How could it be his fault when the night's tricks were as identical with the tricks which used to command applause as two reproductions of the same cinema film? As for the breakdown of the new trick with the elongated violin and bow, she had seen where the mechanism had not worked properly. A joint had stuck. The audience had seen it, too—an accident which could happen anywhere; that had nothing to do with the failure of the entertainment. The failure lay in the mental and moral condition of the degraded post-war audience.

For all her championing, Andrew shook his head sadly. "No. Your cinema analogy won't hold. The fault's in me, and I'm sorry, my dear."

He tried to explain. She tried to understand. It was hopeless. He knew that he had lost, and had not yet recovered, that spiritual or magnetic contact with his audience which is the first element in artistic success, be the artistry never so primitive. The audience, he realized full well, had regarded him as a mechanical figure executing mechanical antics which in themselves had no particular claim on absorbing human interest. The eternal appeal, the "held-me-with-his-glittering eye" of the Ancient Mariner, was wanting. And the man trained in the tremendous school of war saw why.

THEY walked to their modest hostelry. He had shrunk from the great hotels where the lounges were still full of men in khaki going or coming from overseas, among whom he would surely find acquaintances. He no longer desired to meet them. He had cut himself clean adrift from the old associations. He told me that Bakkus and I were his only correspondents. Hereafter he would exist solely as *Petit Patou*, flinging General Lackaday dead among the dead things of war. Besides, the great hotels of Marseilles cost the eyes out of your head. The good old days of the comfortable car and inexpensive lodging had gone apparently forever, and he had to fall back on the travel and accommodation of his early struggling days.

Elodie continued the discussion of the disaster. His face wore its wry grin of discomfiture, but he said little. They must go on as they had begun. Perhaps things would right themselves. He would lose his loathing of his mountebank trade and thus win back the sympathy of his audience.

Before they separated for the night, she flung her arm protectingly round him and kissed him.

"They shall applaud you, *mon vieux*, I promise you."

He laughed. Again her faith touched him deeply.

"You have not changed since our first meeting in the restaurant garden at Avignon. You are always my mascot, Elodie!"

The menacing thunder broke in the night, and all the next day it rained pitilessly. Two or three morning hours they spent at the music-hall, rehearsing so that no physical imperfection should mar the evening performance. The giant violin worked with the precision of a Stradivarius. All that human care could do was done. They drove back to the hotel to lunch. Elodie lounged for the rest of the afternoon in her room with a couple of lovebirds for company, the rest of the aviary in the Saint Denis flat being under the guardianship of Bakkus. Andrew, with his cleared dressing-table for a desk, brought up to date

Smart new shoes— one pouring wet day will crack and stain them

SUCH a downpour! Your expensive new suedes on. No, you daren't take one step out without your rubbers.

Water dulls and stains any leather. Mud and dirt rot it. Repeated wettings soak shoes through. They lose their shape. They crack while they dry.

When you have paid so much for shoes, you simply cannot afford to have them go so fast.

Keep your feet just as slim shod on rainy days as on dry—but *save your shoes.*

U. S. Rubbers have made rainy day trimness possible. Made to follow exactly the smart lines of your shoes, they give tone to your rainy day attire. There are slim, dainty sandals to slip over afternoon shoes. Practical storm rubbers. Warm, comfortable arctics. Every style of heel the vogue demands.

All the years of experience, skill and craftsmanship of the U. S. Rubber Company have been used in making these rubbers so light and elastic they give slim, graceful lines—so durable, they give absolute protection.

You can identify these rubbers by the U. S. seal under the instep.

Get them when you buy your shoes—they are on sale at the same shops.

Many women have found that this insures a perfect fit. A rainy day never finds them unprepared—they have the right rubbers to insure protection for every kind of shoe they own. Their feet in U. S. rubbers will look trim and neat on the rainiest days.

Tack this up over your shoe closet

Never wear the same pair of shoes continuously, especially in wet weather.

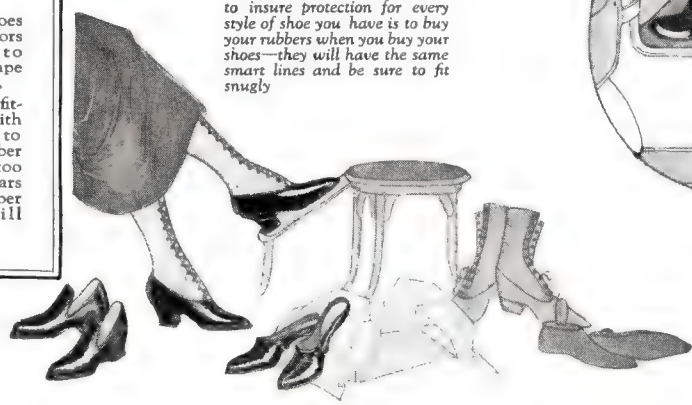
Never get your shoes wet. Dampness discolors leather, causes it to stretch, lose its shape and wear out quickly.

Have your rubbers fitted to the shoes with which you intend to wear them. A rubber fitted too short or too narrow splits and wears out quickly. A rubber fitted too large will wrinkle and crack.

At church or the theatre, light, slim U. S. sandals are practical—they are so easy to slip on and off—and they are ample protection for light showers

Dainty evening slippers must be protected even in stepping from your door to your car. Many women are finding that U. S. arctics, trim, well-finished, warm, are exactly what they have always wanted for this purpose

Never let a rainy day find you unprepared. The simplest way to insure protection for every style of shoe you have is to buy your rubbers when you buy your shoes—they will have the same smart lines and be sure to fit snugly



Ask for "U. S." Rubbers

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories *The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World* *Two hundred and thirty-five Branches*

COPYRIGHTED 1920
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.

Draws the Air *Clear Through* the Carpet
This Way
Not This Way
Eureka's cleaning is rapid and thorough because it draws through the fabric more air moving at greater velocity. Instantly this unmatched suction dislodges imbedded dirt. It cleans faultlessly, harming neither nap nor warp nor fabric.
Eureka's widely recognized efficiency is based solely on **volume and velocity** of air because nothing else is required for perfect renovation.

"—and you should see it clean!"

CONTENTMENT and satisfaction are perceptible in homes where Eureka is. For Eureka aids in creating an atmosphere of crisp cleanliness that unobtrusively distinguishes the well groomed home.

And simply because it makes this possible without fatigue or annoyance or even undue effort on its operator's part, Eureka is literally looked upon as a source of happiness by homekeepers, since its possession does much in dispelling irksome cleaning cares.

Because they know how thoroughly and quickly Eureka cleans, how easily they accustom themselves to guiding it from place to place, and how freely it adapts itself to every requirement of the fastidious home, over 350,000 women have selected Eureka.

On the other hand, their husbands commend their selection of Eureka not so much on account of its easy operation and flexibility, but because they know that it is built by the largest exclusive makers of bonafide vacuum cleaners in the world and because it takes its excellence from a cleaning principle *fundamentally right!*

A fascinating booklet, "Keeping the House Clean," is ready for distribution. Homekeepers will profit by knowing its contents. Write for a copy.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, Detroit, U. S. A.
Canadian Branch: Kitchener, Ont.; Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher St., London, Eng.

Winner of Grand Prize at the Panama Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, Grand Prize and Gold Medal at Brussels, Belgium, February, 1920, and Grand Prize and Gold Medal at Milan, Italy, July, 1920

★ EUREKA
Draws the
Air *Clear Through*

the autobiographical manuscript which for the past few months had solaced so many hours of enforced leisure. Then they dined and proceeded to the music-hall, Elodie defiant within, a flush on her cheek, Andrew with his jaw set in a sort of hopeless determination.

The preparations of the preceding evening repeated themselves. The rain had slightly cooled the air, but the smell of drains and humanity and leaky gas-pipes and the mangy lion still caught at Andrew's throat. The little dresser, while investing him in the hated motley, pointed proudly to the open skylight. He himself had mounted at great personal peril, to the roof. One was not a Chasseur Alpin for nothing. Oh, yes, he had gone all through the war. He had the military medal and four chevrons. Had Monsieur Patou seen any service?

Like everybody else, said Andrew.

It was good to get back to civil life and one's ordinary tasks, said the dresser, whom the change in the weather perhaps had rendered more optimistic. Was not Monsieur Patou glad to return to the stage? A man's work, what? The war was for savages and wild beasts, not for human beings.

Andrew let him talk on, wondering idly how he had sloughed his soldier's life without a regret. He stood up once more in his complete zany garb and, looking in the mirror, lost sight of himself for a poignant second while the dressing-room changed into an evil-smelling dug-out, dark save for one guttering candle stuck in a bottle. In the shadows he saw half a dozen lean, stern faces lit with the eyes of men whom he was sending forth to defy death. And every one of them hung upon his words as though they were a god's. The transient vision faded, and he became aware again of the grotesque and painted clown gibbering meaninglessly out of the glass.

He strode down the iron stairs. There was the table of properties waiting in the wings. There came Elodie to join him. There, in the fiercely lighted strip of stage, the back, cut by the wing, of the singer with the voice of a duck, ending the "Jewel Song." Then came the applause, the now undisputed encores, the weary nervous wait. . . . such had been his life night after night in unconsidered, undreamed-of monotony before the war. Such would be his life henceforward—changeless, deadly, appalling.

AT last he went on. Through the mysterious psychological influence which one audience has on another, his reception was even more frigid than before. Elodie made her entrance. The house grew restless, inattentive. Andrew flogged his soul until he seemed to sweat his heart's blood. Here and there loud talking and hoarse laughter rose above the buzz and rustle of an unappreciative audience. Elodie's breast heaved, and her face grew pallid beneath its heavy paint, but her eyes were bright.

"*Allons toujours!*" Andrew whispered.

But in the famous cigar act he missed, for the first time since the far-off rehearsals after the death of Prépimpin, when the fault was due to Elodie's lack of skill. But now she threw it fair. It was he who missed. The lighted cigar smote him on the cheek. The impossibility of the occurrence staggered him for a second. But a second on the stage is an appreciable space of time, sufficient for the audience to pounce on his clumsiness, to burst into a roar of jeering laughter, to take up the cruelty of the hiss.

But before he could do anything, Elodie, coarse and bulging out of her short red bodice and skirt, her features contorted with anger, was in front of the footlights, defying the house.

"*Laches!*" she cried.

The word which no Frenchman can hear unperturbed, cut the clamor like a trumpet call. There was sudden silence.

"Yes, cowards! You make me ashamed that

FAMOUS WINDOWS
—THE BLAINE MANSION

THE home of Maine's greatest son, James G. Blaine, beloved statesman of a generation ago, is now the Governor's Mansion, at Augusta, Me.

And such a home! How classic an example it is of the true Colonial, how fascinating its rich simplicity from foundation to roof!

Only highest quality appointments could keep company with this colonial treasure — which accounts for the fact that Hartshorn Shade Rollers and Shade Fabrics are in use throughout; their dignified appearance and reliability made them *necessary*.

In hotel and club, college and home, the name "Hartshorn" associated with Shades and Shade Rollers is a guarantee of the elimination of all shade troubles.

Stewart Hartshorn
SHADE ROLLERS AND WINDOW SHADE FABRICS

STEWART HARTSHORN CO., 250 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Enjoy Easy Feet Booklet FREE
Avoid Broken Arches, Bad Joints, etc., by wearing COTTON'S CUSHION TRED SHOE
Soft, Tough, Glovefitting Vici, Patent Cushion, Nailless Innersole, Cat's Paw Rubber Heel. Direct buying gives surprising quality. Fit, wear, comfort and satisfaction guaranteed.
$5.95 Postpaid
COTTON & CO., Westbrook, Maine

BERTHE MAY'S CORSET, BELT & BRASSIERE for
MATERNITY
Comfort, abdominal support. Protects mother and child. Dress as usual. Normal appearance. *Write for Booklet No. 7* free in plain sealed envelope. Mail orders, full satisfaction. Fine for stout women and invalids. Berthe May, 10 E. 46th St., N. Y.

Dennisons

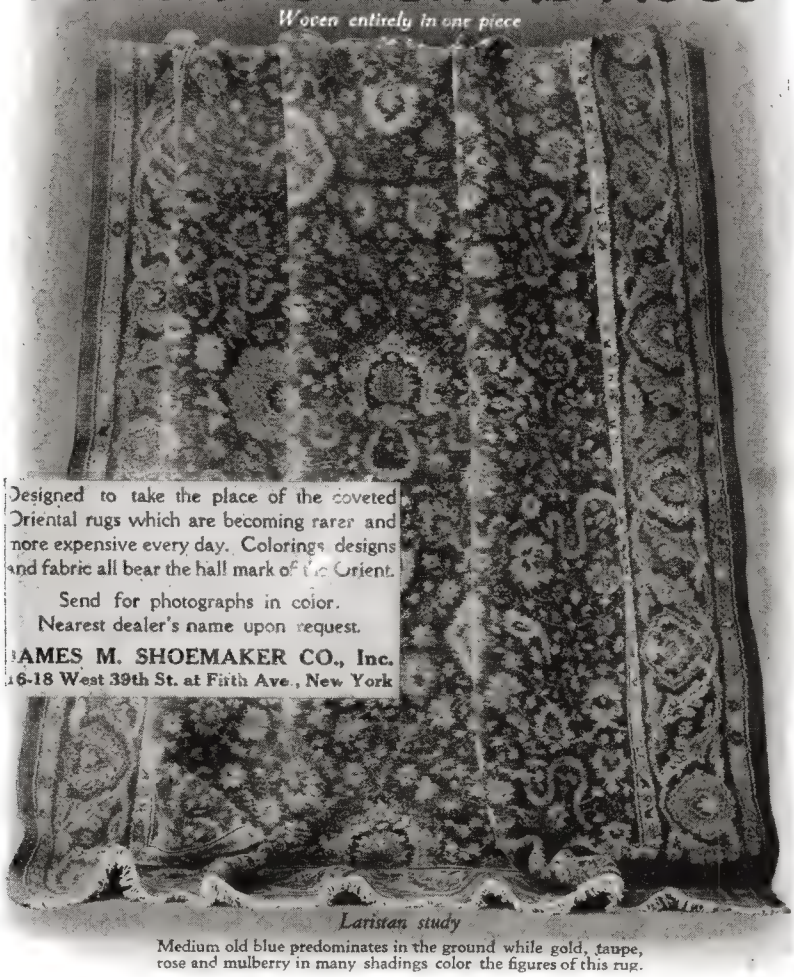
Doll Outfits
On rainy days make frills and furbelows, ruffles and pretty paper dresses for Dolly with Dennison's Doll Outfit. Fine for gifts. At 10,000 Dealers.
Send 2 cents Dennison. Dept. D for "Christmas Book."
What Next ?

Angel Food Cake
8 Inches Square
5 Inches High
I teach you to make them better than you ever made them before—the most delicious Angel Food Cake and many other kinds, the most appetizing cakes you ever tasted.
They Sell for $3.00—Profit, $2.00
I will make you the most expert cake-maker in your vicinity. Your cakes will be praised and sought for. Your cakes will become famous, if you make them by the

Osborn Cake Making System
My methods are original. They never fail. They are easy to learn; you are sure to succeed the very first time. I have taught thousands. I can teach you. Let me send you particulars FREE.
MRS. GRACE OSBORN
Dept. F-11 Bay City, Michigan

BENGAL-ORIENTAL RUGS

Woven entirely in one piece



Designed to take the place of the coveted Oriental rugs which are becoming rarer and more expensive every day. Colorings designs and fabric all bear the hall mark of the Orient.

Send for photographs in color.
Nearest dealer's name upon request.

JAMES M. SHOEMAKER CO., Inc.
16-18 West 39th St. at Fifth Ave., New York

Laristan study

Medium old blue predominates in the ground while gold, taupe, rose and mulberry in many shadings color the figures of this rug.

SCHOOLS

Good Housekeeping's School Department is maintained for the purpose of assisting you in the selection of the right school. Write the Director, giving full details regarding your requirements and he will be glad to put you in touch with suitable schools.

ROBINSON REMINDER
Tear Out When Attended To

Each memo a perforated coupon, which when attended to, is torn out. Live notes only. No searching thru obsolete notes. Everything ready for instant reference. Handy pocket in cover.

Reminder Complete With One Extra Filler

	Sizes 3 in. x 5 in.		3 1-2 in. x 7 in.	
Black Leather	No. 344	$1.25	No. 464	$2.00
Cross Grain Leather	345	1.75	465	2.75
India Calf	346	2.50	466	3.50
Cowhide	347	2.75	467	3.75
Genuine Morocco	348	3.00	468	4.00
Imitation Leather	343	.75	463	1.00
Cloth [without extra filler]	342	.25	462	.50

Ladies Shopping Reminder With Pencil and Extra Filler
Size 2 3-4 in. x 3 3-4 in.

Black Leather	No. 234	$1.50	India Calf	No. 236	$2.25
Patent Leather	239	1.75	Cowhide	237	2.25
Cross Grain	235	1.75	Morocco	238	2.25

Extra Fillers

No. 340 3 x 5 in. [4 coupons to page]	75c	per dozen
460 3 1-2 x 7 in. [6 coupons to page]	$1.00	" "
230 2 3-4 x 3 3-4 in. [3 coupons to page]	70c	" "

Name in gold leaf on cover—25c extra. These prices subject to change without notice. If not at your dealer's, order from us. [Stationers write.]

Robinson Mfg. Co., 78 Elm Street, Westfield, Mass.

Xmas Gifts
that you can make

There are lots of Christmas gifts that you can make—bags, collars, rugs, baskets, pincushions, etc. And you can make them now—in time for Christmas. On pages 26, 146 and 147 of this issue of Good Housekeeping you will find illustrations together with instructions for making. An easy way of solving part of the gift-problem.

The Mountebank

I am of Marseilles. To you, a demobilized hero is nothing. But instead of practising his tricks during the war to amuse you, he has been fighting for his country. And he has earned this." She flashed from her bosom a white-enameled cross depending from a red ribbon. "Voila! Not *Chevalier*—but *Officier—de la Légion d'Honneur!*" With both pudgy arms outstretched, she held the audience for the tense moment. "And from simple soldier to General of Brigade. And that is the *Petit Patou* whom you insult!"—She threatened them with the cross—"You insult France!"

Reaction followed swift on her lightning speech. The French audience, sensitive to the dramatic and the patriotic, burst into tumultuous acclamation. Elodie smiled at them triumphantly and turned to Andrew, who stood at the back of the stage, petrified, his chin in the air, at the full stretch of his inordinate height, his eyes gleaming, his long, thin lips so tightened that they broke the painted grin, his hands on his hips.

Now if Elodie had carried out the plan developed during the night she could then and there have died happily. Exulting in her success, she tripped up the stage to Andrew, the clasp of the decoration between finger and thumb, hoping to pin it on his breast. The applause dropped, the house hovering for an instant on the verge of anticlimax. But Andrew, with a flash of rage and hatred, waved her away and strode down to the footlights, tearing off his grotesque wig and revealing his shock of carroty hair. His soul was sick with horror. Only the swift silence made him realize that he was bound to address the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I thank you for your generosity to me as a soldier. But I am here to try to merit your approbation as an artist. For what has just happened I must ask you to pardon a woman's heart."

HE remained for a while glaring at them. Then the applause came to an end; he bowed, half ironically, and gave a quick, imperious order, at which the curtain was rung down amid an uproar of excitement. He strode into the wings, followed by Elodie starry-eyed, and stood panting. The curtain rose as if automatically. The manager thrust him toward the stage.

"They want you," he cried.

"They can go to the devil," said Andrew.

Regardless of the clamor, he stalked with Elodie to the foot of the iron stairs. On their way they passed the waxed-moustachioed trainer of the performing dogs.

"A good *coup de théâtre*, madame," he remarked jealously.

Andrew glowered down on him. "You say, monsieur—?"

But the dog-trainer, meeting the eyes burning in the painted face, thought it best to say nothing, and Andrew mounted the stairs. Elodie followed him into his dressing-room, palpitating with excitement and perplexity, and clutching both his arms, looked wildly into his face.

"You are not pleased with me?"

For a moment or two he regarded her with stupid hostility, and then, getting a grip on himself, he saw things from her point of view and realized her wit and her courage and her devotion. It was no fault of hers that she had no notion of his abhorrence of the scene.

He smiled. "It is only you who could have dared," he said.

"I told you last night they should applaud you."

"And last night, I told you, you are always my mascot."

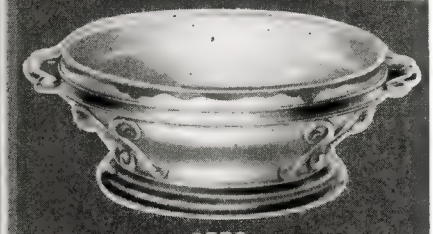
"If it only weren't true that you love me no longer!" said Elodie.

The dresser entered. Elodie slipped out. Andrew made a step after her to the threshold.

"What the devil did she mean by that?" said he, after the manner of men.

(*To be continued*)

"Royal-Rochester"



Distinctive Design and Extreme Utility are the Outstanding Features of ★ *"Royal-Rochester"*

THE desire to improve table service, and to lessen the work of making coffee is our main consideration in producing *"Royal-Rochester"* Percolators. The numerous *"Royal-Rochester"* designs and styles delight the eye and improve table service.

The following features save time, fuss and bother in the preparation of coffee:

Hinged cover prevents inset falling out and damaging table linen and china.

Metal tipped handle—protection against flame.

Take-apart insert eliminates breakage in cleaning.

Removable inset makes increased capacity possible and permits user to reheat coffee without adding to its strength.

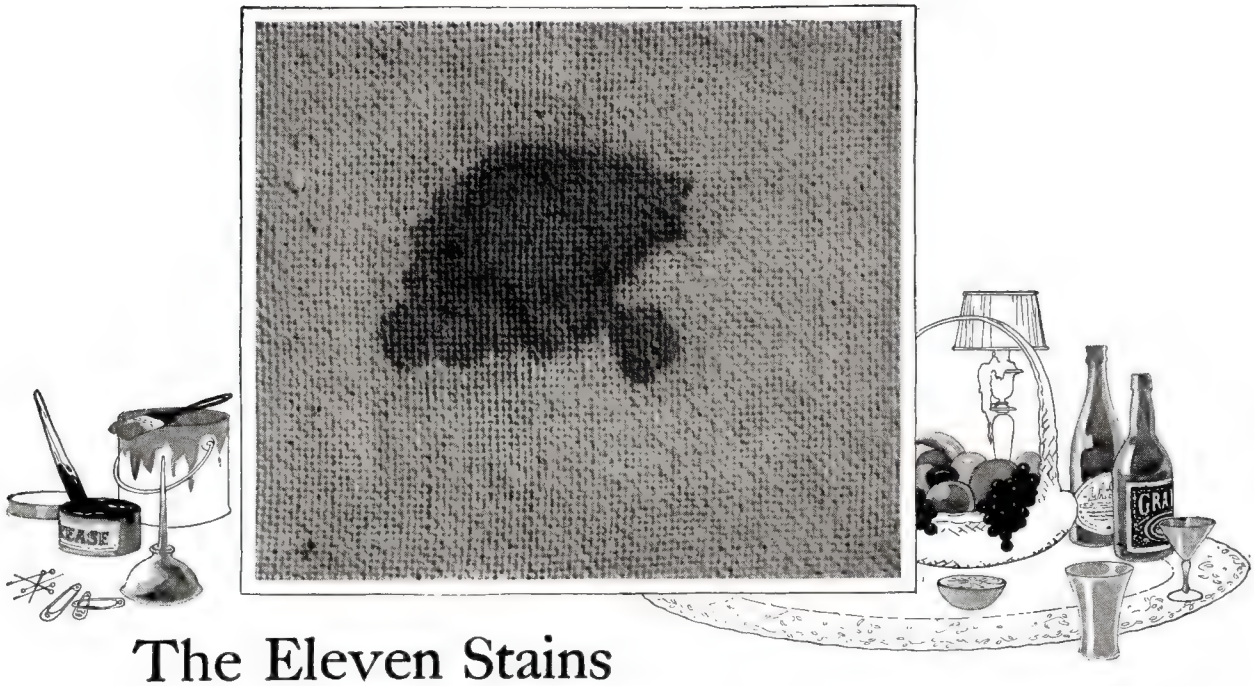
Ask your dealer to show you his assortment of *"Royal-Rochester"* Percolators, or write us for illustrated booklet showing the complete line.

ROCHESTER STAMPING COMPANY

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

NEW YORK SHOW ROOMS — 200 FIFTH AVENUE

Manufacturers of famous Royal-Rochester Metalware Line



The Eleven Stains

—and How the Modern Laundry Treats them for You

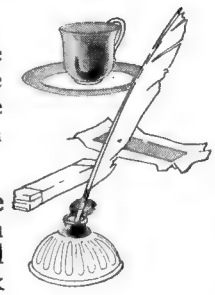
Men who have studied the subject tell us there are eleven main varieties of stains that affect fabrics—fruit stains, beverage stains, inks, grass, grease, wax (including gum), dyes, paints, oils, leather, and those of metallic origin, like rust.

In grandmother's time, and as late as 1860, few means of removing spots from these causes were known. If a garment—a shirtwaist let us say—became marred with something that refused to wash away, it was dyed a darker hue, and this treatment was repeated as new stains developed until eventually the waist became black.

Stains cause women little concern today because methods for treating them have been worked out. The housewife with an obstinate ink splotch on her Irish linen table cloth, now merely includes the soiled napery with her family washing, knowing it will come back from the laundry in a few days, spotless and refreshingly white.

Through systematic study, and long experience, the modern laundry has learned what is most efficacious for each kind of stain.

Simple washing suffices for the great majority, but for those more stubborn, special treatments have been devised that clean without harm to the fabric.



For paint marks a vaseline-gasoline treatment is used by the modern laundry; grass stains on woolens and silks are removed with ether; ink spots and rust are treated with an oxalic sour; tea, coffee and wines are most frequently "cured" with special sodium bisulphite, or potassium permanganate methods—and so through the whole long list.

This is a supplemental help that modern laundries render—one of the details typical of the thoroughness of all modern laundering service.

And it is service, too, that any of the modern laundries in your city will be glad to give. Learn the joy of *complete* relief from washday's trying labors—send all your family washing to one of the modern laundries in your city.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

Executive Offices: Cincinnati

The Children's Crusade

(*Continued from page 21*)

But the children do believe it—these children who will take that belief with them into tomorrow. They believe it because they do not know these hard realities that, after all, vanish like smoke with each generation's passing; they believe it because they are already beginning to create the world around them in the image of the new realities that American children are showing them.

The movement began, as so many ventures of children do begin, in their eagerness to emulate us. There was the big Red Cross in which we were busy supporting our men in the war by trying to undo what war did to them, and there followed the Junior Red Cross, organized to help us. For twelve months the children rolled bandages, made field-dressings, collected tin-foil, learned to knit, manufactured with their little hands fifteen million articles for the soldiers. Their enthusiasm overran all efforts to hold it in sedate regulations. There was nothing they could not contrive to do. In southern California they earned money by killing gophers; in Texas they organized Pig Clubs and raised pork to help the Food Administration; in Idaho they scoured the sage-brush plains, collecting bits of wool where sheep had rubbed their backs, until they had five hundred pounds of wool to be knitted into sweaters. Then the war ended, and in the sob of relief that went up from the world there was a little gasp of dismay from the children. What should they do next?

THERE were consultations in the big white marble building in Washington. The parent organization, following its policy of diverting its activities from war abroad to peace at home, sought to turn the energy of the children back upon themselves. The Health Game was started in American schools, and fourteen million children who wore the little red cross diligently brushed their teeth, washed their faces, slept with open windows, resisted pickles and candy, and breathed deeply. But already their interests and activities were wider than America; in the Philippines 100,000 children had joined them; in Shanghai 25,000 young Chinese had come into the family. Also, they owned property in France and Belgium and on the seas; the ten million dollars they had amassed was not all spent. And already their leaders had seen a vision.

Diplomats at Versailles were still discussing new boundary lines when the children of America set out to carry across all frontiers the message of the brotherhood of the world's children. There were gifts in their hands, but their spirit was not that of charity. It was a spirit of common fellowship, and it is not gratitude alone, but something finer and more enduring that one finds wherever they have passed.

Eight months after the first messenger from America's children had gone that way, I went down the white road that leads from the little hill-town of St. Francis of Assisi to Perugia, another old town upon the Umbrian hills. It is a long way from the pleasant American street where at that moment the children were sleeping, a long way measured not only by leagues, but by centuries. For even the name of these hills recalls the time, four thousand years ago, when men of the Iron Age came down over the Alps into a central Italy still shaken by the cataclysm that separated Sicily from the mainland. "Ombrixei," they were named by the Greek tribes in the Balkans, meaning, "men who fear the invasion of waters." To the peasants who trudged behind little ox-drawn plows on the golden-brown hillsides, and to the peasant women with baskets balanced on their yellow-kerchiefed heads, the old Roman road was a modern improvement, for in their veins is still the blood of the men who took these fertile lands while the sea was yet retreating from the Umbrian hills. They took these lands and tilled them, and held them

In a Kabo Comfort Top Corset, it's so easy to stoop and bend—there's such joy in bodily freedom—such poise and grace!

For it's the corset that can't gouge at the top.

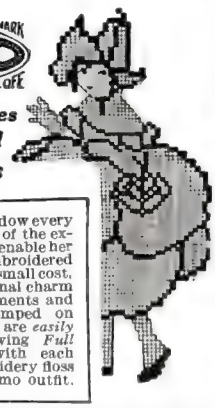
KABO *Comfort Top Corsets*

KABO CORSET COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

TRADE MARK ARTAMO REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Embroidery Packages Provide Economical Christmas Gifts



ARTAMO Packages endow every woman with the skill of the expert needleworker. They enable her to supply beautifully embroidered articles for the home at small cost, thus adding to the personal charm of the gift. Dainty garments and desirable utilities, stamped on finest quality materials, are *easily* worked out by following *Full Detailed Instructions* with each package. Ample embroidery floss accompanies each Artamo outfit.

Ask your dealer for the beautifully illustrated new FREE Artamo book, showing fifty designs in children's dresses, including many European creations, centers, doilies, lingerie, aprons, cushion tops, etc., or write direct to

G. REIS & BRO., Inc.

892 Broadway New York City

Manufacturers of the famous Reis-Tex Foundations

"U-Put-On"

Detachable Rubber Heels

Put on like rubbers—keep heels level—save wear.

For French and Louis heels. Black, tan, gray and white, 50c per pair. Ask dealer or send his name with remittance. For size, mark outline of heel.

Robert E. Miller, Inc.

11 Broadway New York

Dept. B

LLOYD
LOOM WOVEN
BABY
CARRIAGES

Five Thousand Stores Display This Sign—

MARSHALL BURNS LLOYD did certainly upset the most primitive art of the centuries and one of the oldest businesses in the world when he invented his method of producing wicker articles and his wonderful loom.

At one stroke, he was not only producing Loom-Woven Baby Carriages many times faster than by the cumbersome old hand way, but many times finer as well. And cheaper, of course.

Merchants all over America bought Lloyd Loom-Woven Baby Carriages as fast as they could be made. Five thousand Stores are now ready to supply you.

Look for the Lloyd Dealers in your City, or write us and we'll send you their names together with our pretty FREE Book of Baby Carriage Styles.

Lucky is the Little Winter Baby Who Has a

LLOYD

Get a Lloyd Stroller or Sulky for the older Baby. It will keep him a healthier baby all winter long.

LLOYD MANUFACTURING CO.

128 Home Street **Menominee, Mich.**

You can't get it for a year—

It will be a year before "The Flaming Forest" by James Oliver Curwood will be published in book form. And who can wait a whole year for a Curwood story—especially when it may be read now—started now—in Good Housekeeping? You'll find the first word of the first chapter on page 8 of this issue.

The Children's Crusade

against the invasion of all the tribes that came down upon Italy in the centuries while mankind was roving over a hemisphere still being made by earthquake and volcanic upheaval. And in the chatter of the soft-eyed children, who came running to crowd around me in the little town of St. Francis, there remain traces of the language spoken four thousand years ago by "the men who feared the invasion of waters."

"You are American?" they asked shyly, as we walked across the rough-hewn cobbles St. Francis had trod, and went into the little church where his deeds are recorded in paint on the walls. "See," they said, pointing to the pictures that showed the gentle saint scolding the wolf for his fierceness, talking to the birds, giving his cloak to a beggar, "He is our St. Francis, who loved all sad people and was good to them, like the Americans." It was a faith that made one humble, and a little ashamed.

So I went down the white road toward the old Franciscan hospital where St. Francis, brown-robed and barefooted, went every day to tend the lepers. Alone among brown fields and leafless tree-trunks wreathed with grapevines there was the long building of age-yellowed gray stone. And in the field beside it a riotous crowd of Italian boys was playing football.

They did not stop playing because an observer stood astounded at the edge of the field. The struggle went on, panting and fierce, directed by breathless yells, until the shout that rose from a tangled mass of legs and arms showed that some one had scored. Then one might diffidently approach and try cautiously to break down the wall of reticence behind which all half-grown boys retreat. From what miraculous skies did a football drop upon the Umbrian hills? From America, they said, and the word loosed an avalanche of questions.

"You know Detroit?" "You know Chicago?" "You have seen Kansas?"

"Why do you ask about Detroit?"

The questioner did not reply, turning aside his brown eyes and digging a toe into the ground. The answer came from others:

"He has a friend in Detroit."

"A friend? From here?"

"An American friend. He writes to him. I have a friend in Philadelphia. I have a friend in California, too. He went there from Philadelphia. It is three thousand miles. America is a big country."

THE old Franciscan monastery is now a school—the delicacy of the Italians will not call it an orphanage—for boys whose families were murdered by the war. Thirty years ago. an Italian Jew, Levy Morenus, founded it upon a saying of Benjamin Franklin, who, lending money to some one in need, said, "I am too poor to give this to you. When you can, repay it by lending it to some one else, and tell him to repay you by passing it on to another who needs it." For thirty years the school and its farms were maintained by this spirit of cooperation, the orphans working in the fields making money to support more orphans, so that each boy held his head high, feeling himself not an object of charity, but a unit in a society that was self-reliant. The war would have destroyed this shelter for its victims, had not the American children offered to help support it; and the Italian boys took the help in the same spirit in which they help others. Are they not all children, helping each other? The Americans have come into the family, that is all. They are now part of the Italian *cooperativa* as they are becoming part of the legend of St. Francis. And the Italian boys welcome the newcomers as boys welcome a new and interesting schoolmate.

"Do our American friends train the vines so?" they asked, showing the dead tree trunks on which the vines were carefully festooned. "And how do they make soap?" they wanted

Many new and valuable suggestions for the use of Burnett's Vanilla will be found in the 5th revised edition of "Dainty and Artistic Desserts." Send for it. Enclose your grocer's name and 15c in stamps, or coin to cover mailing

The festive spirit of "Good Things to Eat" calls for Burnett's Vanilla.

WHETHER it's a birthday party for the tiniest kiddie, a holiday celebration, or simply a good time for its own sake, the good things that are cooked for the occasion are largely responsible for its success.

In the cakes, puddings, and confections that give the lightsome touch, you will need vanilla for flavoring. It is a small detail; but most important since on it depends the delightfulness of the whole dessert. To make sure that it fully meets all your requirements of purity and flavor, use Burnett's Vanilla. Its purity is guaranteed. Its flavor proves itself.

The delicate, mellow, smooth "full flavor" of Burnett's Vanilla is due in part to the select grade of Mexican vanilla beans used for it, in part to the slow, "nature" process by which it is made, and finally to the happy combination of both; a stroke of fortune which alone can account for some of the best things in life.

Be sure to tell your grocer "Burnett's"

JOSEPH BURNETT CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Burnett's Vanilla

Since 1847–Burnett's extracts have meant full flavor

★ Sunshine Biscuits

Everymeal – Everyday

To Crown the Holiday Feasts

When you serve Sunshine Hydrox Biscuit, Sunshine Clover Leaves Sugar Wafers, or any of the scores of Sunshine Biscuits at holiday feasts, family and guests will not be disappointed. For Sunshine Biscuits lend an air of festivity and a new attractiveness to your table.

Besides, they are an ideal addition to desserts for any occasion; and others of the Sunshine list are equally delightful in every course of the meal, from soup to after-dinner coffee.

Order them now from your grocer's for all the holiday events; and remember,

Sunshine Fruit Cakes

Chock-full of nuts, plump raisins, tender citron, candied fruits, delicate flavorings, and fragrant spices. Sunshine Sylvet Fruit Cake (light or dark), packed in 1-lb., 2-lb., 5-lb. tins.

Sunshine Oxford Fruit Cake (not as rich as Sylvet), packed in 1-lb. cartons, 2½-lb. and 5-lb. tins.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in over 100 cities*

tc know, when one dropped his hoe to stir the boiling kettle of fat and lye. For on that school farm, managed by the boys themselves, neither material nor time is wasted. Fifteen older boys apportion the tasks each month, send this group to care for the rabbits, that one to tend the vines, these boys to keep the bedrooms clean, those to do the kitchen work. School follows them to the fields, the master giving out arithmetic problems while the hoes are busy. "If ten of your cabbages die, Gino, at what price must you sell the others to make a profit?" And when Gino hesitates, "You will make no profit, Gino, if you can not answer that."

The profit is important, for it is Gino's contribution toward bringing another orphan into the school. Every month the *cooperativa* meets around the scrubbed, old, wooden table in the stone-floored kitchen-dining-room, and here, with the shining copper cooking pots on the walls around them, the boys settle the problems of the Collestrada colony and solemnly debate the election to the *cooperativa* of newcomers still on probation.

"Is this the way it is done in your country?" the president asks when the meeting has adjourned, for he would be willing to learn better methods of presiding at a *cooperativa* meeting. You compliment his skilful leadership, while some of the boys stretch a white cloth on the walls, and others watch the proud manipulator of the magic lantern that has come from the American children. The boys not yet admitted to the *cooperativa* crowd through the doorways and bring in benches. The excitement is so great that they can hardly settle into silence, for they are about to see a magic-lantern show. Marvelous invention from marvelous America!

"Will you say to our American friends that we thank them for the magic lantern and for the football?" The English names sound strange in the midst of the soft Italian. "A baseball has come, also, but we do not yet know how to use it. What is it, a first base?"

You share your meager knowledge of baseball. The scuffling rows of boys are still now, and the first shining colored picture slides through the darkness. Brooklyn Bridge! They recognize it with excited exclamations.

Outside on the old white Roman road a peasant's cart lumbers past, drawn by two plodding oxen. From the door-step one sees the dark masses of olive trees and the straggling lines of the vineyards. Here and there a light moves uncertainly, a torch carried in a dark village street. Over the low line of the hills the old stars swing again, the stars that saw the tribes of the first Ombrixei, the wars of the Iron and Bronze ages, the conquests of the Gauls and the camp-fires of Hannibal's army; the stars that are looking down now upon a new thing, the first effort at understanding and friendship among the children of the world.

BEYOND the Alps lies Italy's ancient enemy, Austria, the nation that inherited, five hundred years ago, the fear and hate that the peoples of Italy have felt for the danger from the north ever since the sea retreated from the Umbrian hills. Austria, crushed and ground under the heel of Italy at last, hating Italy with a hate poisoned by helplessness, and hated in turn with the cruelty added to anger by fear.

All the world has heard of Austria's suffering; no one really knows it who has not seen it. But among these people whose bodies have been drained of red blood by slow starvation, these men who have lived on husks and turnips, in rooms unheated through the winter, these women whose husbands have been killed, whose sisters and children have died, there is only one answer to the hope of a world without war. I heard it in the huge hotels on The Ring in Vienna, in the government offices that are now in the old city palace of the Hapsburgs, on the terraces of the middle-class cafés, among the thousands that crowded St. Stephen's Cathedral to hear mass beneath the ancient Gothic arches and the jeweled light of stained-glass windows.

your doctor

wont need to give you a drug prescription if he includes in his food prescription ★ Enright's "All O' the Wheat" Bread.

The doctor, of course, knows more about food values than his patients do. He also knows, absolutely, that constipation, indigestion and poor nutrition are responsible for most of the sickness that afflicts modern humanity.

And every doctor will tell you that bread made from ENRIGHT'S "ALL O'THE WHEAT"—the old-style, stone-ground flour, such as kept your grandparents in a sturdy condition of body and mind—will quickly restore you to good health and renewed vigor—and will keep you feeling fit so long as you continue eating it.

Try it—and be convinced. It tastes delicious—and the kiddies like it.

If your baker cannot supply you with ENRIGHT'S "ALL O'THE WHEAT" BREAD, or your grocer with ENRIGHT'S "ALL O'THE WHEAT" FLOUR, just mail the attached coupon and we will promptly inform you how to obtain it.

OLD-FASHIONED MILLERS, INC.
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

PLEASE INFORM ME PER RETURN MAIL WHERE I CAN OBTAIN ENRIGHT'S "ALL O'THE WHEAT" BREAD OR FLOUR.

NAME .....

STREET OR ROUTE.....

CITY OR POST OFFICE.....STATE.....

Let Me Quote You a Special Price On My Rapid Fireless Cooker

Cook every meal on it. If you are not satisfied and delighted I will refund every cent. Get my Special Low Factory Price direct to you. Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Full set of famous "Wear Ever" aluminum cooking utensils comes with it. Ask for free book of valuable recipes.
WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 96 Detroit, Michigan

Carqué's California
USULPHURED, SELECTED, SUN DRIED FRUITS
Also Nuts, Olives, Olive-Oil, Honey, etc. Send for trial package of our Black Mission Figs. Nothing more wholesome or more delicious.
25c Sample Package by Mail 25c
10 lb. box express prepaid $3.60
Additional express for stations of Southern Express Co. from 60 to 60c
Write today for descriptive price list.
★CARQUE PURE FOOD CO., 1601-1607 Magnolia Ave, Los Angeles, Cal.

BLACK MISSION FIGS

SAVE MEAT—SAVE MONEY

With every roast of meat, poultry, and game, and every baked fish, serve a liberal amount of STUFFING or DRESSING flavored with Bell's Seasoning. Increase the pleasure and decrease the cost. Hotel chefs recommend it. If your grocer will not supply you send 10c for sample package.
Ask Grocers For BELL'S SEASONING
Wm. G. Bell Co.
189 State St. Boston, Mass.

Gordon & Dilworth
★ REAL ORANGE MARMALADE
made from wild bitter oranges.
Superior in Quality and Flavor
AT YOUR DEALER

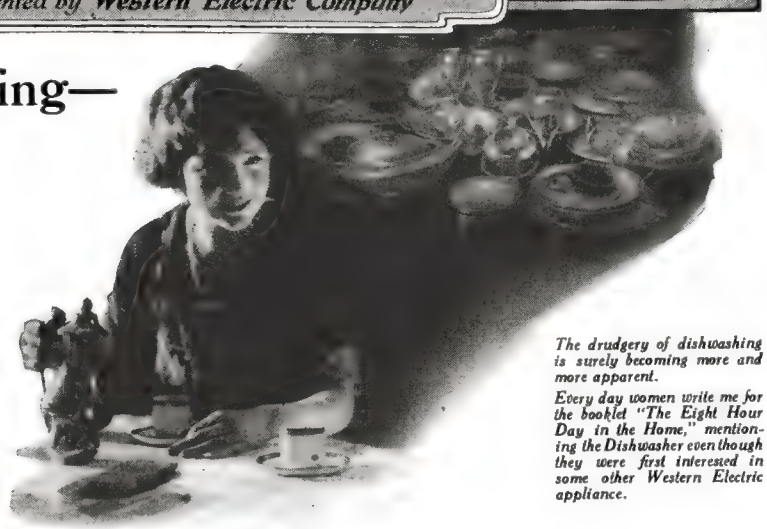
ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers

Edited by Mrs. June Strickland

Published and copyrighted by **Western Electric Company**

You face your guests smiling—but in the back of your head—*dishes!*



The drudgery of dishwashing is surely becoming more and more apparent.

Every day women write me for the booklet "The Eight Hour Day in the Home," mentioning the Dishwasher even though they were first interested in some other Western Electric appliance.

DIRTY DISHES—mountains of them—to be washed. For if it's "The more the merrier" in the dining room, it's "The more the miserabler" in the kitchen, after the fun's over. Many are the women who have wailed "the worst part of housekeeping is dishwashing."

And no wonder, for scarcely any household task is as dirty and as monotonous as the washing of dishes. The worst of it is you never "get anywhere," for almost as soon as it's done it must be started over again.

Dishwashing no longer necessary

They have been trying for a long while to make electricity do for dishwashing what it has succeeded so well in doing for clothes-washing—eliminate drudgery. But until recently I had not seen an electrical dishwasher that I felt I could recommend.

The Western Electric dishwasher has removed my scruples. It really does all the things that a dishwasher should do. And it goes even further, as a matter of fact, because it is not only a wonderful dishwasher, but a perfectly practical kitchen table as well.

There is no disguise for hands disfigured by endless soaking in greasy dishwater

A help to the servant problem

Just because you are fortunate enough to have a maid is no reason why you do not need an electric dishwasher.

If we wives followed our husbands' examples in studying methods of lightening the drudgery of our employees, our servant problem might not be so acute.

Why, in a small family where you wash dishes electrically, the dishes for three meals—luncheon, dinner and breakfast the next morning—can be slipped into the dishwasher and cleaned up all together at the start of the day's work. Then dishwashing can be forgotten until the next day.

A man would say, "That's the efficient way of doing it." Of course he's right. We women are too inclined to do our work the way our mothers and grandmothers did. It's time we woke up.

Saves breakage too

It isn't all carelessness—that chipping and breaking of china and glassware. A wet, slippery plate or glass isn't the *easiest* thing to handle, as you know.

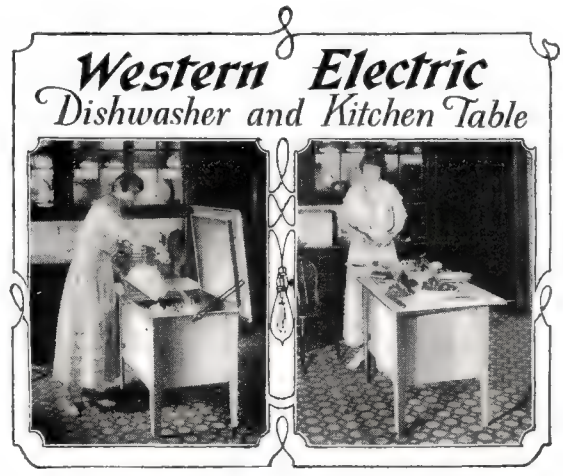
But that's all eliminated with this dishwasher. There's no fumbly handling with a dish cloth. No wiping either. You put the dishes in soiled and take them out clean and dry.

Seems like magic, but simple after all

Still there's nothing complicated about the operation of electrical dishwashing. You just set the dishes in the racks and snap the switch. Hot, cleansing water sprays and streams over them until every bit of dirt and grease has gone. Five to ten minutes of this does the trick; then drain off the water, rinse the dishes right in the dishwasher and in five minutes more they've drained and dried.

Turns into a kitchen table

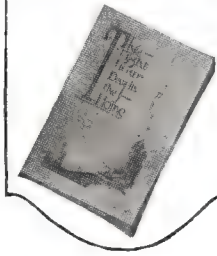
Just put down the lid of the dishwasher and you have a sanitary, white enamel topped table that you would be proud to have in your kitchen, even if it wasn't such a big labor saver. I know that you'll like this Western Electric Dishwasher. If you'll look up the dealer in your town who sells it and have him demonstrate it, you'll be as enthusiastic about it as I am.



The Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper is easy to handle.

The Western Electric Sewing Machine makes sewing a pleasure.

Send for this book on how to do your work more easily and quickly.
Write Western Electric Housekeeping Dept., 4 Dey St., New York



The Western Electric Washing Machine has several points of difference.

In electric irons too there's a difference.

Advertisement **Advertisement** **Advertisement**

The Children's Crusade

"Yes, war is terrible. We have suffered more than we thought we could endure and live. But—you mean a future without war? That can never be for Austria. We have too many enemies."

They did not say it with pride or hatred, they said it hopelessly; but they said and believed it. The most heart-sickening fact in the dying city was that not even their experience of war could make them refuse to accept it as a necessary part of life.

There was only one flickering spark in the midnight of Vienna, and that was in the hospital wards where the children were. For four years the doctors and nurses had fought with bare hands against a rising flood of diseases from malnutrition. Their medicines had run low, their instruments had worn out, there had been no soap, no disinfectants, no sheets to replace old ones, nothing with which to make bandages and dressings. The children lay in beds whose linen was patches of old cloth, their pillow-cases gray and falling to pieces, their mattresses mended with many-colored twine. But the bandages and dressings were new and soft and white. They had been made by the children of America—made in American schoolrooms for the wounds of American soldiers, and given, now the war was over, to soothe the pain of Austrian children. And the Austrian children knew it. They smiled from the pillows, they waved their hands, and their friendly eyes followed our progress between the rows of beds while a little murmur ran behind us, "*Americanische!*"

WHEN I came out of the Kinderklinic there was a long line of women waiting for the street-car. They had been waiting for hours at the clinic, there were sick babies and crippled children in their arms, and there were far too many of them to get on one of the crowded cars. So, in the patient Austrian way, they had formed a line and stood waiting their turn. I would have taken my place in the line, but a murmur arose, and hands pushed me forward, while heads nodded encouragingly.

"*Americanische! Americanische!*" they said, smiling, trying to make me understand.

"You go first," said a woman who knew a few words of English. "American, yes? You go on, that's all right."

"But you're tired, and you have the baby. I can wait."

"No, no! You stand first. You don't wait. You are American. We like Americans."

"But why do you like Americans?" I exclaimed. "America fought you in the war. Perhaps you would have won the war if we had not fought. Perhaps the war would have ended two years sooner. I should think you would hate us."

"It is true, you fought us. But we like you. You have fed our children. And look—" she touched the dressings on the baby's arm. "American children made these for us. No, you go first. We all say so."

A week later my train was running northward across the smiling land of Czecho-Slovakia. The pleasant country, green and rolling as the prairie lands of Iowa, was dotted with the darker green of pine forests and the bright colors of little groups of houses, long low houses with smooth white plaster walls and roofs done in patterns of red and white tiles. Many little streams arched with trees wandered across the meadows, and every stream had its flock of fat white geese tended by little barefoot girls in red and blue gowns. Men and women were working together in the hay-fields, and down the hard roads came carts woven of willow and drawn by little shaggy ponies, one in the shafts and one trotting beside them. And suddenly against this strange landscape appeared an American flag. It was on a flagpole, carefully carried up the road by a little boy in short green jacket, red trousers, and bare legs. Where it was going I shall never know, or why. It appeared and vanished, a bit of home in that far country, a symbol borne

★Penberthy Washing Machine Drainer

Attaches to Any Faucet and Drains or Fills Washing Machines and Tubs

HERE is one of the handiest little devices ever invented for household use.

No need now to laboriously drain your washing machine or tubs with a pail or to use a pail to fill them.

To *drain* machine or tub simply attach to faucet, insert hose in machine or tub and *turn on the faucet*. This creates a suction which quickly empties the machine or tub or pail.

Uses only water pressure as power. Fits any faucet. Made of aluminum—will not rust and lasts a life time.

Sold by hardware, housefurnishing, and department stores and plumbing shops.

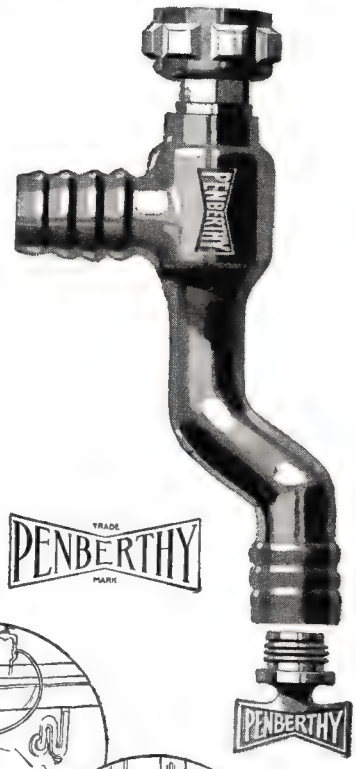
If your dealer cannot supply you send us $3.50 and we will send you one by return mail. Thousands already in use.

Order yours today—it will save you many, many steps and many a heavy lift.

Address Department "A"

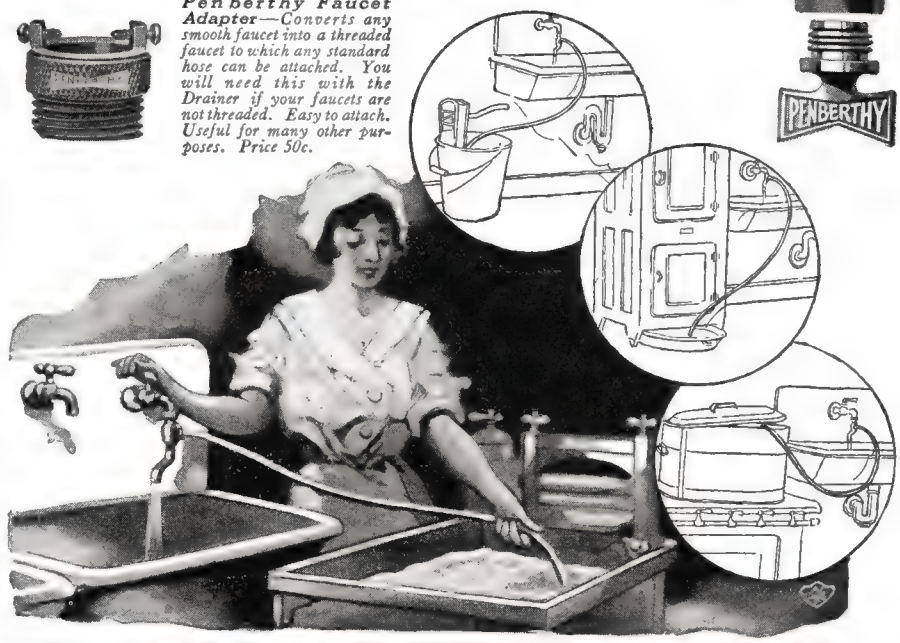
PENBERTHY INJECTOR COMPANY

New York Depot 71 Beekman St. — Established 1886 DETROIT, MICH. — *Canadian Plant* Windsor, Ontario



TRADE PENBERTHY MARK

Penberthy Faucet Adapter—Converts any smooth faucet into a threaded faucet to which any standard hose can be attached. You will need this with the Drainer if your faucets are not threaded. Easy to attach. Useful for many other purposes. Price 50c.



SILVER LAKE CLOTHES LINE ★

A Dependable, Economical Line to Use

It's trade-marked for your protection. Clothes pins do not work loose, and because of the selected material used, no splinters reach your hands. Does not kink, ravel, or stretch, because it is made of pure white cotton and is braided. Guaranteed full lengths —50 ft. $1.00. Knowing dealers all carry it. If you wish to see it, write us for a sample.

SILVER LAKE COMPANY, 308 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass. "Braided—Lasts Years"

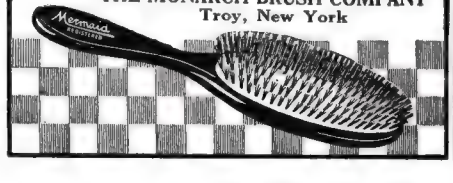
The Mermaid Hair brush

With Removable Rubber Cushion

Preserve the beauty and health of your hair by freely brushing it with the Mermaid Hair Brush. The removable cushion makes frequent sterilizing easy.

At all drug and department stores, $1.50 and up.

THE MONARCH BRUSH COMPANY
Troy, New York



The Call of the Stork

Maternity

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes, enable you to dress stylishly during the maternity period. They are the latest styles—the same pretty clothes other women are wearing, but are cleverly designed to conceal the condition. Patented adjustments provide ample expansion. We manufacture as well as design, therefore, our prices are very low.

76-page Style Book Free
Write today to Dept. 11

Lane Bryant
38th St. near Fifth Ave.
NEW YORK

Style Book Free!

PERFECT MEMORIALS

Seasons and centuries pass, but the tomb remains forever unchanged, forever guarded by the monument which embodies the tender thoughts and wistful hopes of those who mourned the departed.

The fine texture, the lovely gray color of everlasting ROCK OF AGES Granite, whether hammered or polished finish, permit the shaping of a noble memorial. That none but perfect monuments shall be produced from this material, a rigid inspection system is maintained and with each stone is furnished a certificate of genuineness and perfection.

BOUTWELL, MILNE & VARNUM CO.
MONTPELIER VERMONT

ROCK OF AGES Granite
Quarries at Barre

Refer to Dept. H

Descriptive Booklet
Sent Free On
Request

Established fashions
for the Winter

You *hope* for them in September. You *think* you have them in October. You *know* you have them in November. The very latest and smartest Winter frocks and wraps and hats are illustrated and described in this issue of Good Housekeeping.

The Children's Crusade

by a child, and only many years can make its meaning clear.

It is a year since the first Junior Red Cross representative came into Prague, invited by the new government that drew so much of its inspiration from America. What could American children send to Bohemia, the nation whose firm hold on liberty has endured through five hundred years of oppression, the race that has given the world some of its greatest musicians and poets and reformers, the people whose culture is as old as Rome, whose cities and churches are the most beautiful in Europe, whose factories produce Bohemian glass, whose very sidewalks are works of art in mosaic? Miss Alice Masyrk, the president's daughter, answered the question quite simply. Tooth-brushes! Bohemia could recover from the war, but not in time to save the children's teeth. Tooth-brushes cost twenty-five Bohemian crowns each, the equivalent, in Bohemian families, of five dollars in an American household. Would the American children send tooth-brushes to the Bohemian children?

The tooth-brushes came—not so many as were needed, but several thousand—and the Health Game was started in Czecho-Slovakia's schools. It was here that the Junior Red Cross made a mistake; it would not be human if it did not make mistakes. This was, after all, a natural error. It brought in the Health Game, exactly as it is played in America. The children heard its rules with excited interest. They were delighted to join the Americans in that strange game. The pupils in each school were divided into groups, ten under a lieutenant, fifty under a captain as in America, except that the titles were translated into terms of the military ranks of Czecho-Slovakia, and the game began. The tooth-brushes were distributed; booklets explained the importance of brushing the teeth, of sleeping with open windows. Then, unaccountably, enthusiasm flagged.

THE children did not like to show their report cards. They did not seem happy to receive honors and promotions in rank. They brushed their teeth, and diligently bathed, and fought victorious battles with horrified mothers over the question of open windows at night, but something was wrong. They did not enjoy it. At last a teacher surprised the secret.

"Do American children like war?" The question came with that artless irrelevance that makes children the endless delights they are. The teacher was wise enough to follow this astonishing suggestion to its source without terrifying the questioner into the child's quail-like concealment. The whole, unhappy perplexity was laid before her. If American children did not like war, why did they play games with captains and lieutenants in them? Bohemian children did not like soldiers; they did not like to play they were soldiers. They liked to be healthy, but couldn't they, please, be healthy without being lieutenants and captains?

The change was not too difficult to make. Bohemian children were satisfied with a change from military to civil rank, and the school year of 1920 began with 100,000 Czecho-Slovakian children playing the Health Game in glad competition with America's fourteen million; while throughout Bohemia, Moravia, and Ruthenia boys and girls in gay peasant costumes whittle and paint fantastic wooden toys and labor over post-cards to be sent across the seas to America's schools. Bohemian children are stretching out their hands to meet those of America's children; there is no shyness between them. In a moment they will be showing each other their treasures, and there will be a friendship between them that will outlast childhood's forgotten toys.

But the crusade moves farther eastward to stranger lands—through the gondola-floating streets of Venice, on past many-colored Trieste, down the Dalmatian coast in a little steamer

A treasure chest-
within your very reach

HAVE you ever dreamed of having just lots and lots of lovely clothes? Suppose you came upon a chest full of wonderful things to wear, and that the deeper you went down into it, the more marvelous were the things it revealed—a store of treasure inexhaustible. It's a dream you can make come true!

There is a treasure chest in your sewing machine: just a small black enamel box of Greist Attachments—exactly the same labor-saving devices that manufacturers use to produce the clothes that you have admired in the shops.

By using them on your sewing machine you can make the same sort of things quickly and easily, of better material and at about one-third the cost.

They enable you to do hemming, ruffling, plaiting, binding, shirring and tucking, without taking a needle in your hand, and do them in such a way that the things have a "finished" look instead of that "home-made" look one always desires to avoid.

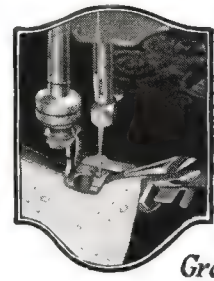
The best part of these Attachments is that the more you use them, the more elaborate and beautiful work they will turn out for you. They multiply the usefulness of your sewing machine many-fold.

Make sure that Greist Attachments come with the new sewing machine you buy. Ask the dealer to show them to you and explain their uses.

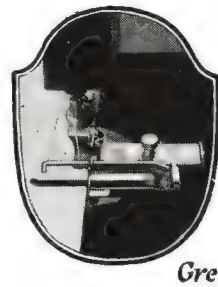
If your present machine is not equipped with these Attachments, you can purchase them and have them demonstrated at your local sewing machine store. Greist Attachments are fully guaranteed and should last a life-time.

To aid you in making easily and quickly the hundreds of beautiful things possible with the use of Greist Attachments, we have prepared the booklets listed below.

Simply check on the coupon the ones you wish, fill in your name, address and make of your sewing machine and mail with the correct amount (coin or stamps) to The Greist Manufacturing Company, 452 Blake St., New Haven, Conn.



Greist Binder



Greist Tucker

Greist Five-Stitch Ruffler

The Greist Binder, Greist Tucker and Greist Five-Stitch Ruffler illustrated, are only three of the many Greist Attachments

★ **GREIST ATTACHMENTS**
for sewing machines

The Greist Mfg. Co., 452 Blake St., New Haven, Conn.
I enclose..... Please mail me the booklets which I have checked. My sewing machine is a.....

SEWING EFFICIENCY (25c. *regular price 50c.*)
A 70-page book brimming over with clear, practical directions for making hosts of attractive articles—dresses, children's clothes, lingerie, etc. The only complete book on technique of Machine Sewing.

☐ **TRIMMINGS** (10c)
Nearly 1 0 0 suggestions for quickly and easily making the stylish trimmings used on expensive gowns and lingerie. A book filled with delightful ideas—so simple in execution yet so intricate in appearance.

☐ **RUFFLING, PLAITING AND SHIRRING** (10c)
Illustrates and tells how the smartest of ruffling, plaiting and shirring, which are practically impossible to make by hand, can be made in a few minutes by using the Greist Five-Stitch Ruffler.

Name .....
Address .....

Two Apex Features

The Apex with its inclined-divided nozzle easily glides under things and cleans close up to baseboards. Apex suction is just as powerful at the extreme ends of the nozzle as in the center.

The Daily Thanksgiving

Human intelligence is nature's antidote for the drudgeries of daily life. Invention has found the way to do the mean things better than they can be done by hand, and pleasantly as well.

Keeping the house clean used to be a monotonous, tiresome, boresome affair, but the wise women of the world found their avenues of escape in the suction cleaner and the washing machine. Now they do not defer their Thanksgiving until the last Thursday in November.

Carpets, Cloths and Clothes

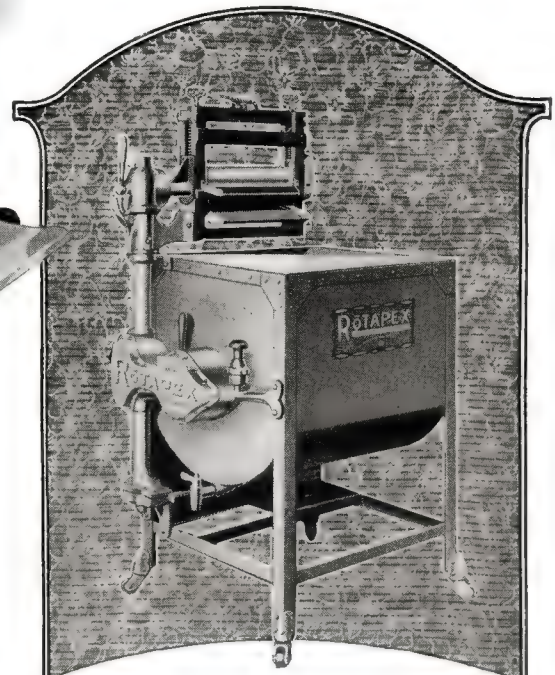
The quarter of a million women who own and use Apex Suction Cleaners are daily thankful for the ease and efficiency with which they keep their homes clean. Cleanliness is so available with an Apex, and it is cleanliness that pays dividends in comfort, beauty, health and mental satisfaction.

Apex Suction Cleaners are preferred for definite reasons. There is no lost power, because Apex is correctly designed. Correct design makes Apex light and manageable. The long nozzle is divided so that the suction is evenly controlled over the entire length. The nozzle is inclined so as to reach into corners, up to base boards, under furniture and wherever dust is likely to collect undisturbed. These advantages are proved by international use and satisfaction. And the Apex is one of the oldest Suction Cleaners made.

If you have an Apex you agree on all these points. If you need one, investigate at once. Call on your Apex dealer now. If you do not know who he is, write us for his name.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING CO., 1067 East 152nd St., Cleveland, Ohio
Made in Canada by
APEX ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURING CO., Limited, 102-104 Atlantic Ave., Toronto, Ont.

The Apex
ELECTRIC SUCTION CLEANER



Cleaners and Washers go together. Through many years of experience in providing housewives with the right cleaner, we naturally determined what merits and what construction were necessary for the right Washer. On this experience, the Rotapex was made to serve, and not primarily to sell, but because it serves, it sells.

If you will write down all the things that you expect of a Clothes Washer, you can check them up and find them in a Rotapex. It represents the best inventive and engineering insight yet applied to the Clothes Washing business.

The Rotapex is not cheap but it is economical. Get acquainted with Rotapex features. Send for descriptive folder and ask for name of Rotapex dealer nearest you.

The
ROTAPEX
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

Built by the makers of the famous Apex Electric Cleaner

The Children's Crusade

that lies every night moored in some shallow harbor because there are still dangerous mines in the Adriatic Sea, and at last into the stone-walled port of Cattaro beneath the four-thousand-foot height of Lovchen mountain. And up and over the mountain in a groaning automobile that astonishes the mountain goats, and down again into bleak Montenegro, a country that seems made of gray stones piled and scattered in some giant's idle moment.

The people that live in these mountains are strong, fierce, and wild as their country, and their huts that rim the edges of the small bits of fertile land in the valleys seem part of the mountains themselves. Built of gray rocks, windowless, without chimneys, furniture, or any floor except the earth, they house the women who work the scanty fields, the men who have always gone to war, and the children—the children of Montenegro, half of them orphans.

It is a small light that the children of America carry into Montenegro, but the word of their coming goes over the highest mountain tops. The old house on a narrow, crooked street in Podgoritza had not recovered from its surprised encounter with American scrubbing brushes, when the children began to come, brothers and sisters carrying smaller babies and managing somehow, without food or compass or companionship, to travel hundreds of miles to the Americans. All day long they banged upon the high wooden gate that shut the crazy rectangle of courtyard from the street, and the old gateman rose from his sheepskin and opened it to let in determined, upstanding youngsters clothed in rags and dirt, dying of fatigue and hunger, but valiant to the last.

HOW could one begin to count what Montenegro needed? The children's messenger had come from the twentieth century back into the dark, forgotten past of mankind. These are people who live by the most primitive agriculture, by herding goats and sheep in the mountains, and by war. They have no schools, no commerce, no machinery. Montenegro has never heard of an invention so modern as a spinning-wheel. There are only the mountains and the people.

The first task was to take in the wandering children and feed and clothe them. It was not what the Junior Red Cross had hoped to do, but it must be done. The low, stone-walled rooms lining the courtyard of the house in Podgoritza were scrubbed to their gorgeously painted ceilings, beds were brought across three seas and a continent, an old stone trough was disinfected to make a bath-tub, and the children were let through the gates at which they knocked.

They liked to be washed. They ate like starving animals. But they stood astounded before the beds, not knowing what they were. They were amazed by sheets and pillows. And they moved silently about the courtyard, grave with the burden of their memories and the strangeness of the place. They sat in the sun and talked solemnly, while outside the gate the life of Podgoritza flowed through the narrow street—tall, fierce-eyed men in full blue trousers and red broadcloth coats heavy with gold embroidery, their purple sashes stuck through with silver-mounted revolvers and damaskeened knives, women with stone jars on their heads, tiny donkeys hidden under bundles of wood, milch goats driven from door to door. It was a torrent of strange and savage life, driving on in the course it had always taken. What could the children's crusade do against it?

It could only wash and feed a few children. It could only improvise wash-basins of blue pudding-dishes, and water-pitchers of a curiously discovered store of watering-pots, and show the children how American children wash their faces. It could only open its bright, new dining-room on the Fourth of July and lead the wide-eyed orphans to a

Dye it Right!

Don't Streak, Spot or Ruin your Material in a Poor Dye

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, everything, no matter what the material may be.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Your druggist has a "Diamond Dyes" Color Card showing 16 rich colors.

It's easy and really fun to diamond-dye—

Woolens	**Skirts**	**Stockings**
Sweaters	**Curtains**	**Ginghams**
Blouses	**Jackets**	**Cottons**
Silks	**Dresses**	**Linens**
Draperies	**Hangings**	**Coverings**
Children's Coats	**Mixed Goods**	**Everything!**

Diamond FAST ◇ FADELESS Dyes

"We Have Three in Our Home"

"My mama says she couldn't keep house without them."

★ BENJAMIN TWO-WAY PLUG

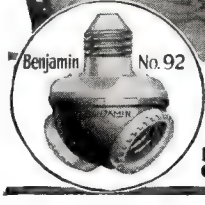
The Quality Plug

Gives double service from every single electric socket.

"Every wired home needs three or more."

At your dealer's

3 for $3.50 OR $1.25 EACH



Benjamin No. 2452 Shade Holders enable you to use any shade with your Two-Way Plugs.

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
Chicago, New York, San Francisco

Protect your Dining Table from damage by heat or moisture by using a

★ STAR Asbestos Table Pad

Ask your dealer to show it to you. Booklet mailed on request.

Kerney Mfg. Co.
150 W. 62d St., Chicago, Ill.

"Onyx" Hosiery

of Silk, with "Pointex" Heel

"ONYX"—denotes *quality* in hosiery

APPROVED

FRESHMAN (just arrived, to roommate): "Aren't they simply stunning! All mine are 'ONYX' too!"
SENIOR (from doorway): "Well, I must admit you two youngsters have good taste!"

"Onyx" Hosiery
In all materials
At the Better Shops Everywhere

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.
Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors
New York

"Ristbelt" is the correct model for Motorists-men and women
Hays Superseam Gloves

CHRISTMAS CARDS
INSIST ON
RUST CRAFT
At Best Stores
BARGAIN ASSORTMENT
Sent for $1
RUST CRAFT
60 INDIA ST. BOSTON, MASS.

In Fabled Days

people believed that beautiful nymphs, called Naiads, presided over brooks, fountains and moisture. To-day Naiad Dress Shields protect the gowns of dainty women.

NAIAD
DRESS
SHIELDS

for Dainty Women

RUBBERLESS, SANITARY, WASHABLE, DURABLE.

THE C.E. CONOVER CO., MANUFACTURERS
101 Franklin St, New York.

The Children's Crusade

table spread with a white cloth, set with plates and knives and forks, and decorated with sponge cakes supporting American flags. At that incredible sight the children cried aloud, "Hvalla—gospoditza!" meaning, "Thank you." And soon afterward they were singing their mountain songs in the courtyard. Before the summer ended, Montenegro's farthest mountain dweller wanted passionately to learn the American ways.

There is now a trade-school in "the eagle's nest of the world" at Donilovgrad, beneath the snow-covered heights of the Dinaric Alps. Fifteen hundred Montenegran boys who read and write are learning there how to use tools. From the other side of the earth, from the other side of ten centuries of civilization, the American children are teaching them. Even Montenegro is falling into step with the children of the world.

It is too soon to say how far they will go, our children who are setting out toward a shrine we had almost abandoned. Their voices are lost in the noise of thirty wars that still soak our earth with blood. Their hands hold such frail things—post-cards, dolls, picture-books, and bits of money sent across the seas. But for the first time in all the world's sad history the children who will be men to-morrow are learning to love and understand each other. This is a true thing; it is a thing that the centuries will remember. I think it is the greatest hope we can hold today.

Fashions

(*Continued from page 43*)

on page 41. Both Paquin, and Worth, in these models, show a high, round neck and very short sleeves with the Moyen Age line accentuated by a trimming in the one case of embroidery and in the other of grapes and leaves. Models of this kind, though pretty in the taffeta of which these are made, are also charming in chiffon or velvet. They are particularly nice for the theater, restaurant wear, or afternoon teas, for the débutante who is receiving or the other débutantes who are with her. They are not so formal as the ball gown, yet they are distinctly gowns of the evening, and they are well-named when spoken of as dinner dresses.

More formal examples of this type are shown in the dress in the center of page 44, where the neck is lower and the sleeves are omitted, and again in the dress at the upper right of page 45, where a train falls below the short skirt. Pretty types of the formal evening dress are those of velvet and brocade on page 45. They both show the Moyen Age line, are sleeveless, and follow the lines of the figure in a soft draped fashion, with the skirt rather narrow and rather short, with grace given by the length of line gained through drapery and a long narrow train. Brocades and velvets in rich colors are the materials used. The simplicity of the line of the gowns demands rich fabrics, as there is no other trimming used. Brocades in all colors are startlingly lovely, and the velvets were never more beguiling in color. The rich yellows, oranges, and a red orange, which suggests the nasturtium—shades we all know so well—are perhaps the smartest colorings of the year. In the brocades, the deeper colors form the background for the vividness of these tones.

In evening wraps we find capes as well as wraps, and a cape wrap, the cape itself being edged with fur and reaching about to the waist-line. Again brocade and velvet lavishly trimmed with fur are the prevailing fashions. Also they may be worn becomingly with almost any gown. This is also true of the metal brocades.

Evening slippers, as a rule, match the gown or are of silver or gold. There is an increasing tendency by the smartly dressed woman to wear a brocade slipper that matches her frock. This is the one occasion when a really high heel may be indulged in.

"I believe in holding fast to every forward step in unshackling child labor and elevating conditions of woman's employment."
—WARREN G. HARDING

Women!

For Your Own Good

Vote the Republican Ticket

"Look well then to the hearthstone. Therein all hope for America lies."
—CALVIN COOLIDGE

From the beginning of time woman has been the enemy of War.

From the beginning of time she has been its most unhappy victim.

In proportion as woman's influence molds the politics of nations wars will diminish.

For woman is for peace.

* * * * * *

American women are being asked in this campaign to vote for the Democratic candidate for President because he is pledged to the *Treaty of Versailles* and the *Covenant* for a *league of nations* contained therein. They are told this covenant creates the league of peace of which good and great men have dreamed through many centuries. They are told it is a covenant of peace that will end all war.

Four years ago the same party asked for votes for the Democratic President because "he kept us out of war." He got them and five months later the United States entered the world war.

Is it wise to recall that, now that we are asked once more to vote for a Democratic candidate because he will commit us to a covenant that will keep the world out of war?

The American woman asks

The American woman asks of her country:

That it be a secure place for her home and for her children and that it be security with honor.

That it give her children opportunity to lead their lives even better than she and her husband led theirs.

That it be just in its relations with other nations and merit the pride which the best of its citizens have in it, in its history and its ideals.

A policy which has these purposes will have the support of American womanhood and American motherhood. That is the Republican policy and has been Republican policy from the days of Abraham Lincoln.

The Republican policy is to protect the security of the United States by preserving its right to make decisions regarding its action in the future as events in the future demand. The Republican party is unwilling to pledge now that it will protect European boundary lines and to deprive Congress of the power to say in each case what the action of the United States will be.

The Republican party believes that to be dangerous to the children of the nation who will be of soldier age in years to come because it prevents them, through the congressmen they elect, from deciding what they will do and say now that they then will defend European territory.

Advertisement

Mothers' duty to their sons

No mother would make that pledge for her son when he was two years old and have it rest upon him when he was twenty-one. No wise woman would have her nation make that pledge and have it rest upon the citizens of the next generation who are children today.

Citizenship is a trusteeship and such a pledge is a violation of the rights of a ward. The American scheme of government, which has made this a land of freedom and security, provides that decisions shall be made by Congress. That protects the people who must act.

* * * * * *

If Harding and Coolidge are elected no such pledge will be made. The United States will enter an association of nations to promote peace and humanity but the sons of no American mother will go to war unless the representatives elected by the people and responsible to them say that it is necessary. In that case mothers will give their sons. In no other case ought they to give them.

* * * * * *

The making of war is a solemn and terrible duty when it comes. Some mothers may be mistaken. They may be misled by the false promises of the Democratic party. They may think that the league of nations will stand between their sons and rifles. There is greater probability that it will put rifles in the hands of their sons. President Wilson's covenant pledges American boys to every war in Europe and Cox upholds that covenant.

The Republican party insists upon protecting the security of the American home and the future of American children. Every war in Europe is not necessarily an American war. Let Congress in each case decide without a pledge in advance.

Fair deal and fair chance

The second point in a woman's concern is that her children should find conditions of life encouraging, inspiring and fit to produce comfort and character. The Republican domestic policy is for the strengthening and protecting of all elements which keep life on a high plane. It has been under Republican administration that this country has been an asylum for the less happy peoples of Europe, the land of promise and a haven.

The Fair Deal was the Roosevelt doctrine. The Fair Chance is the Harding doctrine. That is what the American woman wants for her children—the Fair Deal and the Fair Chance.

Under Republican administration the United States has been just in its relations to other nations and its ideals are the ideals of peace and humanity. A Republican administration freed Cuba. A Republican administration freed Porto Rico. A Republican administration gave the Filipinos a system of self-government with free schools and the advantages of peace. A Republican administration gave back the indemnity to China when other nations held her financially responsible for the Boxer rebellion.

Our only war of conquest

The only war we ever fought that could in any sense be called a war of conquest, the war with Mexico, was declared by a Democratic President and Congress.

The Republican has been at all times a party of honorable peace, but it has always stood and stands today for the independence of the United States and puts its trust in the righteousness of the American people to serve the cause of peace in their own way, according to the dictates of their own conscience and in the exercise of their own free will.

Your needs demand a change

You demand a change in the White House in Washington.

You demand this change in the interests of your overburdened life, your overtaxed purse, your overanxious mind.

You know how you have fared under this Democratic administration.

You know how doubly hard it has been for you as manager of the family funds.

Yours has been one constant struggle trying to keep the home and the table supplied—trying to pay big bills with little dollars.

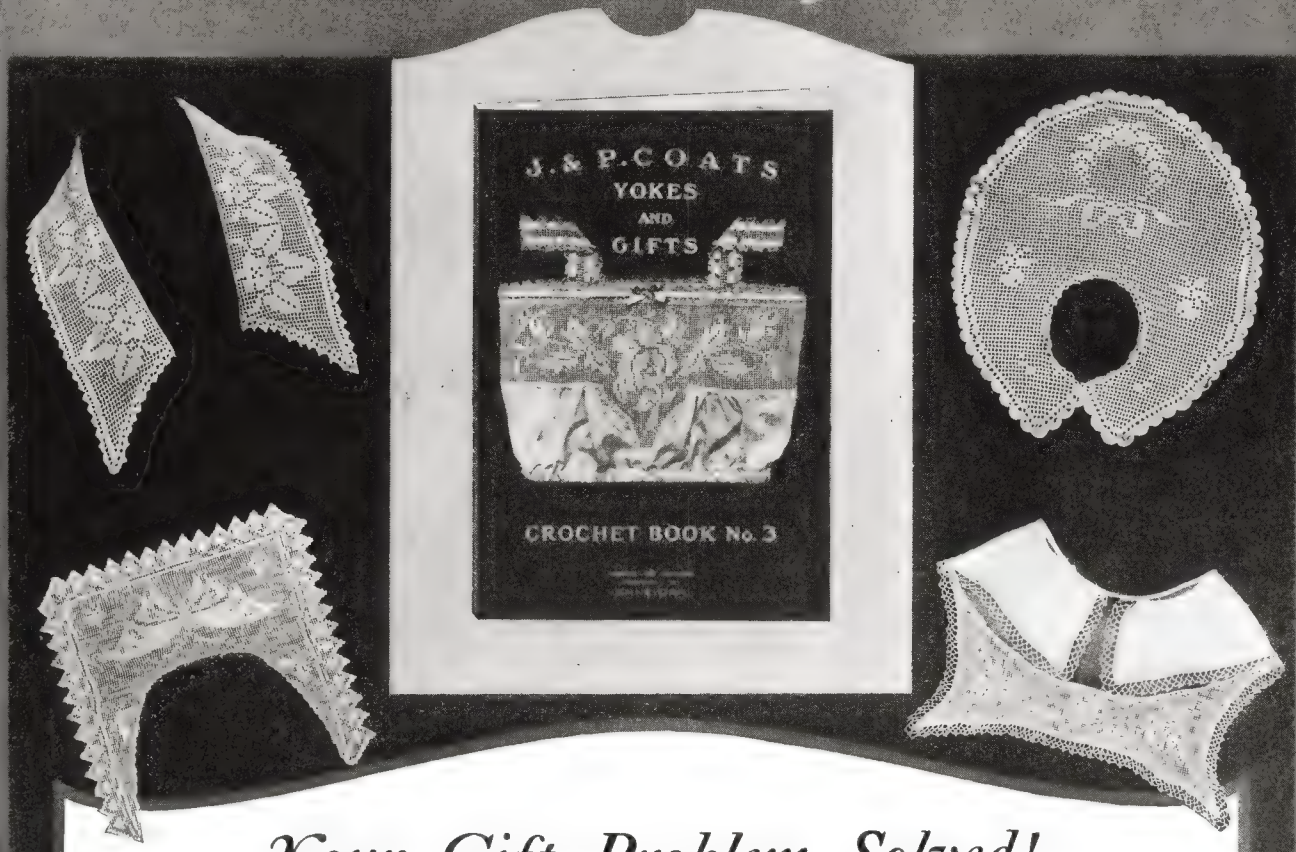
You know we have always had good times under Republican management of our public affairs.

Your interest as a woman, your interest as a mother, your interest as a citizen, your interest as the financial manager of the home, combine to require the return to Republican principles.

Republican National Committee.

Advertisement

Send Ten Cents for J. & P. Coats Crochet Book No. 3-by Anne Orr



Your Gift Problem Solved!

YOKES for dainty undergarments, becoming collars, and a number of other useful little crocheted pieces that every woman appreciates are pictured and explained so clearly in J. & P. Coats Book No. 3 that even the beginner can make them successfully.

Each design has a charm of its own which adds greatly to its value and individuality as a gift of your own handiwork—the most appreciated gift you can offer.

Such work should be done only with J. & P. Coats Mercerized Crochet—the cotton of superior quality—which enjoys a well-merited reputation for brilliancy, softness and durability.

Ten cents Brings You This Helpful Book

If your dealer cannot supply you, send ten cents in stamps or coin

THE SPOOL COTTON COMPANY, Dept. 10, 315 Fourth Ave.. New York City

J. & P. COATS

MERCERIZED CROCHET

At Leading Stores Everywhere

If You Think You Can Sing

(*Continued from page 61*)

deals with actual problems and situations.

To discuss these problems in a practical way, let us picture a student case that is probably typical of the big majority of young singers. Assume that you are nineteen or younger; your voice has been "cultivated" for a year or so; your friends declare it is "beautiful," and you believe it is. Of real musical education you have had but little. Possibly you play the piano fairly well, and if you happen to live in a city of any size you have taken advantage of attending half a dozen miscellaneous concerts each winter. This sums up, in a general way, your musical development at the time when in one way or another the ambition comes to you to do something with your voice.

The idea grows—doubtless encouraged by friends who are sincere in their admiration—into the belief that you have an unusual gift. Little if any value should be attached to encouraging words from people who are not musicians, difficult as it is to put aside the complimentary things they say. There is every good reason to suspect that these most interested people are not capable judges. Very likely not one of them is a real musician or has a particularly well developed musical sense. Some of them have heard, as you have, a few of the prominent concert or opera singers, but their knowledge of what constitutes an artist begins and ends in hearing one. It will be rare to find one of these enthusiasts who realizes that a singing career requires more than a voice, for with the average listener a fine voice is only another term for a fine artist, the popular idea, which is, of course, very wide of the facts.

MY advice is to consult your teacher frankly. Tell him your ambitions and ask for his straightforward opinions. He has watched your work more closely than any one, and during this time it must have revealed frequent evidence of the presence or the absence of several musical and artistic essentials—a quick response to musical ideas, an imaginative mind, a good sense of rhythm, a true ear, an engaging personality, the ability to absorb and retain knowledge. None of these qualities can long remain hidden, although it is not to be expected that in so young a person they will be far developed. The point is, that you either possess these qualities or you do not, and if your teacher is a conscientious and discerning one, he will tell you so—if rightly urged. He must be made to realize that you are seeking a careful and honest diagnosis of your musical ills, not compliments, and you must be prepared to listen gratefully and gracefully to a recital of the important artistic necessities which you lack. There may be one, or there may be several, without which real artistic growth will be impossible, and if such is the case, the sooner you know it, the happier you will be. Resign yourself to the knowledge and be thankful it did not take years to discover. Become a good amateur; we need more of them.

In seeking advice as to your vocal possibilities, get the opinion of several good teachers, and finally the opinion of a disinterested person whom you know to be capable of judging. Do not build high expectations upon the sanguine expressions of any one judge; he may be experienced and sincerely critical in his hopeful consideration for your future, but also he may be wrong. His standards perhaps are less exacting than those of another teacher, and bear in mind that it is always the highest standard by which an artist is measured. Listen to the concurrences and contradictions of judgment handed down by one expert after another, compare them as open-mindedly as you can, and from the general verdict you should be able to frame an answer to your big question, "Can I become an artist?" It will not be surprising if a year is consumed

Comfortable and Chic!

Brighton-Carlsbad fall and winter weight sleepingwear gives warmth, and therefore comfort, in the cool, ventilated bedroom. Made of soft, downy flannelettes and kindred materials generously cut for freedom of movement. Women's garments specially tailored to give extra room at bust, armholes and hips. Many chic and dainty styles from which to select.

For All the Family

Brighton-Carlsbad sleepingwear is made for men, women and children—in materials for summer and winter wear. There are 517 styles in all—a garment to suit individual preference. Developed to present perfection through 57 years of manufacturing experience.

Write for Free Nightie Book

Send for free Nightie Book picturing and describing garments for all the family. When buying ask the dealer to unpin Brighton-Carlsbad. Note the fine materials, generous cut and workmanship.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 22
DUBUQUE, IOWA

Pajunettes
Sensible and comfortable, besides being dainty and smart. One piece. Elastic at ankle to keep trouser leg down. Very popular for misses and women. Summer and winter materials.

Men's Night gowns
Extra length and full cut "circular bottom;" provides comfort and warmth from head to toe. New designs in flannelette for men and boys. Also in summer weights.

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

Children's Nightgowns
Cut especially full for restless little sleepers. Generous in size and carefully tailored like all other Brighton-Carlsbad sleepingwear. In fabrics for winter and summer wear.

On men's winter weight nightgowns, the circular bottom skirt is long and full and has no unnecessary side openings. Extra width at hips, knees and bottom.

Contrast this Brighton-Carlsbad gown at left, full in bust, skirt and body, with the usual gown skimped through the body and simply flared cut at the feet to give walking room. Brighton-Carlsbad gowns keep you warm from head to foot.

On pajamas and one-piece sleepers, a button at ankle keeps garment leg snugly down. No chance for trousers to work up. Affords extra warmth.

Dealers: Write us now and arrange to handle this fastest selling line for next spring and fall (1921).

Save Coal—Have a Warm Bed in a cold room all night

$2.50

It can't roll over

It won't leak

Will hold about 3 qts. of Boiling Water

For Sleeping Porches, Baby Carriages, Sick Rooms, People with Poor Circulation; also Automobiles

Made by hand of specially prepared clay, and glazed. Doctors, hospitals and many families throughout the country using them; all recommend them to their friends. Easy to fill and handle. Pat. screw top—guaranteed not to leak. Will not burst nor corrode—is practical, sanitary, and lasts a lifetime. Price, $2.50 each, delivered. West of the Mississippi, $2.75 each. Canada, $3.00.

A New and Welcome Christmas Gift Idea

Druggists and General Storekeepers will find these foot warmers good sellers. Write for our special prices in quantities.

Dorchester Pottery Works, 115 Victory Rd., Dorchester, Mass.

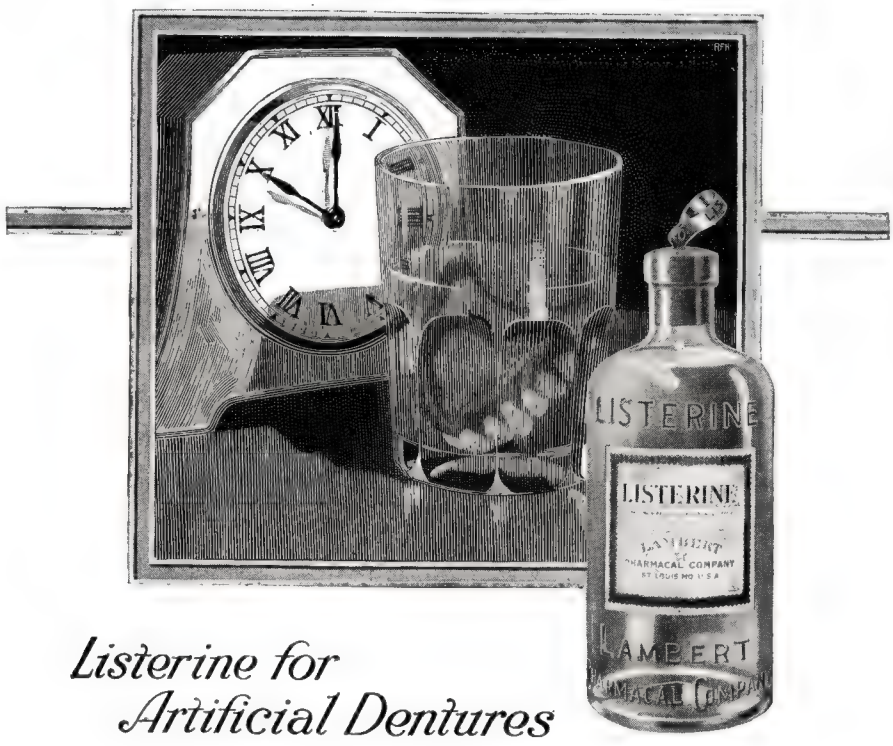
LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Those to the manor born sense the quality appeal of Lablache—the powder supreme. Like old friends, it wears best and is closely clinging. A dainty toilet requisite for dainty women who really care for their complexions.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 61
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass



Listerine for Artificial Dentures

That unpleasant taste so familiar to those who have bridge work or artificial dentures is caused by an accumulation of mucus.

This mucus is a natural culture bed for bacteria.

A Listerine mouthwash removes the distasteful mucus and tends to prevent the development of bacteria.

As a further precaution artificial dentures should be placed at night in a glass containing Listerine and water.

Besides promoting oral hygiene Listerine is also a useful antiseptic dressing for cuts, scratches and skin abrasions. When used immediately it guards against infection.

It is wise to keep Listerine always in the home.

Manufactured only by
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

★LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

★ PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Two Sizes, 50c and $1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.

THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. G-H NEW YORK CITY

Become a Nurse

A most dignified and respected profession

BY training at home through our correspondence course. Age 19 to 60.

Founded on 19 years of success. 10,000 Graduates earning $18 to $30 weekly. Invaluable for the beginner or the practical nurse. Entire tuition earned in a few weeks.

Two months' trial with money refunded if student discontinues.

Send for catalog and sample lesson pages.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
374 Main Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

SERVICE TABLE WAGON

Large Broad Wide Table Top — Removable Glass Service Tray — Double Drawer — Double Handles — Large Deep Undershelves — "Scientifically Silent"—Rubber Tired Swivel Wheels. A high grade piece of furniture surpassing anything yet attempted for GENERAL UTILITY, ease of action, and absolute noiselessness. Write now for descriptive pamphlet and dealer's name.

COMBINATION PRODUCTS CO.
504-D, Cunard Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

If You Think You Can Sing

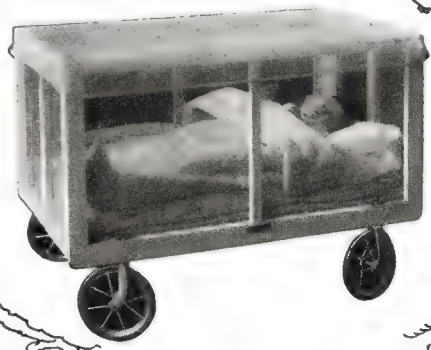
in gathering this vital information, but by that time you will begin to realize how much there is to accomplish and how well or how poorly you are equipped by nature and circumstances to undertake it.

Assuming that the consensus of honest opinion favors your ambition to take up serious study, there is, of course, the problem of finding the right teacher, and in the present day maze of many "methods," piano-vocal impostors, and widely advertised "tone specialists," this is no simple matter. The young and inexperienced student is easily confused in finding her way safely, but one who looks about as I have suggested, before deciding upon a career, will have the advantage of meeting various types of teachers and being fairly well able to classify them. Based upon my own fortunate experience, however, I venture the opinion that a serious young student should enter a well-organized school of music. Here she will find capable voice teachers and also have the opportunity—or, rather, meet the obligation—of studying the piano, theory, composition, and the history of music, all of which are of the utmost value to a singer. Indeed, without considerable ability as a pianist one is only half a musician and most seriously handicapped in the study of songs and scores as well as in later professional work. Beside the advantage of a thorough musical education, a conservatory student lives in the inspiring atmosphere of other young minds and ambitions. The general effect of the institution is broadening to a degree beyond compare with that of private study.

NEXT to the problem of deciding upon a vocal career and choosing the wisest method of study toward that end is the situation that every year faces thousands of young singers who are, or consider themselves to be, ready to make a start. But where to find the opportunity? How to get before the public? Those are the overwhelming questions, and the pitiful part of it all is that so few of these singers are qualified to apply for public approval. One in a hundred is, I presume, a generous average. The other ninety-nine are the girls who spend three months with this teacher, two months with that one, and six weeks with still another, in the frantic hope that one or the other will by some wonderful method transform them into brilliant artists. No one knows how many hundreds and hundreds there are who have gone the rounds of the studios looking for the mysterious, secret something that is to bring fame and fortune. Each of the poor, blind creatures has the delusion that if she studies with a teacher who has developed several distinguished singers, she herself will presently be one of that company. A month or two under his instruction convinces her, only that he does not understand her particular needs. So she flies to another who also has a number of successful pupils, and the same process is repeated. Nothing, apparently, can make these girls—and some of them are no longer girls—believe that without the proper material to work on, no teacher can make a brilliant pupil. They rarely awaken until their last dollar is gone.

The one in a hundred who is qualified to become an artist is naturally destined to become one of the greater or less prominence according to the cultivation of her talents. No remarkable singing gift remains unheard; America's enormous musical field demands more genuine artists than nature can supply. Some of these singers are more fortunate than others in gaining early recognition, but the ultimate achievements are the same. Very few artists reach distinction at one step, and those who do must find the footing rather precarious. Most of us have had to work our way slowly, gaining ground inch by inch and never ceasing to look upward, and most of us, gazing back on our early careers, can point to some particular event as the one that

Vital to Baby's Winter Life



Identify KIDDIE-KOOP and its exclusive features by this nameplate on its side. Clip the illustration as a reminder.

Health in winter — especially baby's — must be carefully guarded. Nothing you can use will make the care of him easier and better—*every hour of the night and day*—than the practical, economical Kiddie-Koop.

Bassinet, Crib and Play-Pen Combined for the Price of a Good Crib Alone

Outdoors, tho the weather is the coldest, it provides baby the warmest crib, or the safest play-pen—secure, asleep, or at play, from dangerous exposure, yet free to enjoy life-giving fresh air.

Indoors, winter or summer alike, it protects from floor draughts, harmful or picked-up playthings, animals, falls and bumps. Upstairs, downstairs, alone or near mother's side, the Kiddie-Koop serves faithfully, untiringly.

Doctors and Nurses—users of the Kiddie-Koop by the hundreds—state no nursery article is more of a necessity, nor more of a genuine economy.

From birth all thru crib years, Kiddie-Koop is a *saver* of money, time, space, labor—a *builder* of happier, sturdier childhood — a *conserver* to a remarkable degree of a mother's energy and attention.

Sanitary; white enameled frame; safety screened sides; spring and mattress quickly adjustable to right level for either of three uses. Drop-side for convenience at bedside, or as bath-and-dressing table; swivel or stationary wheels; passes easily thru doors; folds compactly to carry.

Know *all* the economical KIDDIE-KOOP features. Write —TODAY— for FREE Booklet, the name of nearest distributor, and satisfaction—or money-back offer.

E. M. Trimble Mfg. Co.,
430 Central Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
For Canada: Lea-Trimble Mfg. Co., Toronto

ICINGS with "that chocolaty taste!"

ICINGS are simple things to make if you know the easy Runkel way. There's no chocolate to grate. You just dip your spoon in Runkel's All-Purpose Cocoa—and there you are! It's *already* a powder, *all ready to use!*

Try this "Runkel's Cocoa Icing De Luxe!"

6 tablespoonfuls of Runkel's All-Purpose Cocoa
1 cupful of sugar
¼ cupful of water
2 egg whites
2 tablespoonfuls of butter, or substitute
1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Cook the sugar and water until it will spin a thread. Beat the egg whites until stiff and slowly pour the sugar syrup over them, beating constantly. Melt the butter and add the Runkel's All-Purpose Cocoa. Stir until smooth, and add to the sugar and egg whites. Add vanilla and spread over top and sides of cake, using knife constantly dipped in hot water.

Write for "The New Cocoa Cookery"

Our free booklet "*The New Cocoa Cookery*," tells how to improve your icings, fillings, cakes, pies, puddings and candies with Runkel's All-Purpose Cocoa. Simple recipes for nearly 100 cocoa delights—all of them economical and easy to make. Write for your copy today.

RUNKEL BROTHERS, Inc.
452 West 30th Street New York City
Makers of Runkel's Almond Bars and Fruit-Nut Bars

Runkel's
All-Purpose Cocoa
for Drinking, Baking and Cooking

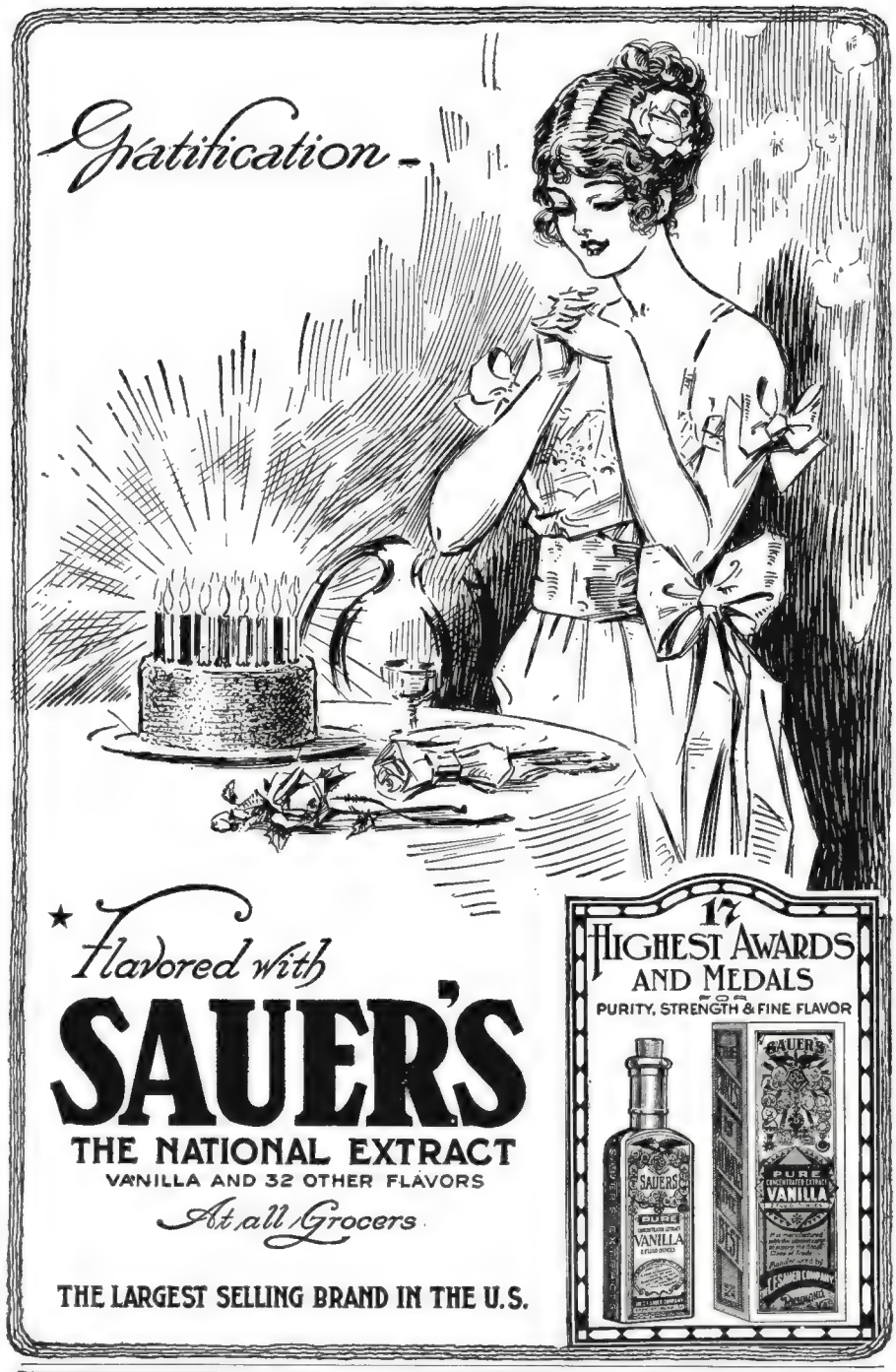
If You Think You Can Sing

carried us into the land of opportunity. Nearly always it is a chance occasion, the value of which is not suspected at the time, and unthinkingly it is spoken of as a piece of luck. But all the luck in the world is of no consequence if one is unprepared to profit by it, or perhaps I should say, if one is not intended by nature to profit by it. These fortunate opportunities are sometimes long in coming, and it is the struggle to find them that makes the young singer's life so filled with alternate hopes and disappointments. She wonders in despair when and where she will find an opening for her art. I can tell her right now that she will never discover it; instead, the opening will find her. And the more sincere and polished her art is, the better she will be able to fill that opening.

Granted that you are the one in a hundred who is to become an artist, or that one in a thousand who is destined to be a great singer, it is not only logical to presume that your teacher realizes this, but a foregone conclusion that he will waste no time in announcing the fact through every possible musical channel. If he is one of reputation, numerous avenues of this kind are open to him; he is closely acquainted with important persons in the concert and operatic world, and they respect his opinions. If he calls on a manager with the news that he has a promising new singer, nine times out of ten the manager is interested and at the first opportunity will summon you for a hearing or recommend you to some one.

IF your gifts are remarkable, they impress every critical hearer and inspire an admiration that travels from mouth to mouth, although you may not know it. For six months, a year, two years, or perhaps longer you live practically in oblivion—studying, singing in a church, filling an occasional concert engagement thrust upon you at the eleventh hour by the indisposition of another artist. Or it may be as it was in my own case: you have secured a contract with one of the opera companies, but although you study rôle after rôle and rehearse day after day, you actually appear in but three or four performances during an entire season and then only in the least important parts. These years of church work, spasmodic concert appearances, and operatic crumbs are the most desperate but at the same time the most thrilling of one's career. Desperate, because a young artist can not force herself ahead into a place already successfully occupied by another and probably better known singer; she can only prove her right to assume such a place some time, and, broadly speaking, wait until she is called. Thrilling years they are, because they are filled with so many new experiences that spur ambition in spite of what often appears to be scanty encouragement. There are languages to study, your repertoire to enlarge, songs and operas to be coached in, programs to construct, new music to hear—an endless round of days crowded with work that increases instead of diminishes.

Those of us who have struggled triumphantly through this period of development know now that it was a necessary part of our making. It demonstrated what was in us, our ability, our courage, our dependability and resourcefulness. Our weaker sisters were victims of that natural law, the survival of the fittest, which works nowhere more inexorably than in musical art. We appreciate, in looking back, that those who direct and plan the musical activities of the country are neither blind nor deaf, much as they are sometimes criticized. So it is well for you in your budding career to keep always this thought: Though you may be singing operatic parts that seem insignificant, or appearing in concerts of no apparent consequence, as sure as you have the voice, the brains, and the artistic taste to lift your performances to a distinctive plane, just as certain are you of being called for bigger and better things.



★ Flavored with

SAUER'S

THE NATIONAL EXTRACT

VANILLA AND 32 OTHER FLAVORS

At all Grocers

THE LARGEST SELLING BRAND IN THE U.S.

17 HIGHEST AWARDS AND MEDALS FOR PURITY, STRENGTH & FINE FLAVOR

What School—

The selection of the right school for your son or daughter is often a difficult task. It is to assist you in just this problem that Good Housekeeping maintains its School Department. Write the Director and he will be glad to suggest schools meeting your needs and to ask these schools to send you catalogs and complete information regarding their work.

—Let us help you

Beat The High Cost of Living

★ National Pressure Cooker reduces living costs, solves servant problem. Makes all foods taste better.

Cooks Cheaper Meat Tender—

brings out flavors, juices. Get Sunday dinner, 30 minutes; no odors. Better Food at less cost of heat and work. Interesting booklet free.

National STEAM PRESSURE COOKER and CANNER

NORTHWESTERN STEEL & IRON WORKS
846 Spring Street
Eau Claire Wisconsin

Good Biscuits!

Philadelphia's famous Ivins' Baker is now packing his prize cracker, LUNCH-ON-THINS, in 3-lb. tins, to be sent prepaid parcel post, $1.50 east, $1.75 west of the Mississippi. About 300 fresh-packed crisp crackers will surprise your taste. Delicious with jams, cheese, ice cream or alone! Fine for auto-outings.

Send *now* for your 3-lb. tin—a 2-weeks' supply of these wholesome crackers that Philadelphians serve *at every meal!*

★ J. S. IVINS' SON, Inc.
627 N. Broad St., Philadelphia
In Business since 1846

The Specialist Shoe

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Sold Only by Franklin Simon & Co.

HELPS THE FEET TO GROW
STRONG AND STURDY

WHEN little bones are most supple and little feet most active, Specialist Shoes are a necessity. Designed by an orthopedic specialist, the recognized head of his profession.

Sizes 5 to 8
Ages 2 to 4
$5.00

Of Tan Calfskin,
Black Kidskin or
White Buckskin

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Sts., New York

Children's Shoe Shop—Third Floor

May we remind you—
that Christmas is almost here?

—and the indications are that gifts will be expensive this year.

Possibly, this very moment you are wondering how you are going to meet the Christmas gift problem in an adequate manner.

Last year hundreds of ambitious women found a happy solution to this problem through Good Housekeeping Magazine's money-earning plan. These women now welcome Christmas, for they have been constantly adding to their incomes the entire year and will be able to purchase beautiful gifts to their hearts' content.

If you feel you could use some extra money—have even one spare hour a day—and wish to represent Good Housekeeping Magazine—write to-day.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, Dept. 11B
119 West 40th Street, New York City

What Business Teaches Women

(*Continued from page 13*)

she is a director of many banks, and she confers with city officials on subjects relative to her business and pertaining to the city's welfare. She deals with bankers and brokers and serves on the financial committees of her community. In a word, she is a woman of affairs. And there were five hundred of her at the St. Paul meeting.

On the surface these women, ranging in age from the early twenties to more than the late forties, seemed all business, whether they were doctors, lawyers, or merchant chiefs. They were proud of their success, and to the casual onlooker their careers seemed the prime factor of their lives. Dig underneath their self-consciousness, however, and you find that necessity, not the desire to "express themselves," not the desire to be independent, drove them out to meet men on their own ground. Corner any successful woman, probe for her experience, and she will tell you that she went to work because she had to. The woman of the near future may adopt a profession or a business career because such a life appeals to her, but the woman in business today was actuated by other motives. Every delegate who was pressed for her story said much the same thing: "I took a job because my mother and my small brothers and sisters needed help." "I opened a shop so that my children might have a home." "When my husband's health failed, there were the children to be considered, and so I simply had to go to work." And so the stories of eighty percent of the business women of this country will run.

One hesitates to predict just what effect such groups of women will have on the world of tomorrow. There are wise students who prophesy that family life will become chaotic, but present facts are all the other way. The business woman is not a feminist, as we have come to know this term. There is no sex-antagonism in her make-up. She leaves that to theorists and to certain of her sisters who have adopted professions. Such women, especially in merica, must always be a small minority, and their influence will be negligible. Certainly they can not materially affect organizations formed of such women as met in the northwestern city. There were more married doctors and lawyers among the delegates than those boasting of their single blessedness, to speak of the professions in which one most frequently finds sex-antagonism, and one heard many discussions on the best way to bring up, educate, and train one's children.

THIS was one side of the convention. There was another side, a side that repaid constant attendance at the conferences and friendly mingling with the individuals and groups during the off hours. There was a thought, you see, that haunted the minds of men and women who studied the gathering. This thought found frequent expression in the editorial columns of the Minneapolis and St. Paul newspapers. "Why," these writers asked, "do such successful women organize? Surely they have no cause to complain. They have arrived at assured financial success, and surely they have no need to further their own interests." The answer to this question explains the reason for the organization of the federation. These women who have achieved success of varying degrees were forced to overcome innumerable obstacles, some made by man, others raised by the traditions of their own sex. They look back to their struggles through understanding eyes, and they have organized so that their daughters and other women who come after them may tread easier paths in our man-made business world.

The National Federation of Business Women is little more than one year old. The first convention was held last year in St. Louis. It was a coming together of decentralized groups

THERE'S A TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN ALL COLE DOES TODAY

Four-Sedan

Cole Aero-Eight

WITH VACUUM, STORM-PROOF WINDSHIELD
A CAR OF ALL-SEASON UTILITY

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Creators of Advanced Motor Cars

Patent applied for

Stuffed Steak

Have the butcher split a small flank steak, leaving one side intact. Cook half package Quaker Milk Macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; drain and rinse with cold water. Chop 1 small onion, 1 stalk celery, 1 green pepper and fry 5 minutes in 2 tablespoons of butter. Add a can of tomatoes; salt and pepper; cook until mixture thickens, then pour over macaroni. Stuff steak with macaroni and sew sides together; place in a baking pan and sear in hot oven; add 1 cup water and bake 1 hour in slow oven

Spaghetti Mexican Style

Cook half package Quaker Milk Spaghetti as above. Fry 1 chopped onion in 1 tablespoon of butter; add 2 tablespoons flour, half teaspoon salt and 2 cups o' tomatoes; cook until mixture thickens; add 1 cup of cooked kidney beans and cook 5 minutes. Make a nest of spaghetti with the beans in the center

Quaker discovers wholly new possibilities ⋆in Macaroni and Spaghetti

New food delights! New food values!

WHOLLY new *foods* are the macaroni and spaghetti that come now from the mills of The Quaker Oats Company,—not simply new recipes.

For we have found a way to give this macaroni and spaghetti in the *making*, a new richness, a new flavor, and a new food value.

We make them of wheat enriched with sweet and wholesome *milk*—not of wheat and *water*, the common method.

And there's a world of difference!

Just as potatoes creamed in milk are better than potatoes boiled in water, so are Milk Macaroni and Milk Spaghetti better than the wheat-and-water kinds.

Infinitely richer. Finer-flavored. Much more tempting.

And just as our childhood's suppers were made more wholesome by the bowls of milk in which we crumbled home-made bread, so is this macaroni and spaghetti better supplied with the elements of nutrition by the milk which we put in.

Advertisement

Wheat, scientists now know, is deficient in one substance absolutely essential to health and growth—a substance called "vitamines." But *milk* is rich in vitamine content.

What experts in nutrition say

To combine the two—milk and wheat—as we have done in Milk Macaroni and Milk Spaghetti, experts in nutrition say, is a real achievement, a worthy contribution to the problem of distributing the fat o' the land to all the people.

So satisfying, so nutritious are these new foods that they can be used often in place of heavier, costlier dishes.

Few foods offer such abundant nourishment at so low a cost. Few foods are at the same time so gratifying to the palate, so delicious.

Such macaroni, such spaghetti you've never had

Whether you use the new recipes we publish in the magazines from month to month, or use your own, you'll find a new delight in these popular foods. Almost unlimited variations are possible, and always you'll find your family or friends happy at their appearance.

Advertisement

For *Milk* Macaroni and *Milk* Spaghetti are as tender, when cooked, as asparagus tips, as rich and tasty as new creamed potatoes, as wholesome as home-made bread and country butter.

Such macaroni, such spaghetti you've *never* had!

Find out—tonight—how good these foods *can* be.

Big value packages

We pack more macaroni and spaghetti than usual in each box. By thus saving in packing and other costs, we are able to give you this better, more costly product at about the same price per ounce as ordinary kinds.

The smaller box contains enough for two full family meals. The larger box is an even better value.

Ask your grocer for it today. If he should happen not to have it, write us, giving his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

The Quaker Oats Company, 1603N Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Advertisement

and individuals who desired to use their growing power to aid their fellow workers. They had ideals and theories but no organization, and there were those who sincerely believed that women could not organize. Their second convention finds them splendidly welded together, a coherent, intelligent body. Within the past year three hundred clubs have been founded. One of them, the Cleveland Club, was organized in June, with a membership of fifteen hundred, and is still growing. The scope of the Federation has broadened, even as the leadership has developed, under the burden of responsibility. Where last year the delegates said, "*If* we can do certain things we shall succeed," this year they left St. Paul saying, "We *will* do certain things."

THE report of the first year's work, with its record of clubs formed, promised splendidly for the second year's progress. The business woman has not had time to be "clubby"; the social and cultural organizations have not appealed to her practical mind, and for this reason she has frequently been forced to lead an isolated social existence. The business and professional club, where she meets other women of her own kind, fills a real need, and she finds herself taking an interest in club work.

"Our club," said one speaker before the convention, a delegate from Racine, Wisconsin, "brings the business woman in touch not only with our women doctors and lawyers, but with our school teachers as well. We business women have led a more or less segregated social life, and we find that we are far more interested in our own development now that we come in daily contact with our professional sisters. And it is wonderful how much the club means to our school teachers, for in Racine, as in so many communities of the same size, school teachers as a rule are left out of so many things. We business women, who have looked upon teaching as a soft snap, have had our eyes opened, and we are going to help make teaching easier for teachers! This means higher pay and better housing conditions."

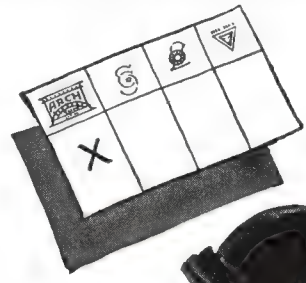
The word "housing" brought the convention to its feet. Women who earn their living outside the home are deeply concerned with this problem, and several conferences were held to discuss its close relation to the business woman's success. The woman who works is not keen about boarding or living in hotels. She has a real appreciation of the meaning of home, and housing therefore is of vital importance to her. It is amazing to find how many business women, married or single, own their own homes or are saving for this purpose. These women are earnestly seeking a constructive way to help the newcomer in business who may be a stranger in their communities.

"Our club is working out a plan by which we hope to solve the problem for the young woman who comes to the city to live," explained a delegate from Detroit. "We are taking over four rooming houses which will be managed as a business proposition. The rooms will be done over under the supervision of members who are practical decorators. A housekeeper will be installed and good light and heat provided, two most necessary attributes to comfort. The rooms will be rented at prices low enough to meet all expenses including the interest on the money invested."

The business women's club of Boise, Idaho, brought forward its testimony on this subject. "When housing conditions became critical last winter," said the president of the club, "we found several apparently uninhabitable houses near the center of the town. With the aid of new roofs, city water, and much paint they were made livable and rented to young employed widows with children and to working girls. The rents charged just cover the upkeep and taxes. And we are now studying the housing of the city and outskirts as a whole, so that we will not be faced this winter with such problems as confronted us last winter."

Our system of education came in for some hard jolts, and, as might have been expected, a good deal of expert criticism and advice was

The modern woman votes for Health with Style



HEALTHY feet, to be sure! Yet why not have style at the same time? So reasons the modern woman—and she finds the practical solution of this problem in Arch Preserver Shoes.

Foot health is assured because the exclusive built-in arch construction maintains the foot exactly as Nature intended. This remarkable feature is embodied in shoes which are in keeping with modern ideas of style and they are fitted from "heel to ball". Your feet look well—feel well—all your life—if you wear Arch Preserver Shoes. The trade-mark protects you! Write for style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Women's and Misses' Arch Preserver Shoes for all occasions and purposes are made only by

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
Dept. M. PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Pat. Nos. 1,237,464—1,249,315

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

"Keeps the foot well"

Sechrist Pressure Cooker
Dinner Always on Time

Put on a complete dinner at 5:30. Serve it at 6 o'clock—tender, because really cooked; delicious, because all juices and flavors are retained. No odors escape. Pressure forces 259 degrees of heat thru every cell and fibre, cooking a chicken or navy beans in 30 minutes. Two-thirds of time and half of fuel saved. Government bulletins and domestic scientists praise pressure cooking and canning. Cooker made of rolled plate aluminum, steam-tight fitted, highly polished. Write for free booklet with recipes.

THE ALBERT SECHRIST MFG. CO., Denver, Colo.

The right paint for hard wear

KITCHEN FLOORS, back stairs, cellar steps, etc., are subject to the hardest kind of usage. These surfaces, above all, should be protected—protected against grinding dirt and penetrating moisture. Only the right kind of paint will answer.

Acme Quality Granite Floor Paint is made especially for these much used surfaces. It is made for all inside surfaces to be walked upon. It is cheaper to walk on than bare wood. It stands between you and serious loss from warped, splintered and decayed floors. Its hard, smooth surface is easy to clean and easily kept clean.

Granite Floor Paint is only one of many saving agents in the Acme Quality Line. No matter what surface needs protection, indoors or out, there's an Acme Quality Paint, Varnish, Stain, Enamel or Finish that just fits the purpose.

For your intimate knowledge of just what should be used for each surface, get our two booklets, "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." Ask your dealer or write us.

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS & FINISHES

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

Detroit, Mich.

Dept. E

Boston, Cincinnati, Dallas, Birmingham, Chicago, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Nashville, Fort Worth, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Portland, Topeka, Lincoln

ACME QUALITY The Sign of Paint Success

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

For the many "touching up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork, and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

What Business Teaches Women

delivered both from platform and floor. Generally speaking, the business woman is not a reading woman. Her library is usually a collection of such working books as she feels will help her in her profession. This is a mistake, and she has begun to realize the narrowness of her cultural life.

"In looking backward," said a woman from Georgia, "I realize that as I became interested in making my tea-room pay I gradually dropped my former interest in books. But I am determined that my children shall be so trained and educated that they will be able to combine business with a broader cultural life than I have had."

THIS same thought was expressed by women who had never had any advanced educational advantage, who were forced to work with no better background than the grammar school or the first two years of high school. These women were most insistent that the time to educate and train girls is in the teens, and the place should be the public schools.

Six women managers of well-known commercial schools paid caustic tribute to our public schools. "We have hundreds of students, graduates of our grammar schools and even of our high schools, who can not spell the simplest words and who apparently do not know the rudiments of English grammar," stated one manager after another.

Many delegates, who admitted they had not given this subject any special thought, resolved to return to their home towns and work for a better standard of education, for the business girl is no better than her education and training make her. Home economics and child training were placed well up at the top of the desired list, and a large number of the delegates seized the opportunity to visit the University of Minnesota, where these subjects are particularly well taught. More than one woman looked thoughtful when shown through the Home Cottage, where students in the Home Economics course must spend ten weeks of their last year in actual homemaking. They watched students make out the budget, plan the meals, do the marketing, and perform every bit of the housework, from dusting the living-room to doing the laundry. Last of all they were taken to the nursery, where a real baby was being cared for by the students under the direction of a trained nurse. This baby is "adopted" from one of the city homes and becomes the charge of the students during their term. Each girl in turn assumes complete charge of the baby for a stated period.

"We have nothing like this at home," commented a New York delegate, "but we ought to, and it's time our state federation worked for something of this sort."

Yes, the business woman is all woman, when you get under her skin! The home, the family, and particularly babies so easily take first place. But this much-discussed woman is not sentimental. The time-worn appeals that may be counted on to make men weep are prone to make the business woman angry! Draw a pathetic word picture of little Johnny, aged ten, working in the mills, and man will invariably put his hand in his pocket and hand out a few dimes to help pauperize the child and his family, but the business woman rises and says: "Give that boy's father—or mother, as the case may be—a wage large enough to support the family in decency." If the mother is a widow, the business woman rises and demands the payment of a mother's pension, the one form of special legislation for woman the business woman as a body will stand for, because it means the preservation of the family as the ideal unit.

Because this is the year 1920, the most important year in the history of American women, one studied these women as voters as well as women. Contrary to one popular

Great Majestic

★ The Range with a Reputation

Delightful, consistent baking results make users of Great Majestic ranges enthusiastic.

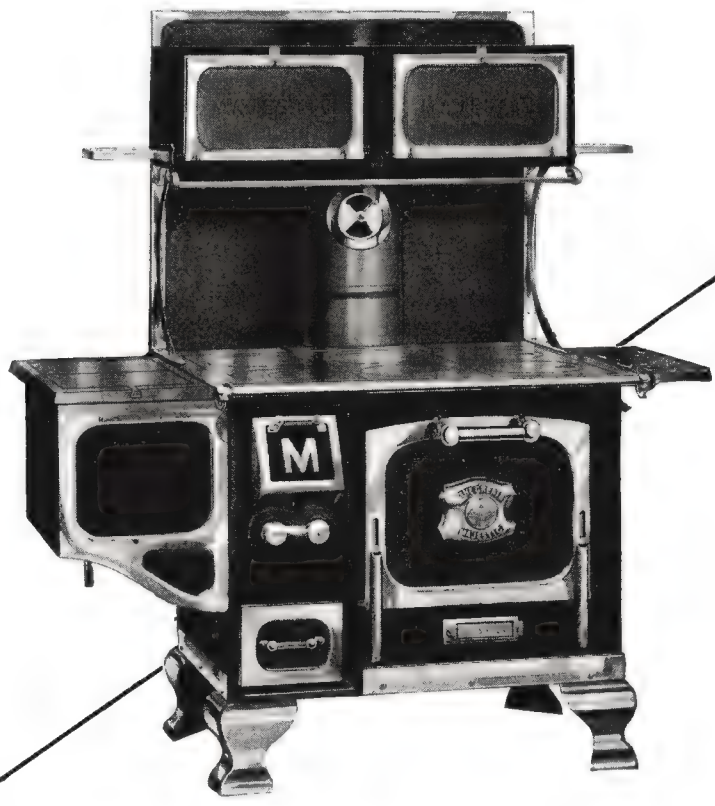
These ranges have long been renowned for their fuel-saving as well as their sure-baking qualities. Heat can be accurately controlled and utilized with utmost economy.

Moreover, Great Majestic ranges are easy to keep bright and sanitary.

All surfaces are perfectly smooth because of unseen-rivet construction throughout. The beauty of the burnished blue cooking tops is ever-lasting—an occasional rubbing-over with paraffine is all the care needed.

Great Majestic ranges are made in many regular and combination styles with or without legs. They are sold by leading retailers of ranges in practically every county in forty-two state

Majestic Manufacturing Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

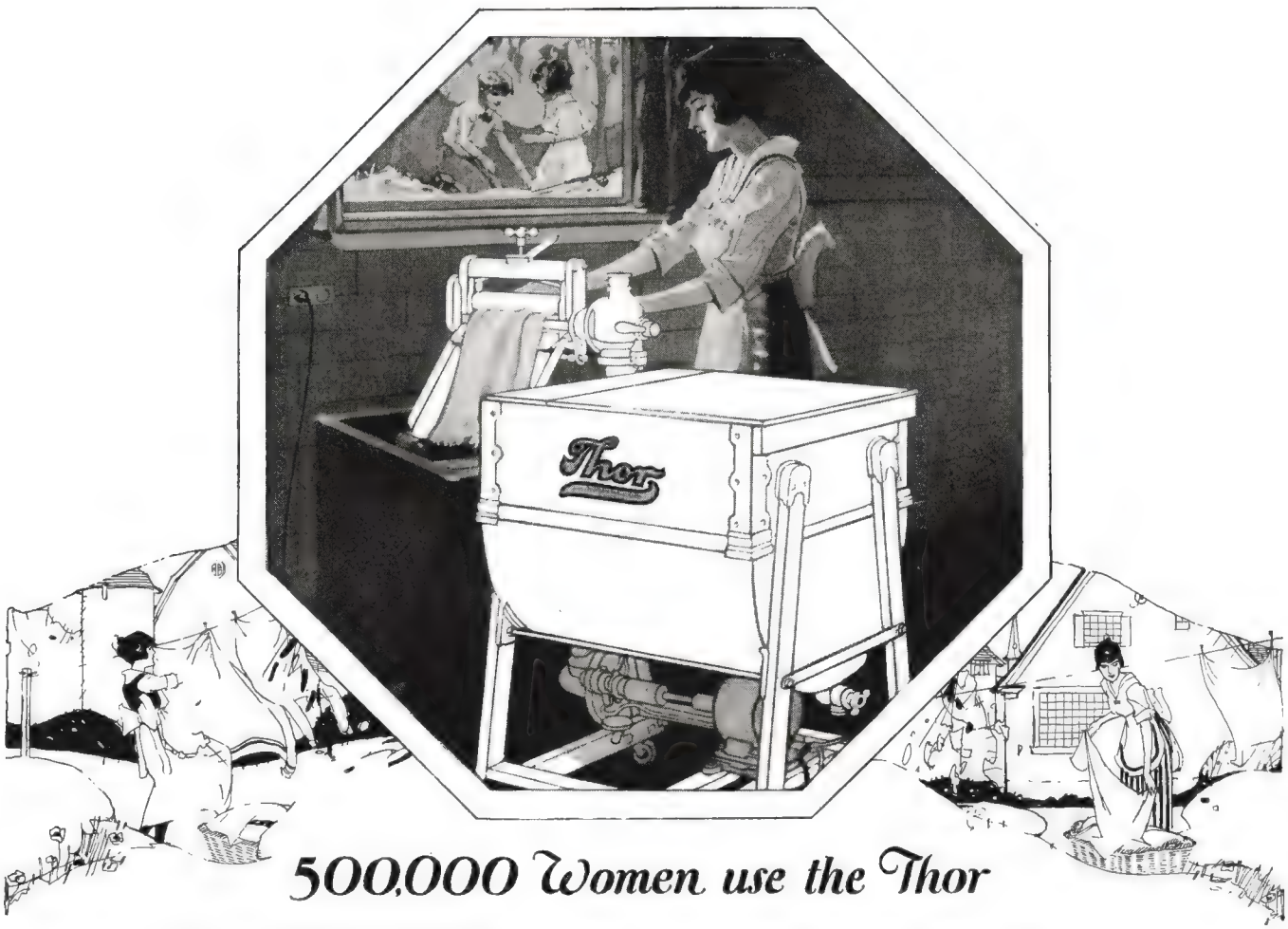


Reservoir on right or left side

For detailed information regarding all the various types of Great Majestic ranges, get our Free Booklet from your dealer or send direct to us. Address Dept. 156.

Thor

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE



500,000 Women use the Thor

HALF A MILLION THOR enthusiasts! Many value the THOR for its gentle treatment of sheer, delicate garments—laces, fine linens, and fluffy blankets. Others, for its quick and thorough washing of the grimy clothing of children and workingmen.

The THOR'S method of washing in the revolving, reversing cylinder, makes it the machine for *you*, whatever your laundry requirements may be.

The continual drop, drop, drop of the clothes through the swirling, soapy water coaxes out the most stubborn dirt, without injury to the daintiest pieces.

In five hundred thousand homes the THOR is doing the family washing in about one hour, at a cost of only 3 cents for electricity. It is self-cleanable—no need of lifting out the cylinder. These and many other superior points have kept THOR the leader for fourteen years.

Sold everywhere on easy payments. Let the nearest dealer explain to you just how a THOR will actually pay for itself in your individual case.

Write for the new book, "You and Your Laundry," just prepared by Mrs. Christine Frederick. It will be sent prepaid without cost.

Other products of the Hurley Machine Company are the Thor Electric Ironer and the Thor Electric Vacuum Cleaner

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY

General Offices and Factories, Chicago

147 W. 42nd St., New York
817 Walnut St., Kansas City

209 Tremont St., Boston
413 Yonge St., Toronto

319 No. 10th St., St. Louis
822 S. Broadway, Los Angeles

124 Post St., San Francisco
Durant Bldg., Flint, Mich.

British Distributors
Chas. E. Beck & Co., Ltd.
70 New Bond St., London

What Business Teaches Women

misconception, the business woman is not asking favors for her sex because of her sex. She is not asking for special legislation for women, but demands remedial legislation for both sexes. And she is not asking equal pay for equal work, but does demand satisfactory work from her sex for good pay. The business woman is, perhaps, quicker than the business man to censure the girl employee who demands high wages for slack work and irresponsible behavior, but she realizes that the training and education our girls have received at home and in the school is largely to blame for this condition. For this reason, that part of the program devoted to special legislation for women was of peculiar interest. "Are we as a federation going to work for any legislation?" was the most frequent question asked whenever several members got together off the convention floor. This discussion brought to light some grave differences of opinion between the business women and their professional sisters. In a way, the body split, with the business women lined up as against legislation and the lawyers and doctors staunchly advocating it.

THE majority of the women lawyers felt that much new legislation was needed, and they urged the Federation to go on record as favoring these measures. The business women, however, and especially those whose vision was broadest, refused to be stampeded, and they advised against this step.

"In the first place," declared one delegate, "this is not a legislative organization. Our aim is to make business a safe place for women, and this is not a matter of laws but of education and training. In the second place, there are no new laws needed to assist the business woman. Many times it seems to me that it is the employer who needs more protection! As women, and as an organization, we are in favor, of course, of assisting the woman in industry, but even for her it is doubtful if special legislation is the cure-all. What we do need is remedial legislation for the *person* in industry, which covers the workers of both sexes, and now that we women have the vote, such legislation is a foregone conclusion."

"Give us fewer new laws," declared the delegates by an overwhelming vote, "but enforce those we already have."

A direct result of the conflict between the two factions was the election, by a large majority, of Mrs. Lena Lake Forrest, as president for the coming year. This honor went last year to a lawyer. Mrs. Forrest is a real estate operator and insurance broker of Detroit. The other new officers are Lota E. Kelley, of New Mexico, vice-president, who runs a chain of baby wear shops; Miss Maude E. Smith, auditor, is assistant cashier of the National Bank of Hutchinson, Kansas; Miss Mary Stewart, corresponding secretary, is a writer and Executive Secretary of the National Republican Women's Congressional Committee; Miss Ruth Rich, recording secretary, is a newspaper woman of Jacksonville, Florida, and Miss Gratia Rice, of Connecticut, treasurer and the only member of the legal profession represented on the Executive Committee, is an associate judge of the Bridgeport Juvenile Court.

Business women and their professional sisters have learned to accept defeat calmly. When the legislative and election battles were over, peace descended on the convention, and not a word of bitterness was heard on either side. The small minority, being mostly legal in its make-up, had put up a strong fight, but bowed to the will of the majority and expressed itself satisfied, and the delegates, one and all, left St. Paul pledged to do their part to make the Federation the strongest woman's organization in the country, and through their forty-eight State Federations to work for the best interests of the American home and community.

It's always fair weather!

There's no trouble keeping the little fellows outdoors in this snappy November weather if there's a Choo-Choo Car around the house.

And if the weather is too severe, a Choo-Choo provides the best kind of exercise indoors.

Get your youngster a Choo-Choo now. If there's more than one youngster running around your home, better get a Choo-Choo for each one—because if you don't, there'll be trouble.

Choo-Choo Cars come in four sizes, so that getting them to fit is the easiest thing in the world. But be sure to look for the name.

CHOO CHOO CAR

It's stamped right on the seat where you can easily see it.

It will pay you to make sure, because when you get a *real* Choo-Choo you not only give more pleasure to the little fellows, but you get a car that has rugged strength and durability built into it.

The horse's head with the wiggly ears is made of five-ply hardwood veneer. The wheels are solid pieces of hard, rock maple and there are two in front to prevent upsets. The seat is a solid piece of selected basswood.

Write us if your regular toy store does not carry Choo-Choos.

THE WILKINSON MFG. CO.
Binghamton, N. Y.

THE SAFETY COASTER
Here's a coaster wagon that we are proud of. Look at the tongue that can be bent back for easy steering. And when the tongue is pulled back all the way there's a sure-enough brake which operates on the back wheels. We are the sole makers of this "Safety Coaster" and also of the "Columbian Coaster Wagon". Ask to see them when you get your Choo-Choo Car.

AMERICAN TOYS

Man mills away in wheat ★ vital elements of life

Largely to this waste we can now trace the fact that one-third of America is undernourished

ONE in every three of us — rich and poor alike — suffers from malnutrition, authorities say.

Not in Russia, in Austria, in Armenia, but here in America, the world's greatest food-producing nation!

You hear, every day, complaints of "that tired feeling." You see your friends developing "nerves," weakening under the strain of our modern life.

Why? Those who study these things say the underlying cause in most cases is malnutrition—lack of the right kind of food. Though you eat *enough* food, the chances are one in three that you or your family do not get enough of certain food elements.

Elements the body needs

The body is composed of water and sixteen vital chemical and mineral elements. To attain its fullest development, to maintain its health and normal functions it must be supplied with food containing all these elements.

In the whole wheat grain Nature offers us these sixteen vital food elements in more nearly the proper proportion than in any other food, save possibly milk.

But, in the modern preparation of wheat, many of these elements are largely lost through the removal of the six outer layers of the grain, commonly called the bran. The iron, which makes that part of the blood which carries life-giving oxygen to every cell. The calcium, predominant element in every bone. The phosphorus, which the brain and nerves must have. Elements—these and others—absolutely essential to health and growth.

The sixteen vital elements of nutrition

Oxygen	Sodium
Nitrogen	Chlorin
Hydrogen	Fluorin
Carbon	Silicon
Sulphur	Manganese
Magnesium	Potassium
Phosphorus	Iron
Calcium	Iodine

In the whole wheat kernel *all* of these elements are found. But man mills away most of the last twelve of them in the outer six layers of the grain.

"He has suffered both stomach and intestinal congestion just to the extent that his refining process has been carried on," says one authority. And another says of these wasted elements: "Much ill-health and malnutrition come from their insufficiency."

Only in the whole wheat grain can *all* of them be secured.

A sixteen-vital-elements food

There is a food, of delightful flavor, which comes to you undiminished in its nutritive values — Pettijohn's—whole wheat crushed and toasted.

Its natural nut-like sweetness, brought out full in the toasting, appeals to old and young alike.

Served with cream and a bit of sugar if you wish, it makes a vital energy ration of surprising deliciousness.

If you have a child who is not so rosy-cheeked and active as he should be — give him Pettijohn's.

If you yourself are feeling below par in energy and vim—try Pettijohn's.

If you suffer from congestion of the intestinal tract, give this food with its natural bran laxative a chance to set you right.

Make tomorrow's breakfast of Pettijohn's, the sixteen-vital-elements food. Your grocer has it—or will gladly get it for you.

Made by the Quaker Oats Co., 1623N Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, U. S. A.

Advertisement

Advertisement

The Secret

(*Continued from page 18*)

that *was* tough, Miss Em'ly! An' you carin' so much for him. An' havin' your ma thinkin' the other way round all this time an' not tellin'. My goodness, I don't blame you. A person wouldn't want to own up to *that*. But it must of come hard on you sometimes, hearin' her blamin' you all this while."

"It did. The first years"—Miss Em'ly paused, continuing to look out of the window—"the first years were—hard."

"I sh'd say so. I never had nothin' like that to contend with in my life, but I s'pose it must be terruble. To care for a person that can't care fur you. My troubles has been the other way about. My beaus always *plagued* me so to marry 'em. An' to think the only beau you ever had didn't reely care about you!"

"I wouldn't say he didn't *care*, exactly." The older voice grew a note sharper, warmed defensively. "I couldn't have cared for him myself, you see, unless it had been so. I wasn't mistaken." She paused and added: "But you were right—only ma doesn't know it and keeps harping so. I never had the chance of wearing a wedding-dress."

"Now that's too bad, Miss Em'ly. I'm real sorry for you. You must ha' been disappointed."

"It wasn't only that." Suddenly something else spoke in Miss Emily's voice again, that curious, living, unguessed youth. "It wasn't the disappointment or only—the—the *expecting* and not—not *getting*. That was bad enough—I was only twenty. It was the other thing. The—the *stain* on one—the degradation!"

SUDDENLY she sat erect, her voice trembling delicately. "That's what left its mark on me—why I remember it so—after all these years—after all the rest, the *feeling*, has gone away out of it. After all these years it's like something dark, hidden, in one's mind—a secret—something you remember but never tell. Only tonight—I don't know why. Mother shouldn't have spoken. Oh, I've prayed—I've prayed for years. You would know that, Lotty. But I don't forget. I'm old now, but I don't forget it. Because of that—the shame of it—the insult. You see," she spoke more quietly, coherently, "Elwood Clark didn't want to marry me. But he loved me in his way. He wanted me—illegally."

The word came out as though it tore its triumphant way from some reluctant, hidden sanctuary. "So you see—after all—I was—*wanted*. But in that way!" said Miss Emily.

"Miss Em'ly King!" Lotty's chair stopped, arrested. Her jaws remained moveless, clenched in melodramatic suspension on her chewing-gum.

"It was because of his views," continued Miss Emily. "He was very—advanced. About matrimony, I mean. He believed in—comradeship, he called it. We would have been comrades, he said. We would have gone across the ocean, to Europe." The sudden, little, triumphant tinge faded from Miss Emily's voice. "Oh, it was all very dreadful—a great shame," she said sadly, "for a girl of my rearing. I never expected anything like that to happen in my life and—I took it very hard. I prayed about it for years, to—to take away the memory of the shamefulness and the sense of sinfulness. But somehow I can not forget it. I presume it's like a scar. I never told any one then, though I s'pose some people may have guessed it. Only mother—she didn't understand ever, and I just couldn't tell her. I don't know as it matters if I tell her now, or any one else. It's too long ago now, and I'm so old."

She rose and came nearer to the glowing stove with the snowy garment on her arm, but Lotty still stared.

"Say, Miss Em'ly—I wouldn't of believed

STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Have an Appetite Like a Growing Boy

Days when your appetite fails you—when the best food would not tempt you—you wish you had an appetite like a healthy, growing boy. And so you can. You can arouse that appetite by starting your meals with a hot, savory beverage. Piping Hot Steero—rich, meaty, delicious—is just the thing.

Hot Steero is good at breakfast; it adds relish to your luncheon; begin your dinner with Hot Steero and you will eat as heartily as a growing boy.

Hot Steero is easy to prepare. Put a Steero Cube into a cup and add boiling water. It is ready instantly.

You will find scores of other ways to use Steero—in scalloped dishes, meat gravies, vegetable sauces—its delightful flavor gives that "different" taste. Put Steero on your order list today, and insist that you get STEERO.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you may learn how good Hot Steero tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book, full of practical and delicious recipes—helpful to every housewife.

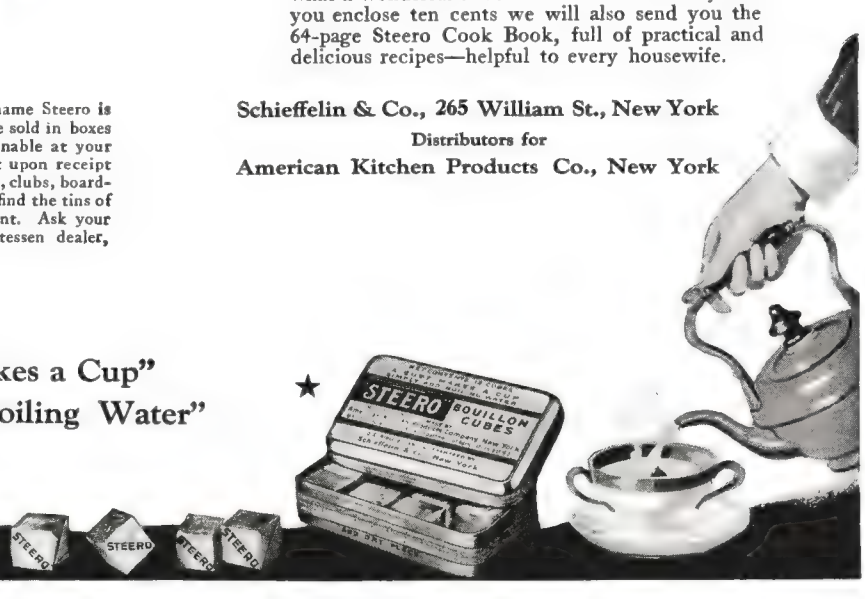
Schieffelin & Co., 265 William St., New York

Distributors for

American Kitchen Products Co., New York

STEERO CUBES—the name Steero is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 and 100 more convenient. Ask your grocer, druggist, or delicatessen dealer, for Steero.

"A Cube Makes a Cup"
"Simply Add Boiling Water"



★ HEBE

—the food product that brings increased nourishment and economy to every meal.

The Famous Salvation Army Recipe for Doughnuts

2½ cups flour
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons lard
½ cup HEBE diluted with ½ cup water
1½ tablespoons baking powder
2 teaspoons ground-mace
¼ tablespoon salt

Mix into a stiff, soft dough and fry in deep fat. Makes 30 doughnuts

"Mother's making doughnuts"

—the same plump, golden brown doughnuts made popular by the Salvation Army "Over There", because she is making them with HEBE.

Since we published a year ago the famous recipe by Margaret Sheldon, the original "doughnut lassie", thousands of mothers have used it and expressed their delight. One of them writes:—"I have tried your recipe for doughnuts and from the rush on the cookie jar, I feel safe in saying they are the best I have ever made."

Miss Sheldon's recipe, given above, calls for HEBE. Get a can of HEBE today and try it.

HEBE is an ideal product for all cooking purposes and for use in coffee. Foods prepared with it are improved in taste and texture and are made more nourishing. HEBE is pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with cocoanut fat.

Get HEBE from your grocer. For real economy, keep a supply on hand and use it daily. Write for the HEBE Book of Recipes. Address the Home Economy Department, 3105 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

NET CONTENTS 1 LB. AVOIRDUPOIS
HEBE
A COMPOUND OF EVAPORATED SKIMMED MILK AND VEGETABLE FAT
CONTAINS 7.8% VEGETABLE FAT
25.5% TOTAL SOLIDS
THE HEBE COMPANY
OFFICES: CHICAGO-SEATTLE, U.S.A.

THE HEBE COMPANY

Chicago Seattle

The Secret

it!" She looked with new eyes at Miss Emily. She did not see the years in the older woman's face, the thinning hair, the disfiguring spectacles. She saw instead a woman who had known a phase of primordial experience she had not.

"Across the ocean! Europe! Well, I never!" she said heavily. "No one ever asked me to do like that. No one ever—" the words ground themselves out with a touch of envying bitterness, "no one ever asked for me like that—at all."

"I know." Miss Emily stood looking into the fire. "It was a dreadful shame, a great disgrace." She sighed a little and began folding the white garment. "I'll take this back to Clarice's now. I'll walk up with you, Lotty, if you're going."

"Oh, I'm going," said Lotty. She stood erect, smoothing her dress over her full hips. "Everybody has somethin' in her life, when you come right down to it, Miss Em'ly. Ain't it so?"

"I guess so, Lotty. But I hope not like this—this we were speaking of. It would be very sad—a shame, indeed." Miss Emily's face grew long and ascetic above the box she was filling. "We should always pray to be delivered from experiences like it," she added sententiously.

"Yes, I s'pose so. But 's I was saying, men can make an awful mess. You and I, *we* know!" she concluded. It was the glance, the tone, of a sister woman.

She came up and laid an assisting hand on Miss Emily's old dolman, a concoction of black rep, braid, bugles, and a small foxed astrakhan collar. Not compassion but equality spoke in her voice.

"Well—Miss Em'ly—I'm sorry you had to go through with *that*. Not every woman—why, it's like somethin' in a movie."

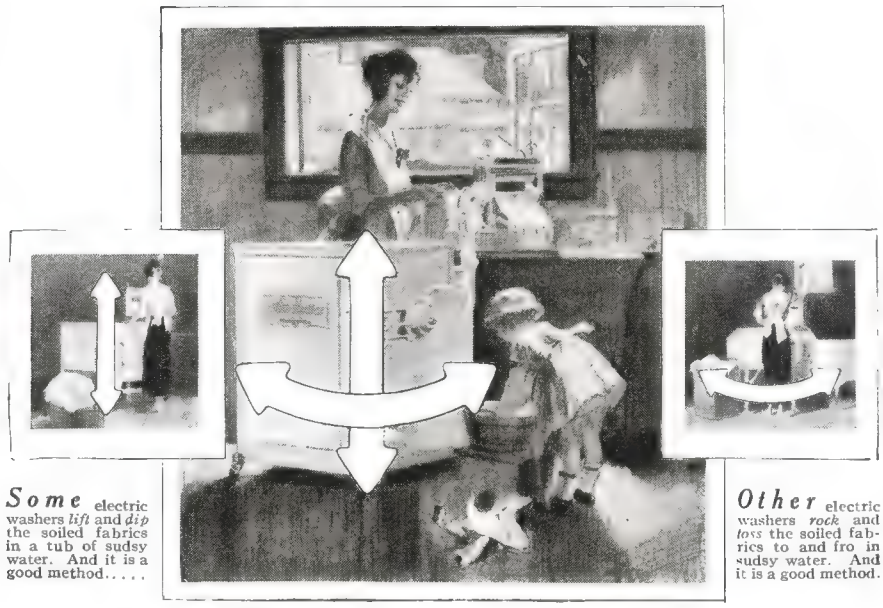
"More like an old pressed flower out of a book, put away so long ago the color's all gone. Forty years! That's a long time, Lotty. Why, forty years ago we hadn't the mousetrap factory, nor any street lights, nor even the Carter House and the Briggsville turnpike."

Miss Emily's voice, flat, faintly amused, broke off as the street door closed sharply after the two women turning out into the keen night.

FORTY years. A large slice out of one's life. But life was only at its dawn for the young girl in the little upper chamber of the blue frame house in Collett street, for the young girl washing her hands and face at the little pine-wood stand in the tiny, dormer-windowed room. The ceiling was so low, so angled, one had to move carefully. Only the near side of the high, padded, four-post bed was approachable. The "off" disappeared under the low brow of the wall, where it ran down to meet the floor. But on this side, a hooked rug of hit or miss, dark, woolen bits ran smoothly over the gray-painted floor to the washstand. And here the young girl bent devotionally over her china ewer and bowl.

There were two little windows set near the floor at her right, open now, letting in thin bars of sunlight and a delicate odor of blooming garden. On the washstand, there was a little phial of perfume marked "Jockey Club," and when she had quite finished washing, the girl meant to scent herself with it, invert the bottle and dab the cork delicately on her collar and pocket handkerchief. But when she had carefully done this, she would smell no sweeter—not half so sweet—as the blended freshness of lilac and lily and syringa that came up from outside.

It made all the day fragrant—the little room, even the water she had poured out. She played with the water, with the creamy soap lather on her fingers, rubbing it into fantastic shapes, into points and whorls, into great clots, detaching it from her with sudden



Some electric washers *lift* and *dip* the soiled fabrics in a tub of sudsy water. And it is a good method.....

Other electric washers *rock* and *toss* the soiled fabrics to and fro in sudsy water. And it is a good method.

The A B C Electric Laundress ***does both.*** Rapidly it alternates these good methods. And so it combines their advantages.....

Its Dual Action Spares the Clothes

The swift alternate lifting (↕) dipping, rocking (⌣) tossing, of soiled things by the A B C *Electric Laundress*, spares fabrics from wear by gently loosening and carefully flushing out *all* dirt. An exclusive, *springless* mechanism effects this dual action (✣), so quietly and smoothly that neither the ear, nor one's fingers on the lid, can detect the frequent change of motion within. Such sturdy simplicity as this reveals, coupled with the advantages of two washers in one at the price of one, offers you an unparalleled value.

Write for booklet, "The A B C of Washday," and location of a dealer who will gladly demonstrate and name convenient terms.

ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY

Pioneer and leading makers of power washers

PEORIA, ILL. NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

Executive Offices: Peoria, Illinois

★ A B C

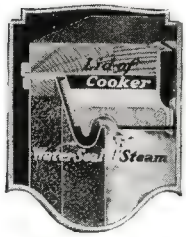
Electric Laundress

This pictures the A B C *Electric Laundress* that washes two ways at once. All moving parts are safely housed in a handsome metal case of soft gray

There is a 50% oversize motor and a reversible, swinging electric wringer. Choice of copper or rust-resisting, galvanized iron tub, maple or zinc drum

Copyright 1920, Altorfer Bros. Company

Give yourself more hours in the open. The meals will cook while you are gone



Be sure the cookstove you buy has the triple seal and famous Water Seal heat-lock.

What a Wonderful Dinner mother left her hungry children

Mother has had to go away for the day. But when the youngsters come in from school, they find all the good things they like for dinner waiting, piping hot, in the fireless cookstove. It's fun for the children, and it's fine for mother to get away occasionally.

The Fireless Cookstove with the Triple Seal Top

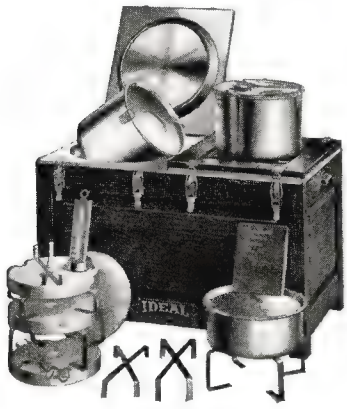
Toledo Fireless Cookstoves are the only ones equipped with the triple seal top, with the famous Water Seal, a U-shaped, water-filled groove in the top of the cooking compartment as a final barrier against heat leakage around the lid. The extra heat retention enables the cookstove to bake bread and cake, brown biscuits and pies and roast meats as well as a kitchen range.

Saves both fuel and food

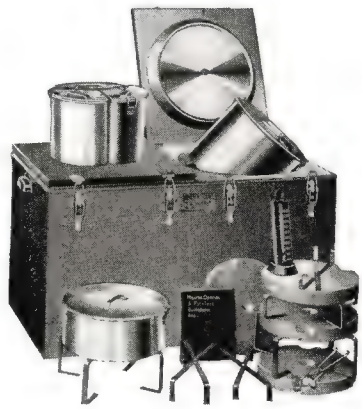
Fifteen or twenty minutes' use of the range heats the soapstone radiators. No further heat is required. Food that would burn fuel for hours in the range can be cooked without pre-heating in the *Toledo* at a fuel saving of from 50% to 80%. Meat shrinkage is 20% less because juices are not carried off in cooking. Cheaper cuts can be used and will be tender and fine flavored. Foods cook thoroughly—are never underdone or burned. Watching is unnecessary. In addition to the famous patented Water Seal, *Toledo Fireless Cook Stoves* have the patented Automatic Pressure Regulator to release excess steam, extra-heavy, scientific insulation to conserve heat and seamless aluminum compartment lining five times the usual thickness and durability. Don't postpone an inspection of these superior features at your dealers; go today.

FREE BOOK

"Delicious Fireless Cooked Dishes" is a fireless cooking demonstration, with colored photographs and recipes. Write for this book. Address Dept *21*.



Ideal Model
Solid oak, cabinet-built case, specially vulcanized



Domestic Science Model
Steel cabinet, with handsome enamel finish

★

The Toledo Cooker Co.

T O L E D O · O H I O

The Secret

plunges into the waiting basin, like a child. Silly, she thought. She raised and lowered her hands in the basin, drew them suddenly out, pink and sparkling wet, and turning them about looked at them thoughtfully—held them out translucent against the warm sun.

Pretty hands. Oh, a vanity beyond doubt, wicked vanity. But if one's fingers pointed nicely and one's palms were pink—It wasn't as though they were pampered hands. They were deft and useful, far more than other girls'. It was only right to be so careful with thimbles, with a finger-guard. She bent and, picking up a towel, dried them with little, patting, soft movements, and something—some vagrant thought—moved her to smile suddenly, almost wistfully.

What was it he had said? "You've got to be very good to your hands—they may not always be yours."

There was something he had quoted, too. —"If I be dear to some one else—"

Was it possible they—she—was dear to some one else? The thought sent a confusion of color into her cheeks. She turned abruptly to the tall, walnut dresser, and reaching up loosened her hair, sent it tumbling in an ash-blonde cloud over her ears.

SHE was a slim, young thing, with the half-fledged look of youth on her. A little rangy, a little lean of delicately-made young arms and wrists, but white and fine-skinned, full of nascent grace, standing there in her little cambric underbody and the frilled skirt rippling out about her slim ankles. Under her loosened hair, her face, small, delicately long and pointed, colored now with some secret fire of excitement, peeped out with a suggestion of a dryad's through a sun-lit, leafy screen.

At such moments, with the flowing hair, the bare, long, young throat, she was rather pretty, she thought. He had told her she was very pretty, and he must know, who belonged to a bigger, broader world. Not that any one here had ever thought her especially so. A young lady should, by local standard, have champagne bottle shoulders, and rosier cheeks, and stouter curves. She was sorry she was so thin. The "polonay" dresses were better for more redundant persons, like Clara Verners or Abby Thwaite.

But after all, her slimness was because of her youth. In time she would bloom more fully. She would go on and on growing, enlarging with life, taking on the firmer lines of which she showed the promise. She would bloom, barring a cold wind to nip her. She felt as if she were blooming now, growing in the very moment. Something within her expanding, increasing her—some lovelier bigness coming upon her soul, preparing her—Was it for life—love?

She laughed a little tremulously as she twisted her hair into place, a quite elegant "waterfall," with a band of velvet woven through her "fringe." The polonaise frock next, with its draped, *bouffant* panniers, and the tight little basque with the row of tiny bows running up to her neck. If only she could have French heels and jeweled "ear-drops." But the hat was lovely—like a shell, with the pink feather curving down over one ear!

She heard the brisk sound of a dog-cart outside. It was Edward Wisham driving over to the Verners'. The Verners were quite fast. They played croquet all through the Sunday afternoons and sang secular music—they were even said to powder their faces. She had sometimes felt a little wistful, but not now. Only five Sundays ago, and she would have been in her old muslin reading with her mother in the back parlor. But not today. Life smiled. Even her mother smiled on her. Something significant—portentous. She lifted the feathered hat to its resting place against the proud "waterfall," picked up her little lace mitts and small cotton parasol. A verse from a current ballad rose to her lips.

As easy to make a cup as to sweeten it.

The processes are the same.

Sweetening your coffee is about the easiest thing you do. So natural that it doesn't even require a thought.

But simple as it is, it's no simpler than making a cup of coffee or tea with Faust Instant.

Stir a half a teaspoonful of Faust Instant Coffee into a cup of boiling water. There's your cup of delicious coffee—ready in an instant.

With Faust Instant Tea it's just the same, except that you'll need only an eighth of a teaspoonful of the soluble powder.

Faust Instant makes coffee or tea as soon as it enters the boiling water in the cup. Nothing is wasted. There are no grounds to be thrown out. You don't even have any pots to wash.

Isn't it wonderful—after all? Only think. Never another disappointing cup. Never a failure. And all this at a material saving in time, in work and in cost.

COFFEE

Standard,	30 cups,	$0.40
Medium,	60 cups,	.75
Family,	120 cups,	1.40
Hotel,	480 cups,	4.75

TEA

Standard,	100 cups,	$0.40
Medium,	200 cups,	.75
Family,	400 cups,	1.40
Hotel,	1600 cups,	4.75

C. F. BLANKE SALES COMPANY

Dept. 2 St. Louis, Mo.

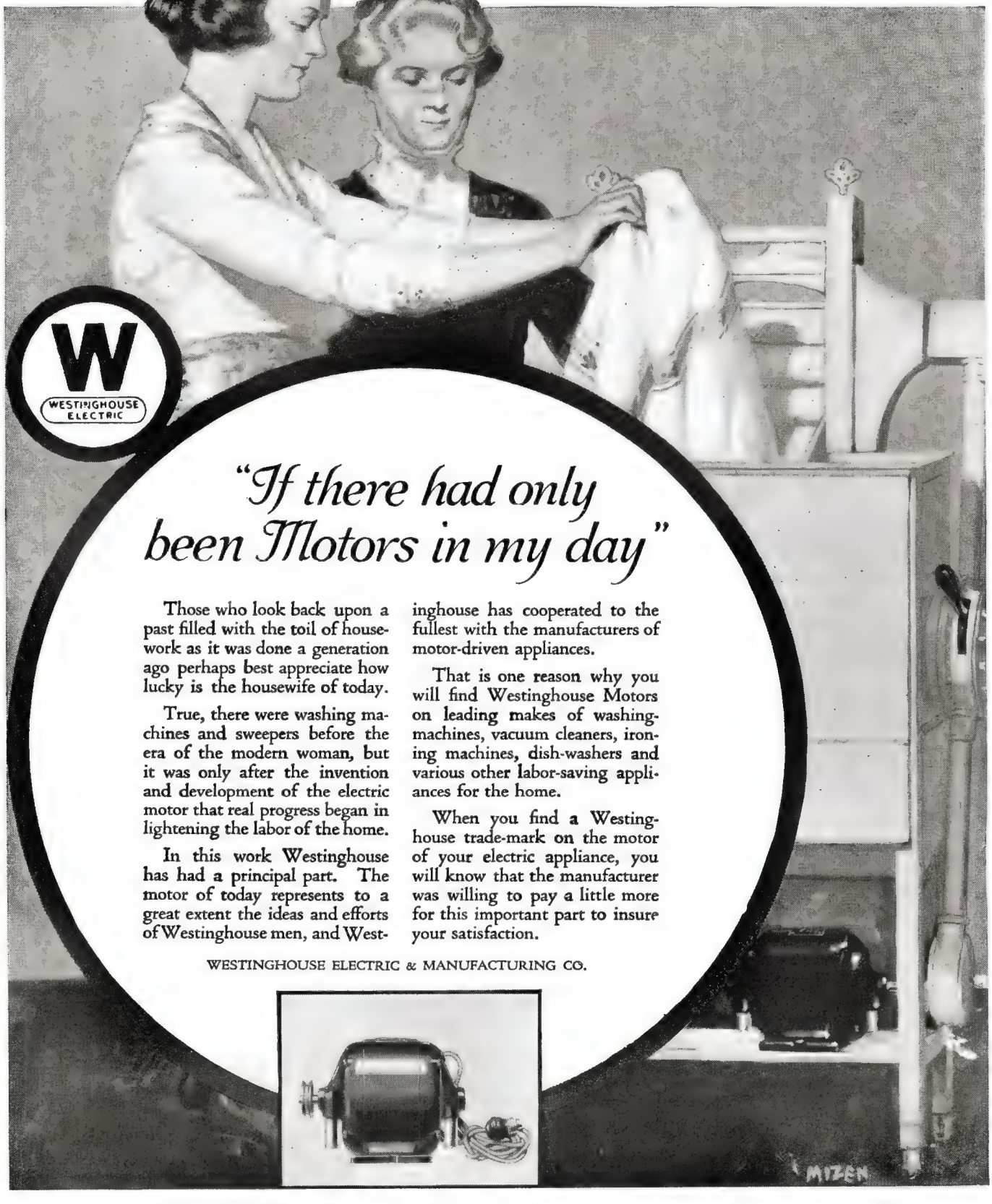
Distributors of the Famous Faust Coffee and Tea, and Faust Chile Powder and the other C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co. products.

★

FAUST INSTANT COFFEE AND TEA

Westinghouse

SMALL MOTORS FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES



"If there had only been Motors in my day"

Those who look back upon a past filled with the toil of housework as it was done a generation ago perhaps best appreciate how lucky is the housewife of today.

True, there were washing machines and sweepers before the era of the modern woman, but it was only after the invention and development of the electric motor that real progress began in lightening the labor of the home.

In this work Westinghouse has had a principal part. The motor of today represents to a great extent the ideas and efforts of Westinghouse men, and Westinghouse has cooperated to the fullest with the manufacturers of motor-driven appliances.

That is one reason why you will find Westinghouse Motors on leading makes of washing-machines, vacuum cleaners, ironing machines, dish-washers and various other labor-saving appliances for the home.

When you find a Westinghouse trade-mark on the motor of your electric appliance, you will know that the manufacturer was willing to pay a little more for this important part to insure your satisfaction.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.

The Secret

She sang it under her breath, quite sinfully, against the Sabbath stillness.

"I looked at her,
She looked at me,
It made my heart pit-pat
Till turning around she said to me
'How do you like my hat?'
'Oh, I think it's gay and pretty, too—'"

She broke off, laughing again, and fled from the room, leaving it strangely gray and empty.

"EMILY—Emma—Em—Emilie—no—'little Em'ly'—that's the best."

He was sitting very close to her on the mossy bank above the twinkling brook, with the thick, sun-splashed leaves screening them. Her hat was carefully off on the moss beside her, her parasol with it. She sat with her fingers laced about her knees, her head thrown back. She was not really "little" Emily—quite tall in fact—but she loved to hear him say it. A bird somewhere broke into a sweet, clear note.

"I think that's a rachel-jane," she said dreamily.

"A 'rachel-jane'? Why, there's no such bird, honey-child."

"Well, but our colored people call it that."

"Well, they don't know. Ask *me* what it is. I'll tell you. It's a mocking-bird. Listen."

The young man sprawled beside her, with the sun licking in little, fiery tongues along the tips of his chestnut hair and long lashes, puckered his mobile mouth, and sent a thread of clear, crystal melody into the stillness. The bird's faint, sweet note continued, as though in reply.

"You see, it answers me. He's a talkative chap. Don't you hear what he's saying? Listen! '*Pret-tee- Pret-tee*'—that's because you're here. It's a tribute for Emily. Try another, old fellow—try this one; *Sweet-heart, sweet-heart,*" the young man whistled again.

"What a—what a ridiculous word to—to ask a—a bird to say."

"Is it ridiculous, Emily—is it?" he pressed closer to her, his voice suddenly colored with emotion. "Is it—is it? Answer me, Emily. Look at me."

"How—should—I—know?" she faltered, her eyes downcast.

"That's a word you must be taught, eh, like the bird? I'll teach it to you. Lots of things—little Em'ly—*dear!*"

He had his arm about her, and drawing her to him, kissed her.

"*Dear* Emily—*sweet* Em'ly," he said a little breathlessly.

"Oh—Elwood—I *love* you—so—"

She had said it before, but she could have gone on saying it endlessly, in an unceasing reiteration. Because it was true. It seemed to her, her heart must beat to the rhythm of the words forever.

He had her hand close-held now. She was scarcely conscious of his fragmented speech, of the endearments he murmured, or, presently, of more coherent speech. He talked well, and he loved to talk. She loved to hear him, proud of him, proud that he had singled her out. This clever youth who had traveled and seen life—read widely; touched people; who dabbled in philosophies; who talked of a Frenchman named Rousseau whose writings he read—wonderful to care to be with a crude, unsophisticated village girl!

Once the bird they had noticed flew quite close to them, and catching the faint involuntary movement of her hand, he had interrupted himself, smiling;

"Not a rachel-jane at all, an Em'ly bird—" and had gone on playing with her acquiescent fingers, touching the curve of her wrist, her palm.

And when they parted: "We'll always come here, won't we, Emily? It's for you and me, isn't it—our place? And you're for me, too,

Romping feet cannot mar this floor

Old English Wax keeps it like new

Let the children come right in, romping and tussling as they will — they cannot injure this floor.

Old English Wax will cover the wood with a mar-proof finish which has a resiliency that resists the rubbing and scratching of feet. A little care at the right time and in the right way will keep your floors in perfect condition.

Just a rag and the wax —all you need

A rag and a can of Old English Wax constitute all the tools necessary. Even if you do all your own housework, you will find the use of this wax no additional burden. Just apply a thin coat of wax, and fifteen minutes afterwards a little rubbing will bring it to a beautiful polish. The floor is then ready for many months of hard wear.

To refinish worn spots in doorways and so much used pathways through the room, apply a little wax every month or so and rub to a polish. It is not necessary to wax the entire floor.

The ideal floor

Old English Wax is unexcelled in the beauty and warmth it gives — not only to the floor itself, but to the entire room. Painted and varnished floors lack richness and elegance. Wax — put on over paint or varnish, if you wish — softens and mellows. It produces a shimmering, soft-toned surface which imparts warmth and beauty to the whole room.

Furniture, woodwork, linoleum and automobiles

Old English Wax provides a durable and beautiful finish which preserves and protects furniture, woodwork and linoleum.

It makes your automobile look like new and doubles the life of the finish.

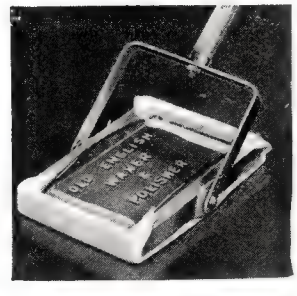
The cost (in U. S.) is only 85c for a pint can — enough for a large room or borders of three ordinary size rooms. For sale by your Paint, Hardware, Drug or Housefurnishing dealer — or write

THE A. S. BOYLE CO.
1331 Dana Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

Old English Wax

GIVEN AWAY! ★

A can of Old English Wax to purchasers of Old English Waxer and Polisher — a new device which makes the polishing of floors as simple and easy as dusting them with broom or mop. If not obtainable at your home stores, we will supply you parcel post, prepaid. Price, east of Denver, $3.50; Denver and west, $4.00.



Discovered!

—but who wouldn't be charmed away by such good company—and NABISCO?

* * *

Many appetizing discoveries are made with the aid of NABISCO Sugar Wafers. These alluring dessert aids enhance the goodness of fruits, ices, beverages, and sherbets, blending delightfully with any sweet, however delicate its flavor.

Sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY ★

The Secret

always *my* Emily, my own dear girl—aren't you?"

He kissed her again.

THE moon was like a flat, white lozenge, a benign lozenge, peeping down through the black foliage. Only the road showed dimly, a gray band before them, lost in shadow. Around them pressed compactly the close-whirring insect chorus of August. The sound of their horse's hoofs rose clearly with a sucking note on the thick, sandy road. Elwood was driving—driving with the reins in one careless hand, the other covering one of Emily's. Now and then he would lift his hand and touch her face, tip up her little, pointed chin and kiss her.

"You've got the *prettiest* chin," he said once. "Who ever heard of a lover who sang of his lady's chin? But I'll do it. I'll write a poem, 'To Emily's Chin.' How does that strike you?

'A nice little curve, but stubborn—
This is my lady's chin—'

Are you stubborn, Emily?"

"I don't think that's an elegant word for a poem, Elwood," she laughed.

"No? Emily doesn't like my poetry—but she likes the poet, doesn't she—Em'ly?" He bent down, looking into her eyes.

"You—*know*," she faltered. "Oh—Elwood!"

"What a child it is! So many things to learn! How I'll like teaching you, Emily. So natural! So artless! And mine shall be the hand to mold you—teach you to fulfil your destiny. A woman of power, of charm, of sophistication—knowing life, meeting it—" He lifted her hand to his lips, and Emily nestled against him with a little nervous movement.

"Oh, Elwood,—I worry about it so. Going so far away to live. Clear across the ocean. Why, it's terrible. And mother. I haven't told her, as you said, but what'll she do? I always meant to stay near her, even after I was married."

"There, there—let's not bother with alarms now."

"Well, but Elwood—"

"There, there—well, what is it, sweet?—"

"If I could tell her—break it more gradually—"

"And spoil my plans—and all the scenes! Oh, Emily! If one must do a thing—the bard was right. 'When 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly—' and you promised, dear girl. You won't break your word?"

"Oh, no, Elwood—but if I'm to get married—"

"Then be patient. You're going with me when the time comes, and it's going to be all right. Let's not spoil this evening. Let's talk of other things—Paris—when you and I get there—the plays we'll see—the people—the presents I'll buy for you."

"I shouldn't want you to spend very much on me, Elwood."

"Nothing's too good for Emily. She shall have the best. And we'll have long, happy hours. Have you forgotten your French, Emily—the lesson I gave you? Come, let me hear it. What did I particularly charge you to remember?"

"I'd rather say it in English," said Emily, "but I haven't forgotten—*je t 'aime.*" She pronounced a little stiffly. "It just sounds silly to me though," she added, "not like anything at all."

Elwood laughed and put his arm crushingly about her—

THE August chorus whirred on. They had reached a small brook and crossed with slow, deliberate, splashing sounds. The moon was clear of the trees now, still a lozenge, benign, remote, but Emily did not notice.

It was incredible! It was horrible! It was like a hideous, strangling nightmare from which she must presently wake.

Creamettes

With Creamettes in the pantry, the unexpected guest is always welcome.

Creamettes cook in one-third the time.

Use Creamettes with your favorite macaroni recipe. They are more tender, more delicious.

A Delicacy For Those Who Appreciate Superior Quality in Foods

Creamettes are an especially prepared, more tender, more delicious Macaroni product.

Creamettes, made from the creamy parts of the best selected durum wheat, are as different from ordinary macaroni as tenderloin steak is from round steak.

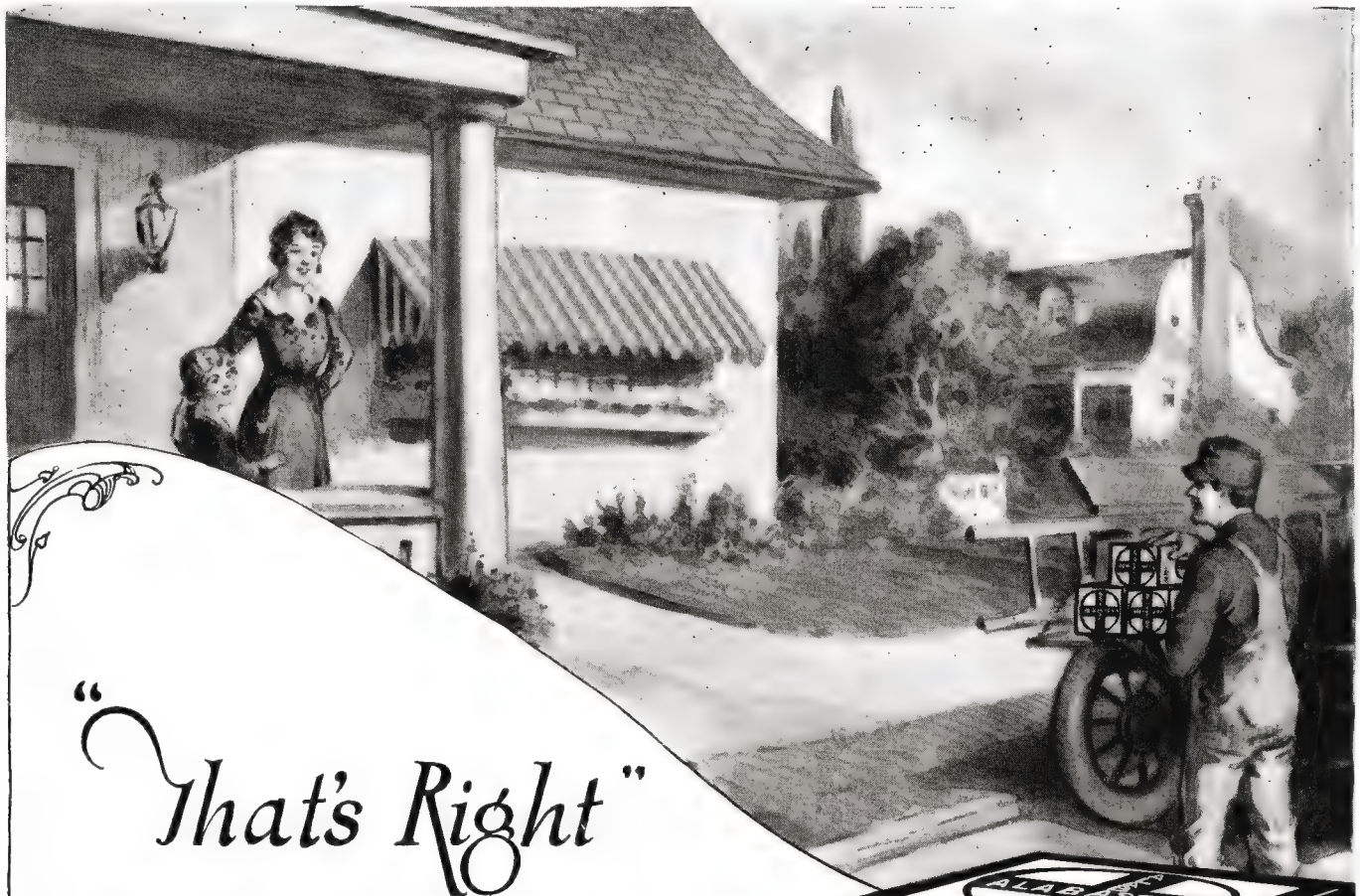
The special process by which Creamettes are made retains the sweet, nut-like flavor of the wheat, with a texture and tenderness as fine as a mushroom.

Use Creamettes with your favorite macaroni recipe tomorrow. They are always a delight. Creamettes cook in one-third the time required for ordinary macaroni.

Ask your grocer today.

The Creamette Company
MINNEAPOLIS

Copyright 1920 by The Creamette Co.



"That's Right"

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

"I KNOW that Cross and Circle printed in red. When I see it I know we are getting *genuine* Alabastine—the wall coating which has given us such wonderful satisfaction for so many years.

"When we first built our home we put Alabastine on our new walls because it was both artistic and sanitary. (I wouldn't use anything else in Baby's room for the world.)

"Alabastine is the only interior wall finish I need to have as pretty a home as anybody's and I can exactly match my rugs and curtains by intermixing the different colors. Alabastine is so inexpensive and easy to apply that I can change our color plan whenever we wish. Indeed it is so easy that several times when we have been unable to get a decorator we have done the work ourselves. All you have to do is mix with clear cold water and apply with a suitable wall brush.

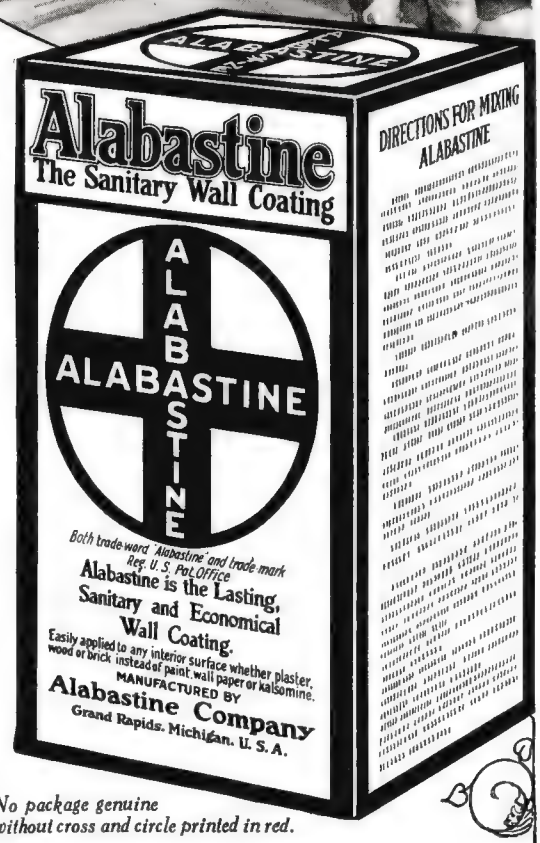
"And another thing—you can use Alabastine over almost any surface—not only plaster but even wall board, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall paper, where it is fast and has no raised figures or aniline dyes."

Write for Free Color Chart and Decorating Helps

Let us show you actual Alabastine colors and give you free the advice of our interior decorating experts. Your local paint store can supply Alabastine, your decorator will use it if you tell him to and you can have in your home the same wall effects you see in artistically decorated homes, the leading hotels, theatres, public buildings and churches everywhere.

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY
416 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Mich.

Your Local Dealer Is Entitled to Your Trade


ALABASTINE
Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating
ALABASTINE
ALABASTINE
Both trade-word 'Alabastine' and trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office
Alabastine is the Lasting, Sanitary and Economical Wall Coating.
Easily applied to any interior surface whether plaster, wood or brick instead of paint, wall paper or kalsomine.
MANUFACTURED BY
Alabastine Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.
DIRECTIONS FOR MIXING ALABASTINE

No package genuine without cross and circle printed in red.

The Secret

Standing here under the angled ceiling of her shadowy little room, like a wraith in her straight, high-necked, white nightgown, with the two long braids of soft, light hair down her back, the dark circles under her wide-staring eyes—standing here staring down at the little windows near the floor—at the patch of garden—she could see where the big rosebushes were lashed with the first September rains.

He was going. And he did not want to marry her. He had not meant to marry her, ever. Because of this thing he said he believed in, this casual, free thing he talked of. If he had made his intention clear earlier! But he had not. He had let her believe otherwise. Oh, no—her fault, perhaps. She remembered that he had never spoken of anything but their "going away together." It was she herself who had used the terms of convention, who had inferred a conventional intention. He had pointed this out himself! But he had not shown her soon enough. That had been, he said, because he was "preparing her." This was the meaning of the long weeks together—the caresses, the tacit promises, the gifts, the lightly made plans.

But now she knew—since last night. He had shown her then. In five days—he had given her five days! After that he would go away. It rested with her, whether he would go alone.

SHE had cried out like a stricken animal when she understood, when she realized what he asked of her, a girl trained as she had been to a rigid hold on the fundamental conventions of life. To be asked to break them—to go away with him and flout all the principles that had been instilled in her—that made her very essence. To be asked by *him*, loving him as she did.

She had cried out bitter, despairing things to him, had humbled her very soul, had shown her faith, her love, her hope, her belief in him.

He had, he said, nothing better to offer. Any alternative was a violation of his principles. At least, he pointed out, he had *principles*. He was giving her a frank and honest admission, where another might have used deceit. He loved her very much, he said. She was his "dear comrade," and together they would seek freedom, liberty! Another world. He had called her "provincial"; had waxed angry, eloquent, ardent by turns; had, he declared, wasted all "constructive effort" on her—

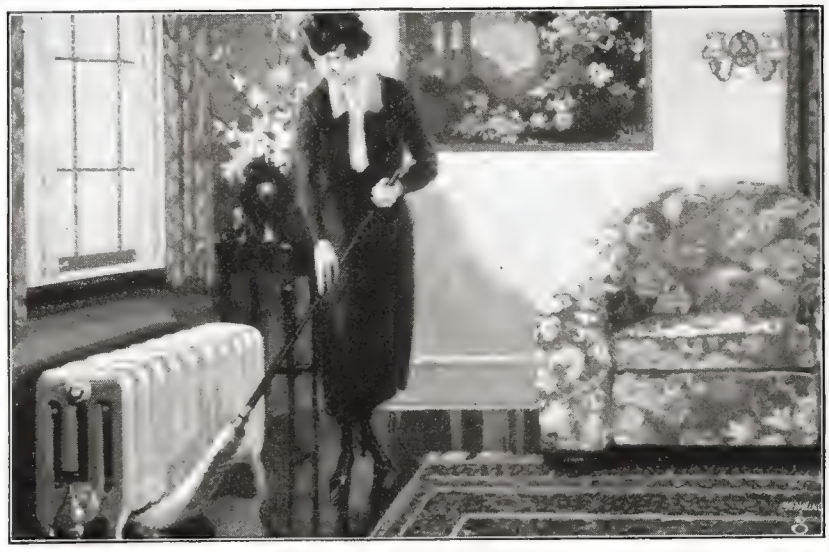
Through the night she had lain listening to the rain on the shingles over her head, now in dull despair, now crying wildly into her pillow.

"Oh, God," she had wept, "make me stop *wanting* to go with him—make me stop *wanting* to go."

For that was the incredible part of it. That after the first shock a strange reaction had overpowered her. That the familiar symbols of her life should recede into a shadowy unreality, speak no longer with a familiar voice. The very furnishings of her poor room—the white, old bed, the night-stand, her simple books, her chairs, familiars of a peaceful, uneventful existence—should seem like fragments of a dream. The only reality, Elwood. The only moving urge, her heart's longing for him. Through the night-watches, through the days that fled with ghastly rapidity, oppressing her with the necessity for choice, she had fought her two-fold conflict, her love pitted against her ideals. In the end, on the last night of all, she had waited till her mother slept, then had packed her bag with cold hands, had got on her hat and cloak, had stolen out of her room and down to her very door—and had returned.

"I can not do it—I will not do it," she had said, and presently there, in her little, gray room as she waited, crouched by her bed in a sort of suspension of life, she had heard the down train's whistle. He was gone.

And the little, gray room closed down upon



There Are No "Hard-to-Reach" Places With a Broom

THROUGHOUT the house from the garret to cellar, a good broom is the cleaner that goes everywhere—cleans every surface. It reaches every nook and corner, every crack and crevice. Properly used, it is easily used—cleanly and sanitary.

A good broom is an invaluable assistant in keeping the house really clean. See that your broom is a new broom—a good broom—full tipped, pliant, light in weight.

Do you know that Benjamin Franklin introduced broom corn to the United States? An interesting little book on the "universal cleaner," its best use and care will be sent on request. Ask for it.

The Allied Broom Industries is planning to place a quality seal on *good* brooms for *your* protection. You will be told all about it so you can be sure of your broom's quality.

ALLIED BROOM INDUSTRIES

1319 City Hall Square Building Chicago, Illinois

"YOU NEED A NEW BROOM"

Trade Mark

HANES

ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR
for Boys

Hanes Guarantee: *"We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks."*

"Hanes" Boys' Union Suits endure astonishingly against wear and wash

"HANES" flat lock, non-breakable seams are guaranteed to stand every tug and strain—*that saves mending!* "Hanes" long-staple yarn is flawlessly knitted into material of real warmth and body. Washing aft r washing can't take the life out of it.

Money put into these sturdy "Hanes" Union Suits for boys actually goes further because a boy gets additional wear and additional comfort out of them.

We *know* that every "Hanes" garment will live up to our claims for it and we *guarantee* every "Hanes" garment. Every stitch, thread and button is Hanes inspected. "Hanes" closed crotch stays closed; buttons stay on; non-gaping buttonholes last the life of the garment; reinforcements really protect against extra strain; the tailored collarette fits snugly; elastic lap seam shoulders hold their shape!

Buy "Hanes" Union Suits for your boy! Sizes 20 to 34, covering ages 2 to 16. Four popular colors: ecru, natural or peeler, silver gray and bleached white. Two to four year sizes have drop seat.

Unusual value in "Hanes" Men's Underwear

"Hanes" winter weight Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers possess the same perfection of workmanship and materials as do the boys'; *you can buy them with the same confidence.*

Men everywhere are keen about the *new medium weight yellow label union suit.* Made with an extra gusset to give additional comfort at thighs and trimmed with silk.

Ask for "Hanes" at your dealers.
If he hasn't it, write us immediately.

Warning to the trade: Any garment offered as "Hanes" is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
New York Office, 366 Broadway

The Secret

her and her life, forever. Deep in her heart she hid away, like a secret thing, the wound that life had offered her, going through her days with her head still up, her hands untrembling, the little platitudes of ordinary living on her lips.

Forty years!

At the top of Cox's Lane, old maid Em'ly King, having delivered her package at the Burden residence, turned sharply east and started home. The night wind whipped the ribbon on her bonnet, played tag with her old rep cape, and as she strode along, her mind ran back over her revelation to Lotty Boardman.

"Shouldn't have said anything," she thought grimly. "Don't know what ailed me, only Lotty drives you so. Still I guess it won't matter. Too long ago to matter to anybody now. Lotty won't think it important."

Memory stirred faintly and evoked the face of Elwood Clark, and she sighed. The face was not so clear—a little clouded, immaterial, like a picture in an old book, hardly a flesh and blood face!

"Poor thing," she said irrelevantly, touching some familiar line or fold in the remembered fabric.

Some youths came pushing by her in the dusk, jostling good-naturedly, young Wint Major and Ellick Andrews, grandsons of her contemporaries.. Old Miss Emily drew aside to let them pass. It was right and fitting that she should. She was one of life's by-products, and they the conquerors, the oncoming generation. Yet there was something of actual concession in her manner toward them. Though they did not know, nor would have cared greatly, she had once made them a gift. By virtue of an old sorrow in her life, a hidden choice, an expressed preference for order and harmony of purpose, she had reinforced and strengthened their world for them. It gave her a feeling of content, of self-respect, and as she moved on, gaunt, unprepossessing, unnoticed by them, a rich sense of well-being, of happiness, surged up in her.

Around her lay the town, where long years of her service had been spent, of useful, unremitting work for others. She had had a busy life—a not unhappy life. It might have offered less. For though she had lived incompletely and had had no hearthstone of her own, no mate, no child, yet she had not been utterly cheated. She had had love—for a little space. For a little space a man had looked upon her and desired her.

This was the thing she did not forget. This was the secret spring of such satisfaction with life as she knew—a rich, unfailing, and hidden source of pride to her. So secret it was hidden even from herself.

Here in the dusk, as elsewhere when the thought, vague, half-formed, rose in her mind, she reacted against it, as always, out of her meticulous conscience and high principle.

She drew a deep breath of half-sad contentment. "It was a very great shame—a very great degradation!" sighed old Miss Emily.

In the New York Shops

(*Continued from page 50*)

meet the tastes of different women. They are both well cut and can be worn with or without the belt, but there is a distinct difference in neck line.

In the dresses the same things have been considered. The rather large woman with a full figure would look extremely well in the tricotine dress in the group at the left of page 51; while the slender, girlish figure would find the tricotine frock at the right of the right group on page 51 becoming. There is, of course, some difference in price and the former is the more expensive of the two. But the dress at the left of the same group, which would be becoming to either type, has a very moderate price.

Rid-Jid

Open End, Folding Ironing Table

Cannot Wiggle, Wabble, Jiggle, Slip or Slide—

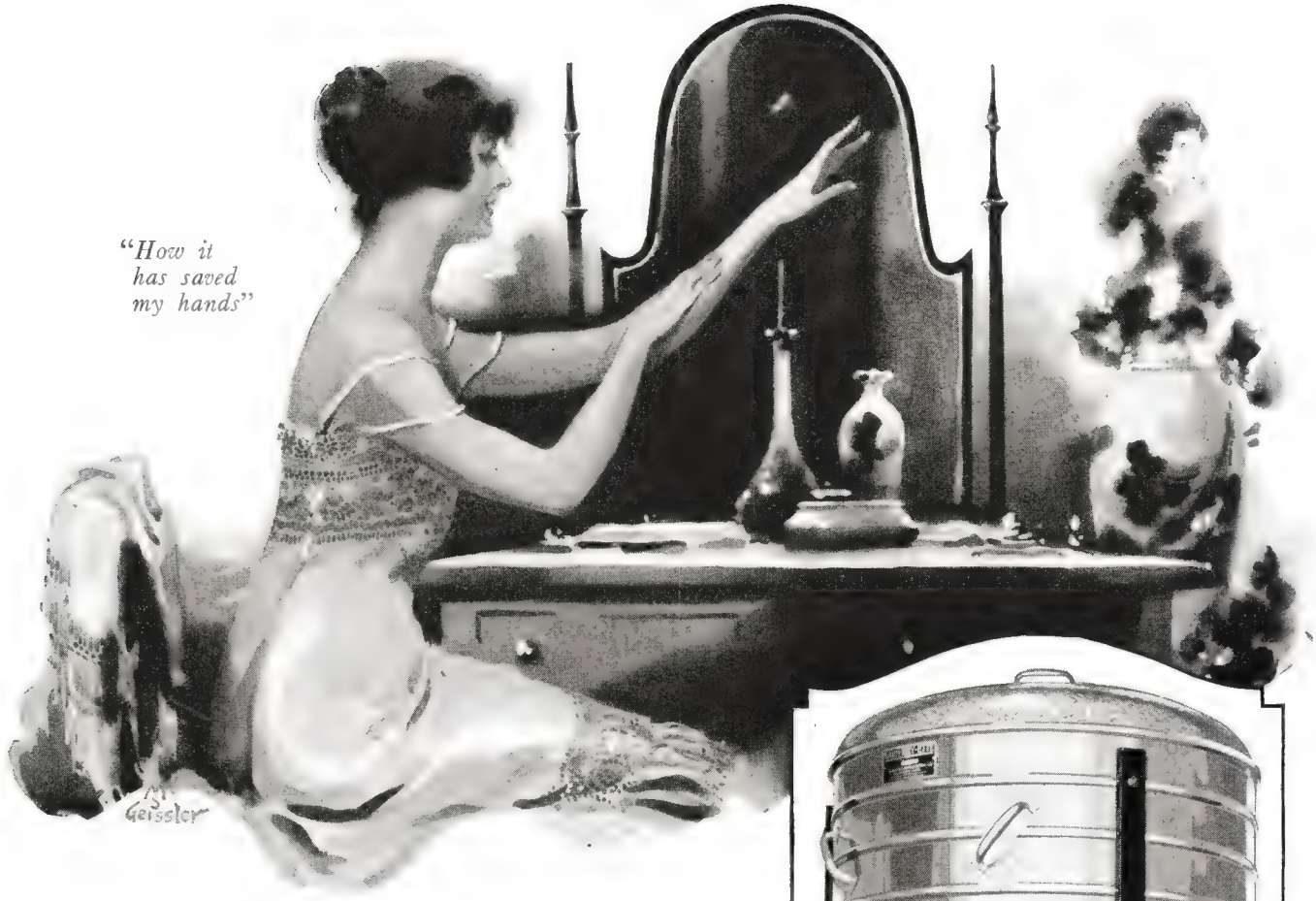
THE new Rid-Jid, Open End, Folding Ironing Table combines utmost rigidity and greatest strength.

Iron all day with perfect comfort and without fatigue. Slip circular garments on and off without lifting, sliding and juggling of the board.

Opens or folds with one motion. All joints reinforced by metal. Weight, 14 lbs.; 2½ inches thick when folded.

Sold everywhere on free trial. Write us for name of nearest dealer.

★ **Rid-Jid Products Corporation**
Waukegan, Illinois
Western Factory — Portland, Ore.



"How it has saved my hands"

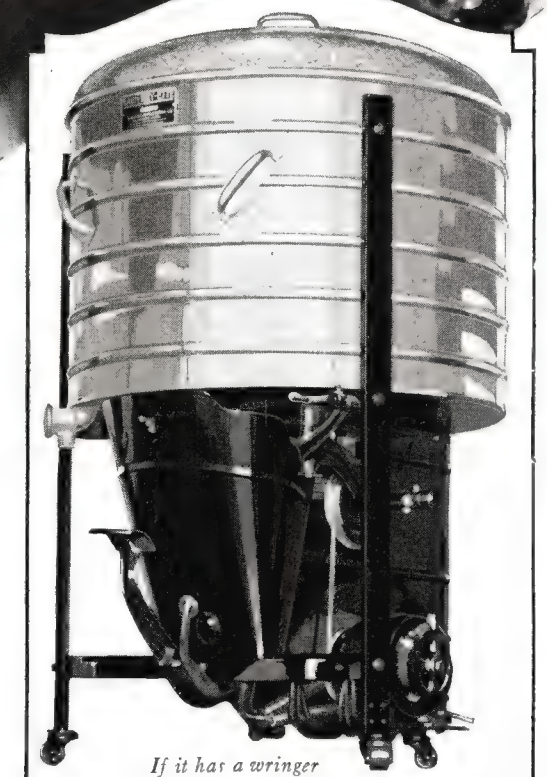
"I would rather part with my diamonds than with my Laun-Dry-Ette"—

wrote a Laun-Dry-Ette owner. Another wrote "we would rather part with our farm than with our Laun-Dry-Ette".

These expressions seem exaggerated, but they are true. They show the intense appreciation with which women regard a machine that lightens a hard task.

Why they feel like this is told by themselves: "The Laun-Dry-Ette does the whole wash, rinsing, bluing and drying—I never have to put my hands in hot water." "The wonderful drier saves the buttons and saves the clothes." "It is always safe." "Washing with the Laun-Dry-Ette is a pleasure—my husband likes to help." "Our laundress wishes all her customers had Laun-Dry-Ettes." Another says—"we have no laundress, the Laun-Dry-Ette does the work so easily we don't need one."

This is the story of the Laun-Dry-Ette, briefly told by Laun-Dry-Ette owners—there is a whole lot more.



If it has a wringer it isn't a Laun-Dry-Ette

Write for the booklet or order from the Laun-Dry-Ette dealer. If there is none near you, take this advertisement to the nearest electrical or hardware dealer and tell him to order a Laun-Dry-Ette for you.

★ **The Laundryette Manufacturing Company**
1200 East 152nd St. Cleveland, Ohio

LAUN-DRY-ETTE

WASHES AND DRIES WITHOUT A WRINGER

Both Sides of Election Day

(*Continued from page 60*)

bit like that of the nursery rhyme to the daughter who would go out to swim, "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water." But for most of these women the glory of the struggle carries over to the political trench, and they mean to fight it out along these lines if it takes another generation —or two, or three, or four.

Then there are the women who, while they never identified themselves with the work for suffrage, earned their spurs in war work. These with a deepening and widening sense of citizenship are eager for the new work. There are the club women too, with a highly trained social and civic sense. But in numbers far exceeding all these are the women to whom voting never presented itself as a political theory at all. It is the reaction of these unclassified millions that disturbs the politician and concerns the woman leadership.

These women, in general, having felt in the secret places of their hearts or to the bottoms of their souls (according to temperament or social position) the bitter results of sex discrimination in economic and political life, give various but usually ready response to the new political demand. Largely indifferent to abstract right, they are highly sensitive to concrete need. If, for example, you can show them that voting has anything to do with getting the Infancy and Maternity Welfare bill passed, or with cleaning up the town, or improving the schools—"sure, they'll vote," or they will write a telegram, or interview a neighbor, or canvass a block, or lay siege to a minister or a mayor. It's the end that matters, and voting is as easy as any way. This point both politician and reformer may well remember in the campaign. It is facts not theories that bestir the woman voter. It's getting things done, and especially things that touch conditions of daily living or the future of her children. This is her "direction," this the bent of the new electorate that must impress itself finally and effectively upon the political machine. And if political parties don't deliver the goods they promise—or neglect to promise at all—so much the worse for them. The new electorate will hold its direction, slow but sure like the glacier, cutting deep for the ages.

Delivering the Family Vote

It has been the American tradition that the men of the household delivered the "family vote," that they represented the civic obligation and interest of the family. With many men voting is so mechanical and incidental as hardly to represent themselves, much less their women. Neither individual nor family opinion is given enough exercise to develop real shape or size. And there is also the traditional hypothesis that, given the vote, women would use it like their husbands, and a numerical duplicate would be the sum total of the experiment. It is interesting to note in passing that practical campaigning shows that where women follow a lead it is with them, like their brothers, almost always the father's. Husbands note the fact with puzzled incomprehension and invariably insist that it is queer.

As a matter of fact, members of the same family frequently do vote the same way. Mere difference of opinion is evidence neither of wisdom nor of independence. The family has in truth a close common interest. What is good judgment for one may well be good judgment for all. Woman as a voter, a citizen who must register in her own name and vote with her own hand, thereby brings to the task a fresh and free judgment of her own. This does not mean, of course, that the men will therefore vote like their women. It does mean, however, that men and women together considering public problems with co-equal freedom of judgment and co-equal responsibility in its exercise will in all likelihood do something better than either could have done alone. In short, the family

CONVENIENCE

NOWHERE are conveniences more appreciated than in the home. Nowhere is an aid to proper heat control so necessary.

Are you one of the many who dread a winter of fussing with the furnace—the discomfort, work and worry of regulating drafts and dampers with an ever fluctuating temperature?

If you are, there is a way out—a way that promises complete relief from all troublesome attention to the heating plant.

★ The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

Regulates the amount of heat in accordance with the temperature you wish to maintain.

By simple adjustments at the thermostat, conveniently located, it is possible to have an evenly heated house all day, say 70 degrees—an evenly heated house all night, say 60—and the drafts opened in the morning before you arise—all operations automatically performed. And then, there is a decided saving in fuel.

The "Minneapolis" has been used successfully for 35 years on every type of heating plant burning coal, gas or oil—lasts a lifetime.

Write for complete information including booklet and nearest dealer.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.

Main Office: 2764 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis

CHICAGO 231 Insurance Exchange
SYRACUSE 218 E. Washington St.
BOSTON 77 Summer St.
DETROIT 1701 Woodward Ave.
WASHINGTON D. C. 727 12th Street North West
NEW YORK CITY Grand Central Terminal Bldg.
CLEVELAND 1327 East 105th Street
BALTIMORE 709 North Howard Street
KANSAS CITY Fifth and Broadway
MILWAUKEE 88 Loan and Trust Bldg.
ST. PAUL 140 Endicott Bldg.

Is Breakfast Almost Ready?

"Wear-Ever" in the kitchen indicates a thorough appreciation of the influence of this important room upon health and happiness.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are so bright and cleanly that food prepared in them is always appetizing—always seems to taste better than food prepared in ordinary utensils.

Cannot chip—are pure and safe.

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil

Write for free booklet, "The **'Wear Ever'** Kitchen," which tells how to save fuel, food and work. Address Dept. 16.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., New Kensington, Pa.

In Canada "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Christmas 1920

will be one that Mother will remember during the years to come if you give her a set of beautiful silver-like

"Wear-Ever"

Both Sides of Election Day

vote will be humanized and more nearly representative. The day is dawning for the human race.

The obligation of voting (not to mention the onslaught of barn-stormers, the prodding of block canvassers, the uplift of the citizenship school, and the blatant campaign poster), in and of itself, stimulates the civic sense. Talking politics develops it. It is a wholesome thing to talk politics at the dinner table. To discuss policies and platforms and candidates is quite as holy as grace before meals and quite as likely to advance the Lord's kingdom on earth. A sense of personal responsibility in the election of a mayor, a violent interest in the League of Nations and our foreign policy in general enlarges the bump of citizenship. To feel a part of the national life quickens the civic conscience. The more people who think—and the more they think—of the state of the nation, the more nearly shall we function as a democracy, and the sconer shall we understand that the national honor isn't kept in the archives of the Department of State nor laid away with the Great Seal; that it abides in the hearts of the people and waxes strong in their thoughts and deeds; and that the national honor so written can never become "a scrap of paper."

With millions of women taking an active part in politics for the first time and millions of men alert to register their moods and methods, we have a tremendous opportunity for unmistakably impressing our "bent," and to help good men stiffen the quality of citizenship in the world of politics. How are we going to do it? Not merely by being women—even though wives and mothers and sweethearts. Professor Erskine of Columbia University has written a book which he calls "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent." That is a shining phrase, to be devoutly recommended for daily contemplation. As a wall motto it might well replace "God Bless Our Home." Lived up to, it would carry God's blessing, as a corollary in fact, abundantly to both home and country. Every citizen must do his own thinking. It is a function that can not be delegated. A proxy can not operate on a deliberative matter.

Be Sure You Are Right, Then Vote

Before we express our will we must know what we are doing. We need to suspend judgment until we have gathered facts, to know a fact when we see one, to separate the false from the true, the incidental from the fundamental—especially where women too long accustomed to ladies-aiding have lacked training—in short, to be intelligent. In the salvation of a representative government this is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it—to wit: having found your facts, express your will with regard to them. Be sure you know what you are doing, then go and vote.

Thinking is the harder end of the job. To judge men and measures fairly, to know where to sacrifice the lesser for the greater principle, to distinguish propaganda from information—aye, there's the rub! Having dealt much in personalities, women are somewhat prone to overemphasize the candidate and underestimate the power of party principle and party responsibility. Under our present system of party government—and the same general principles obtain in all democratic countries—relatively strong men standing alone are more or less ineffective in government; less strong men with party backing may better fulfil a pledge. There is no rule for guidance—but a fair mind and a strict accountability.

It is entirely fair to insist that the candidates be frank and explicit before election. Every woman in every congressional district should find out how the candidates stand on the Sheppherd-Towner Bill and just what they mean to do about it. Senators, too, should be

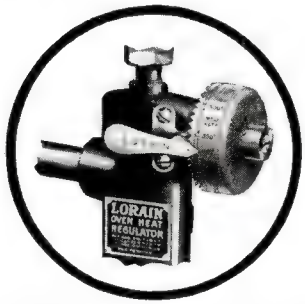
"I put the meal in the oven, set the temperature indicator for five hour cooking and go to the store to help my husband out, confident that when I get home a complete meal, deliciously cooked, will be ready."

The woman who kept house and helped in her husband's store

"Perhaps my experience with 'Lorain' will help other women to realize what a practical invention this is. My husband keeps a store. In our small town it is hard to get sales-people. I often wished that I might be able to help him out in his rush hours. I never could until I bought a 'Lorain' because I was always tied down by my kitchen duties.

"Since I got my 'Lorain' I find that I have plenty of spare time. I get through with all my housework by noon, including the preparation of the evening meal. Then I put the meal in the oven, set the temperature indicator for five hour cooking and go to the store to help my husband out, confident that when I get home a complete meal, deliciously cooked, will be ready in the oven. In this way, I save him the cost of an extra clerk.

"My cooking has improved since I bought 'Lorain' because I can always have exact measured heat to cook with."



The "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator, which places 44 oven temperatures at your command, insures uniformly good cooking results. No more "unlucky" cooking days.

★

"LORAIN"

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Write today for our book "An Easier Day's Work." It tells you many interesting facts about "Lorain" which brevity forbids here. Go to the local dealer who advertises "Lorain"-equipped stoves and ask for a demonstration.

This letter to the American Stove Company reveals a new usefulness for "Lorain." There are doubtless many women who could help their husbands if they had the time. "Lorain" gives them the time. They can prepare a full meal, put it in the oven, with the indicator set for low temperature cooking, and be miles away all afternoon with the comforting knowledge that when they get home "Lorain" will have cooked a perfect meal for them.

Not all women want to work in stores this way, but all women do want more time for relaxation, for sports outdoors, for cultivating physical and mental gifts. They do not dislike cooking but they do dislike the drudgery of pot-watching. "Lorain" frees them from hanging over a hot stove.

"Lorain" does much more than cook a complete meal unwatched. It makes possible better cookery. It places 44 oven temperatures at your command which makes possible the most exact scientific cooking results. No matter what heat you want in your oven, "Lorain" will give it to you, and will sustain that heat so that it cannot vary, for any length of time.

For baking, where exact temperatures are required according to whether you are making pies, breads, cakes, biscuits, dainties, roasts, etc., this heat-meter insures happy results. There are no "unlucky" baking days with a "Lorain" heat-meter.

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 311 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo., ***Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World***

IN well stocked kitchens you'll usually find every member of Pillsbury's Family of Foods. Be sure that *you* have them all.

Always buy Pillsbury's Family of Foods—different in kind, but alike in quality. At your grocer's.

Pillsbury's Best Flour — Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal
Pillsbury's Health Bran — Pillsbury's Pancake Flour
Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

★
Pillsbury's
FAMILY OF FOODS

Both Sides of Election Day

asked to speak up clearly on this and any other matters the voter is honestly and intelligently concerned about. We shall ask the House Committee why they did not report this bill out, and expect an honest statement as to what they intend to do about it when they go back—and not only *what* but *when*. On the other hand, we shall remember with substantial gratitude, as well as with a lively sense of favors to come, the attitude of the men who stood by the bill—Senator France, chairman of the Committee, and Senator Sheppard, and more especially we shall not forget that Senator Harding sympathetically and effectively helped the bill out of the Senate Committee and promised it his continued support. This we shall bear in mind. There are other measures and policies we shall urge upon the candidates with equal earnestness. And when they have done their part we shall not forget ours—to help with all our strength to get them elected. Citizenship is also a trust in which the citizen falls down fully as often as the candidate and many times more completely.

Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Good Government

Good citizenship means team work, and it is an all-the-year-around job, not merely a campaign stunt. It is not enough to let our candidates know that we are checking up both sides of election day; we must *back up* both sides of election day as well. Watch the Legislature, the Congress, the Bench, and the Executive Chair to hold up their hands as well as uncover their records. Good government is a coöperative affair. The vigil doesn't end for the citizen with the counting of the ballots any more than for the candidates. The tone and quality of the citizenry mark the measure of the government's achievement. Official heads can not be much better than the rank and file; they dare not be much worse. Freedom is a growing thing which is forever being won anew, with each new fight, with each new law, with each new institution. The citizen has a stewardship as well as does the public official. The welfare of our country checks our account. Together with it we are all on trial, and perhaps, in this hour, we women most of all. For ours is the new consecration, the long and special preparation.

Now that our citizenship is at last whole—a man-and-woman state—the test is upon us as a people. The day of kings, of "divinely appointed" power, is done. In our nation shall we reveal the living truth that the people, all the people, the whole human race, *is* the source from which governments derive their just powers. It is ours to prove that the mass wisdom is wiser than that of any individual leadership; that the great heart of the people is fit for the indwelling spirit; that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The ultimate triumph of the republican state must reveal the people's appointed indeed the Lord's anointed.

We do not ask too much all at once. The building for the perfect peace is slow. But this, the beginning of government of the people and by them all for the first time, is our great hour. How long can we sustain the watch on both sides of election day?

Dressing for Maternity

(*Continued from page 53*)

advantage of this petticoat is that it may be worn throughout the period without readjusting—as well as before and after. It will always fit and always look well. Corset, brassière, and petticoat may all be bought at any department store.

With these foundation garments properly provided, the rest is comparatively easy. It becomes merely a question of paying strict heed to a few simple rules. In gowns, hats, wraps,

Serve ★ Dromedary Dates

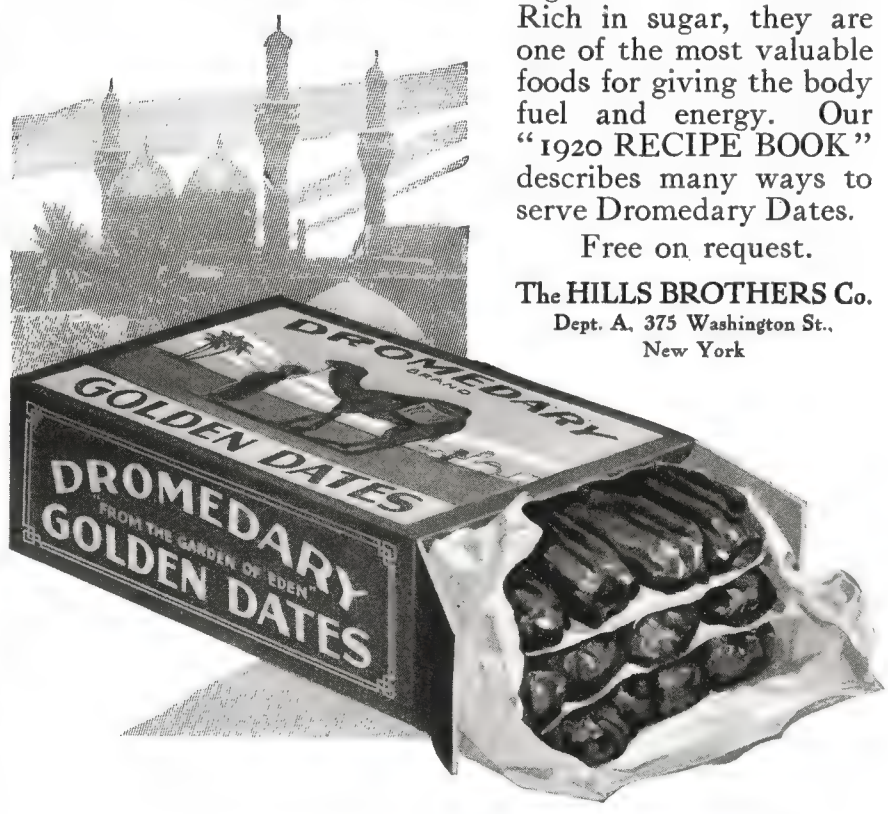
GOLDEN, sugar-laden, delicious! Stuffed with creamy fondant, your favorite nuts, and cocoanut is just another way to serve Dromedary Dates as a delightful and very easily made confection.

Serve them for dessert at luncheon or dinner; serve them as confection between meals.

Children like them and ought to have all they want, for they are easily digested and healthful. Rich in sugar, they are one of the most valuable foods for giving the body fuel and energy. Our "1920 RECIPE BOOK" describes many ways to serve Dromedary Dates.

Free on request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. A, 375 Washington St.,
New York



KNAPE & VOGT

Garment Care System

★

Your Wardrobe Always at its Best

GIVE your clothes a chance to hold their shape and beauty. This they cannot do when packed away in old-fashioned closets. You cannot hang garments, one over the other, and expect them to look right when being worn. Install the KNAPE & VOGT Garment Care System and the family wardrobe will always look its best. You will not only establish order but will effect a great saving in closet space. As much as $500 may be saved in space in a $10,000 modern house.

With this system in your closet a slight pull brings a whole wardrobe out into the light and air of the room—a sure protection against moths. This is a wonderful improvement over the so-called modern lighted closets.

The carriers are roller-bearing and operate easily on a telescoping slide. Hangers are specially designed, shoulder-fitting and nesting, insuring economy of space. Special hangers for trousers and skirts. The cost of the KNAPE & VOGT Garment Care System is moderate; it is saved in a short time in better garment care and pressing bills alone.

This system of garment care modernizes closets in old or new homes, apartment houses, hotels, clubs, lodges, etc. Installation in old closets is easily effected by attaching over top of door casing and to rear wall. A screw driver is the only tool required. Carriers are made in all sizes from 12 to 60 inches in length.

On sale at hardware and department stores. If not immediately obtainable at yours, write us giving closet dimensions and we will see that you are supplied.

KNAPE & VOGT MFG. CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

New York, 168 Church St.
St. Louis, Title Guarantee Bldg.
San Francisco, Rialto Bldg.
Chicago, 209 W. Randolph St.
Boston, 86 High St.

Dressing for Maternity

and footwear avoid the ultrafashionable as well as overbright colors. Almost every woman will find dainty but inconspicuous feminine things most becoming to this condition.

Often women prefer to utilize the gowns they have on hand for maternity wear, and this is the wisest course, as they are usually quite out of style by the time the figure is normal again. Making over these gowns is a very simple matter which you may easily accomplish yourself, or with the aid of a seamstress. Rip the waist and skirt from the belt and make a run in the top of the skirt through which an elastic about ¾ of an inch wide may be drawn. The length would naturally depend upon the waist measure. If the dress is not made with a sash, try to find a piece of material like it or a piece of ribbon that would harmonize. This sash or girdle may be blind-stitched neatly to the bottom of the waist, making the middle of the sash come in the center of the back. In donning this gown, first put on the skirt, being careful that it comes just at the top of the corset, which the elastic holds in a little at the waist-line. Over this put the waist, bringing the sash-ends to the front, crossing them, and fastening them at the sides under the arms, the ends hanging down on each side of the hips, as illustrated at the extreme left on page 15. These fastenings at the sides may be easily readjusted as the figure changes. Be sure the sash is wide enough, as a woman usually grows longer waisted each month.

White Collars or Vestees Are Becoming

The prettiest thing to wear with the waist is a white or cream-colored vestee or collar of lace or net. This patch of white is the first thing to catch the eye, giving the bust the desirable prominence and distracting attention from the rest of the figure. If the waist was formerly plain across the front, it may be cut straight down, finished neatly, and used with the vest to give the fulness across the bust.

Be sure the skirt is a good length. One that is short is most unbecoming and undignified for a woman in this condition. As the figure changes, you will find the skirt has a tendency to pull up in the front, but if it is on an elastic, this is remedied by pulling it down enough to make it hang evenly around the bottom.

A coat is often full enough to be worn just as it is, with perhaps a change in the belt and buttons. If you are buying a new coat, however, be careful to select one that is of becoming length, with plenty of fulness across the bust rather than the hips. A large collar is often becoming, and a fur scarf worn in the right way is excellent.

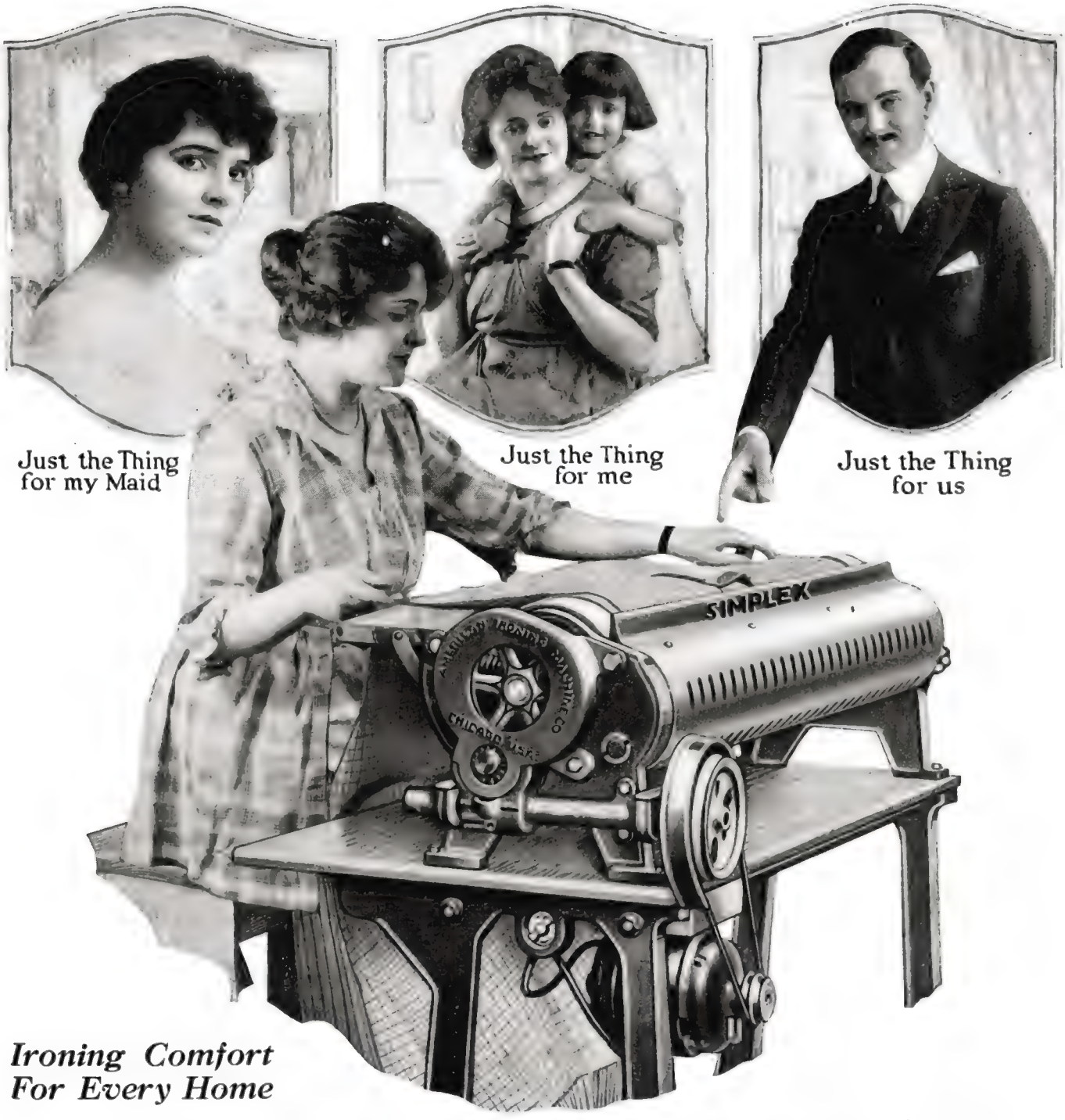
Emphasize the Breadth of the Shoulders

Always keep in mind the fact that anything that gives added prominence to the shoulders and bust helps to give the figure its proper proportion. Have all your clothes large, for it is tightness and skimpiness which will soonest call attention to your condition.

No woman feels comfortable on the street at this time without a wrap of some kind. For cold days a wrap of duvetyn or duvet de laine is most suitable, while for hot summer days one of light weight silk is more satisfactory. These capes should hang with considerable fulness from a fitted yoke that comes to the shoulders or a little below.

Many women find a tendency to swelling of the hands and feet. This should be kept in mind when buying gloves, shoes, and spats.

Take care in selecting a hat not to get one that is either too large or too small. Toques are never good, but a hat with a medium-wide brim is usually becoming. Hat, wraps, and gown should be either in the same shade or in harmonizing shades of the same color. Black should not be worn if it can possibly be avoided, as it is most trying and inappropriate at this time.



Ironing Comfort For Every Home

THE Simplex Ironer is a success in 250,000 happy homes. It has met uniquely the necessity for saving on Ironing Day—saving servant expense, time, hours of wearisome labor, the housewife's own precious strength, and even fuel bills!

The Simplex Ironer—the reliable pioneer—belongs in your home. It is simple, and perfect mechanically; and its automatic control at the finger tips insures absolute safety to the person operating and to linens being ironed. Note the sitting position—a unique Simplex feature.

One demonstration of the Simplex creates an irresistible desire of possession. Responsible household appliance dealers in every city are glad to show you its fine advantages. Operated by electricity, heated by gas, gasoline or electricity. Sold upon payments if desired.

American Ironing Machine Company, 504-168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Factories at Algonquin, Illinois

Eastern Sales Office: 70 W. 45th St., New York City Pacific Coast Sales Office: 431 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal

We also make Ironing Machines and Laundry Equipment for laundries, hotels, institutions and factories

We will gladly send illustrated booklet and further information upon request

★ SIMPLEX IRONER

"THE BEST IRONER"

"It Is a Mark of Intelligent Housekeeping to Possess a Simplex Ironer"

★ PRICE'S VANILLA

LET the little Tropikid breeze into your kitchen, bringing with him Price's Vanilla and an assurance of successful flavoring in all your desserts and pastries. For nearly seventy years, Price's Vanilla has been the standard—the favorite flavoring extract for cakes, candies, puddings, custards, home-made ice-cream and lots of other good things.

Women all over the country are using Price's Vanilla. They like, first of all, its rich, mellow flavor which makes everything so delicious. Then Price's Vanilla is just right in strength—neither too mild nor too strong. It is absolutely pure with no artificial flavor nor coloring in it.

There are other delicious Price flavors too—Lemon, Almond, Orange, etc., and for frostings and candies you will delight in using Price's Pure Food Colorings, Strawberry Red, Apple Green, Lemon Yellow, etc. At your grocer.

PRICE FLAVORING EXTRACT CO.
In Business 67 Years
Chicago, U. S. A.

Send us the front cut from a Price's Vanilla carton and 2c for postage and we will send you a copy of our beautiful cook book — "Delicious Desserts."

Look for Price's Tropikid on the label

(*Continued from page 33*)

of improperly fed children who have been fattened on huge rations of sugar and candy. *Weight is no index of health and growth unless the child has been properly fed.* If a child is under normal weight it is no certain index of lack of nourishment.

Dr. Henry D. Chapin, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of August 7, 1920, says:

"In the management of early life, nutrition forms the most important factor, and the building-up process naturally depends upon proper food. Any serious mistakes made at this time soon show their effects and are difficult of compensation. Growth is to be stressed in addition to repair and heat production, and, as the two latter elements need only to be considered in adult life, the child stands in a nutritional class by himself.

"The important thing is to see that gain in weight is the result of real growth and not of simply storing water and fat in the tissues."

It will not cost you much to have a small scale capable of weighing children. While you are getting it, you might as well get a larger one so that the weight of adults also can be determined from time to time. The relation of weight to height is an important one in the sense of health conservation. While it is not certain, by any means, that the averages given above are exact, they are at least approximately so.

Keep a little balance in your home as well as in your bank. It should be a permanent article of the house furnishings of every well-directed family. Weigh your child at least every three months, and always without its clothes. The clothing of the child varies with the season, and even with every change of garments, and hence the naked weight is the only one which can be deemed at all reliable. With the scale should go a measuring tape. There is nothing more interesting than to keep a record of a child's growth. It is also important in determining the state of his health. After the child gets to be three or four years old, he will take a great interest in this matter himself, and it will be, for him, an educational development.

The Daily Bath and Exercises

The daily bath is important in maintaining health. The temperature of this bath should be such as not to chill the child, but, except for the cleansing bath once a week, it should not be hot. A hot bath is debilitating. The temperature of the bath should fall as the child grows older. For a two-year old, 80°; for the three-year old, 75°; for the four-year-old, about the same. Temperatures below 70° are not advisable for children until they are approaching six or eight years old. After the bath, a rub with a coarse towel until the surface of the body is aglow is desirable and should never be omitted.

Following the bath, the morning exercises should be inaugurated. These need not require any extensive apparatus. Motions of the hands and the clinched fists may take the place of the Indian clubs. Systematic movements are desirable; so many times throwing the arms straight up over the head; so many times throwing them backward and forward; so many times bending the body forward and backward and sidewise; touching the floor with the tips of the fingers without bending the knees; lying on the back and lifting the body on the heels and the head, and other similar simple exercises which are quite as effective as if all the paraphernalia of a complete gymnasium were at hand.

The temperature of the sleeping-room is of great significance, and with temperature, ventilation. Children should not sleep in artificially heated rooms, unless in the depth of winter, and then they should be only moderately heated. The sleeping porch can be occupied early in life with advantage,

COFFEE

"Anybody can make Good Coffee IF—"

a few simple rules are observed:

ONE — Keep your COFFEE fresh — preserve the aroma to the last. Fruit-jars are ideal for this purpose.

TWO — Measure proportions carefully, both COFFEE and water.

THREE — When serving hot COFFEE, serve it *hot*. Never recook.

FOUR — Use water only at full boiling-point in making "drip" COFFEE.

FIVE — Strain or settle carefully. All COFFEE is clear if properly made.

SIX — Keep COFFEE-making utensils clean.

Ask your grocer about the free booklet on COFFEE and COFFEE-making, or write for it to Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States, 74 Wall Street, New York.

Sao Paulo, Brazil, has become the acknowledged coffee-garden of the world. This one state alone grows three-fourths of all the coffee used in the world.

Measure proportions carefully.

Boiling or overcooking makes COFFEE bitter.

Use COFFEE only once.

Copyright 1920 by the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States

COFFEE — *the universal drink*

$18.25 Per Year

Serves Quaker Oats each morning to a family of five

Quaker Oats, the food of foods, costs one cent per large dish. The price of one chop serves 12 dishes.

Five dishes daily cost $18.25 a year, while just five eggs a day would cost you $82.

Quaker Oats supplies 1,810 calories of nutriment per pound. That's the energy measure of food value. Round steak yields less than half that.

A boy needs 2,000 calories per day. They would cost 13c in Quaker Oats, in eggs about $1.30.

These costs mean little in a day. But note what they mean on a year of breakfasts for a family of five.

Cost per year for serving five, based on this year's average prices

1 chop each, per day, $219	Average meats, $146
2 eggs each, per day, $164	Average fish, $146

$125 Saved

Quaker Oats breakfasts, compared with these other desirable breakfasts, save at least $125 per year.

The Quaker Oats forms the supreme food, almost the ideal food, the greatest food that grows.

It is rich in elements growing children need. As vim-food it has age-old fame. The best food you can serve in mornings is a dish of Quaker Oats.

Serve other foods at other meals. People need variety. But use this one-cent breakfast dish to cut the average cost.

★Quaker Oats

Extra-flavory flakes

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The delightful flavor has won millions the world over. It is due to yourself that you get it, for it costs no extra price.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover.

except in the severest weather. The bedclothing should be only sufficient to keep the child warm, and care should be taken that the child does not put his head under the covers.

We come now to the most important of all the necessities of child welfare, namely, the food. I am a believer in keeping as close to nature as possible in this matter. For this reason, milk, rather than cereals, is the dominant note in child feeding. Bread is the staff of life for the grown-up, but not for the child. You could not bring up a child on bread alone. Milk is a complete food containing all the elements of child growth, and in properly distributed proportions. The child must have it, and in some considerable proportion. Fresh, clean, pure milk from cows free from disease is the best of all milk supplies. There are many localities where such milk can not be obtained. A very good substitute is provided in evaporated milks and in dried milk powder. Where these products are used instead of fresh milk, it is advisable to add to the child's diet orange or tomato juice to avoid the possibility of scurvy.

Cereals Should Require Chewing

I have an important word to say respecting the eating of soft cereals—mush or porridge, as they are called. There is one particular danger in using cereals in this condition. The teeth of young children, although temporary, should be conserved. Eating soft cereals does not give the teeth the proper exercise. For this reason, well-baked bread, especially when the crust is eaten, is to be preferred as the principal form in which the cereals should be eaten. There are certain prepared cereals which require chewing. If you buy prepared cereals, have them largely of this kind. For the sake of economy, it is far better to buy the coarsely ground cereals and make your soft cereals from them; or, by having a small mill, you can buy the whole grain and grind it yourself. Give the child soft cereals only occasionally. With the cereal, milk should be eaten. The milk adds to the cereal the missing elements which are needed for complete nutrition.

Fruits and vegetables should early be introduced into the child's diet, and especially after the second year. The difficulties for earlier feeding are solely in the way of mastication. If fruits are scraped or boiled or cooked, they can be given earlier, and the same is true of vegetables.

I am not a believer in giving any great quantity of meat to a child. The meat ration should be severely limited in quantity. Egg is one of the most common diets supplied to children. My view of egg is very much that of meat. It is too particularly nitrogenous for the child's welfare, if eaten in large quantities. Moreover, many children are extremely sensitive to egg, and the ill health which they suffer is often due to the parent's insisting on the eating of egg. Whenever eggs are fed regularly to children and they show evidence of ill health, this condition may justly be suspected. I should think an egg a day, even to a child who tolerates it, is entirely too much. An egg given every other day would be quite sufficient. Meats, if eaten at all, should be of the fresh variety, preferably beef or mutton; the less, for a child under six, the better.

The worst crime that is committed against a child by indulgent parents and friends is in feeding it candy and sugar. Mistaken friendship leads to the bringing to children of presents of candy, the very worst thing they could eat. The sugar which nature provides in the child's food, especially in milk, is quite sufficient for all dietetic needs. I should hesitate to forecast the evils of future life which come from the habit of eating candy. I may cite its bad effect upon the development of the teeth. Sugar builds no tissue except fat. It is not a growth diet. It is practically a fuel, but not nearly so good a fuel as the fat in milk, inasmuch as sugar

THANKSGIVING

The day of home-gathering, feasting and good fun is one of work and worry for the hostess. Her anxiety concerns most of all—the turkey.

Hand-basting means constant attention, lifting and turning in front of a hot oven. An uncomfortable task, at least. Buy a

★ LISK

Self-Basting Roaster

and you will have "Nothing to watch but the clock". Vaporized juices condense on the cover and shower down on the roast—self-basting. There being no evaporation, all the substance and savor are retained and your turkey will be juicy, tender and browned to perfection.

The Lisk Roaster consists of cover, tray and bottom; all stamped seamless and beautifully enameled in Turquoise Blue or Imperial Gray.

Useful every day in the year on gas or coal stove, as well as in oven, for cooking meat, fish and vegetables.

Made in Six sizes. Over a million now in use.

Lisk "Better Quality" Ware

includes Kitchen and Household utensils in Enameled Ware, Heavily Coated Tinware, Nickel-Plated Copper Pots and Kettles, Japanned and Galvanized Ware.

Run No Risk—Be Sure It's Lisk

Write for Free Booklet

The Lisk Manufacturing Co. Ltd.
Canandaigua, N. Y.

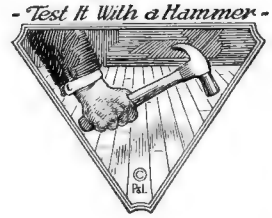
"61" FLOOR VARNISH

For Furniture and Woodwork as well as Floors.

"Mighty fine of you, Betsy, to think about my old smoking stand and refinish it so well!"

"Don't flatter yourself, Tommy; it was purely selfish. That old finish simply spoiled the whole room. Of course, I didn't dare throw it out, so I gave it a coat of Mahogany "61" Floor Varnish and now it harmonizes with our new things."

-Test It With a Hammer-



Don't let a piece of furniture which always looks out of place, ruin the room. Just refinish it with "61" Floor Varnish. It's easy and interesting.

The difference between "61" and other varnishes, lies in the *combined* degree of *wear*-resistance and water-resistance. Some varnishes wear fairly well; some resist water. "61" does both. That is why it is so widely used for furniture, woodwork, linoleum and general household purposes.

"61" stains and varnishes in one operation. Unlike the many common varnishes, the beautiful, semi-transparent, wood-stain "61" colors flow off the brush smoothly, without streaks, laps, or brush marks. Their use is a pleasure.

Send for color card, showing the colors; and sample panel, finished with "61." Test the sample panel with a hammer. You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

If you are building or decorating engage a good painter. He *knows* Pratt & Lambert Varnishes and will be glad to use them.

P&L Varnishes are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers.

Our Guarantee: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish fails to give satisfaction, you may have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 79 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Canadian Factory: 21 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish

Vitralite THE LONG-LIFE ENAMEL

Charm enters the room with Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, whether the woodwork be decorated with White or the colorful new *Tints* which include Ivory, Cream, Gray, Chinese Blue and Leaf Green.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

The League for Longer Life

has no vitamin content whatever. Child welfare in this country will never be conserved until the general knowledge among parents of the ill effects of a sugar and candy diet has been established, and the child relieved from these threats.

A very common trouble among children is constipation. Sweet milk is constipating, for the reason that it is practically all digested. If children live almost exclusively on milk, there is not sufficient bulk in the residue of digestion to promote properly the natural movements of the intestines. In most cases the tendency to constipation may be overcome by a diet in which there is a large indigestible residue left after digestion and absorption of the food elements. For this reason, the cereals and bread which children eat should be made of whole-ground, unbolted products. There are some cases in which such products induce too free elimination. They may be mixed with white flour until the tendency is overcome. The eating of fruits and vegetables will also tend to remedy the difficulty.

The use of laxatives only tends to increase the inability of the intestines to care for themselves. While at times laxatives are a necessity, they should never become a regular habit. Of laxatives, the milder forms, such as milk of magnesia, are to be preferred to the more drastic drugs generally employed for that purpose. An enema of warm water mixed with a little soap, introduced in small volume and without much pressure, may help, and, when effective, is preferable to a drug laxative. In extreme cases, the addition of a little bran to the soft cereal, or a little agar will help nature restore its normal functions. Regularity of evacuation establishes a useful habit, and the mother should not neglect to enforce this rule.

With the bringing of the child to the age of six, the mother reaches the period when she divides her responsibility with the teacher. It is her duty to deliver to the school a healthy, vigorous child, well-nourished, and thus the better able to undergo the ordeal of divided responsibility. The child at six enters his first crisis of shedding his temporary teeth. The parent who has not fed his child in such a way as to furnish the materials out of which the new teeth can be built, has failed in his duty. The feeding of so-called "refined" foods to children, so common throughout this country, tends to deprive the child of the materials for the proper building of his permanent teeth.

White flour, decorticated and degerminated corn-meal, and similar products from other cereals, together with the feeding of sugar and candy, are the principal causes of deficient mineral nourishment in the child. By attention to this period of child life, a more vigorous and vital human being is made possible, and the length of efficient life and service increased.

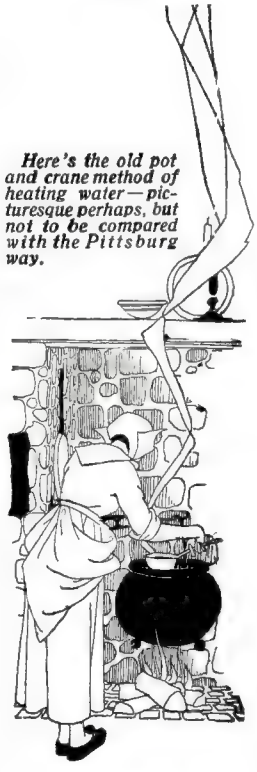
Being a Cabinet Member's Wife

(*Continued from page 19*)

regular day at home, and that, for instance, some congressmen's wives receive on the first and third Tuesdays and some on the second and fourth Tuesdays, so that a call may be made at a distant house one Tuesday and a return trip to the very next house be necessary on the following Tuesday, the difficulties are even more apparent. I have taken pride in never leaving my card at a house without asking to see the person called upon.

Even before the war there was a decided movement toward abolishing the requirement of returning calls. I was not one of those favoring the revolution. I believe that it is a pleasant custom for one's friends to call, and

Hot water is still cheap



Here's the old pot and crane method of heating water—picturesque perhaps, but not to be compared with the Pittsburg way.

CLOTHES are up, food is up, but the Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater still delivers sparkling hot water as cheaply as ever.

Fresh from the main it comes, rust-free and clear, with the speed of a jack from the box. A turn of the faucet, and there it is! No worry. No filling of pots or kettles, nor waiting for them to boil.

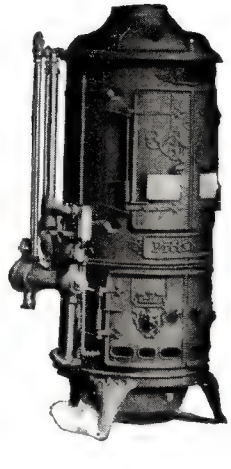
Think of drawing a gallon of piping hot water for every foot of gas you burn. Think how low this brings the cost of hot water for a bath, or any of the household comforts and conveniences.

The economy of the Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater is due to its human-like care with the gas. Not a penny's worth burns but you get the equivalent in hot water. Closing the faucet stops all gas expense automatically.

Don't go on in the old way. Antiquated methods are always more expensive. Let your gas company or plumber install a Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater. They can do so without fuss or dirt and you may pay for it in ten easy payments if you like.

If you think you are now getting hot water cheaply, there's a surprise in store for you. Write today for the facts.

Architects see Sweet's Architectural Edition, Pages 1294 to 1297



PITTSBURG WATER HEATER COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Offices and Display Rooms in Principal Cities

★ Pittsburg
Automatic Gas Water Heaters

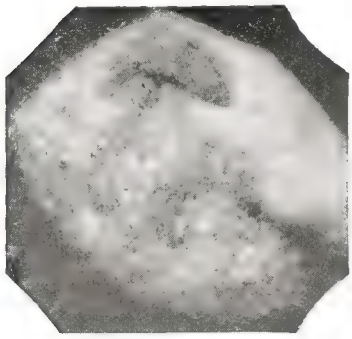
"My Right Hand In The Home—The Aluminum Cleanser"

The Housewife's Best Friend

SAVE your time, energy and money by doing all your kitchen and household cleaning and smoothing, polishing and scouring with American Steel Wool. Use it on your Aluminum ware, Pyrex, Copper, Enamel and other kitchen utensils. Makes linoleum floors, bath-tubs, nickel fixtures spic and span. No acid to eat into highly polished surfaces; no grit to scratch; leaves no slimy film or soapy surface. No gloves needed as the fine steel strands are wooled to a soft mass like cotton.

Easy To Use. Works Like Magic!

Pull off a wad of American Steel Wool and rub. Cleans, smooths, scours and polishes **in one operation.** Makes polished surfaces gleam and sparkle like newly minted silver. You'll never again waste your time and energy with less efficient cleansers after you try American Steel Wool.

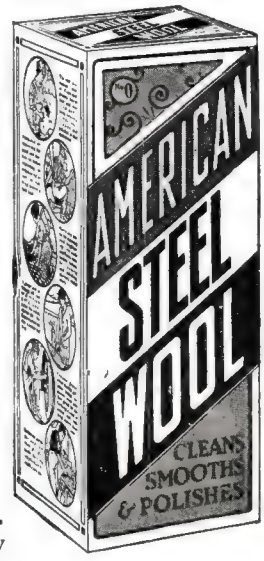


The Aluminum Cleanser

American Steel Wool comes in small and large household packages. Sold at Department Stores, Chain Stores, Hardware and Paint Stores, Groceries, etc. If your dealer cannot supply the grade you want send us his name and 15c and you will be supplied with a package.

In 3 Grades— Low In Price

Use Grade 0 for Aluminum, Pyrex Glass. etc. Grade 3 for cleaning and polishing Stoves and Ranges of all types, inside and outside. Use Grades 1 and 3 for rough cleaning.



Department "G"

AMERICAN STEEL WOOL MFG. CO., Inc.

9-11 Desbrosses Street **New York City**

Being a Cabinet Member's Wife

that it is entirely possible so to show your delight in welcoming them that the cordiality of the reception will compensate for any possible failure to return the call. On the other hand, a public declaration that calls will not be returned makes a direct issue which is likely to lead to misunderstandings.

The war increased tremendously the number of welfare activities of every woman in the cabinet. Besides my own peace time offices, I served as a member of the National Young Women's Christian Association War Work Council, head of the Navy Auxiliary of the American Red Cross, a member of the committee of five of the War Camp Community Council in the District of Columbia, and chairman of the Marine Hostess House at Quantico, participating, in fact, in all the sailors' welfare work.

Frequently I have received at the headquarters of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and assisted in other capacities in Washington, as well as serving as honorary president of the North Carolina Equal Suffrage Association. I was glad to go to Geneva, Switzerland, in May and June, appointed by President Wilson as the official representative of the United States government at the Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, at the request of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Other nations have had official delegates at previous conferences, and the number was unusually large this year. There is a tremendous responsibility for good citizenship devolving upon the women of the world, and I welcome every evidence that the women of the United States are bringing their splendidly trained minds and energies to the work.

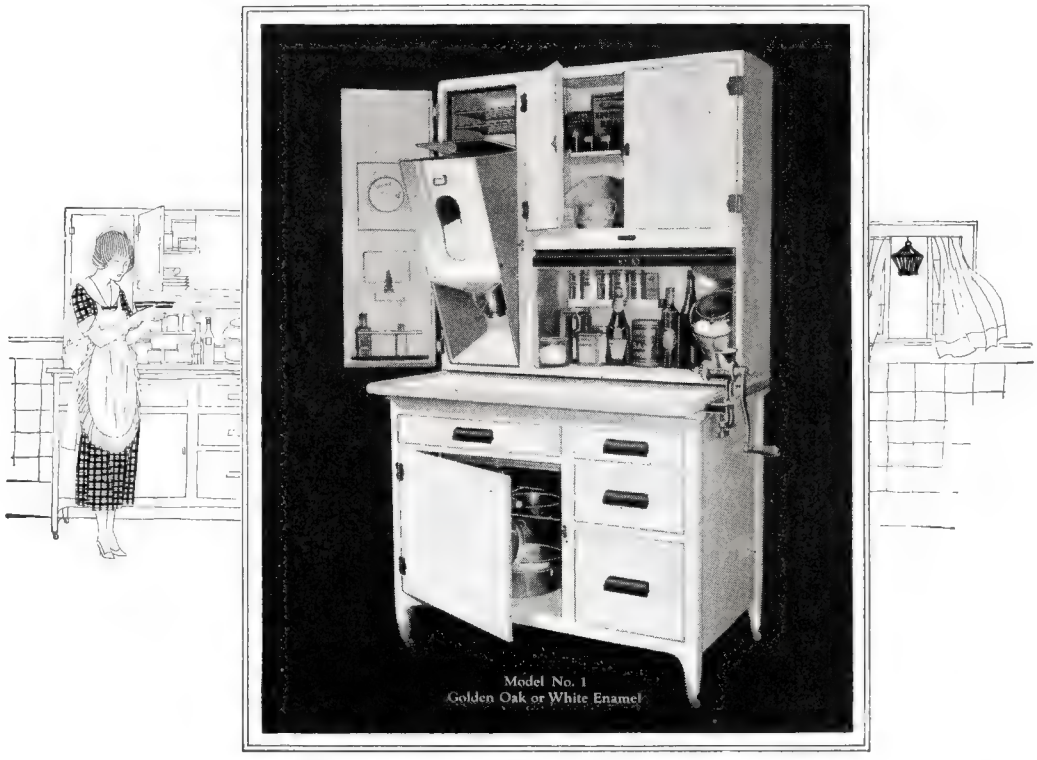
The Annual Dinner to the President

Annually each cabinet member and his wife entertain the President at dinner. The custom is to write and invite him, whereupon he responds and names the day. I well remember our dinner for the President in 1917. On the Saturday night in February that the President notified Congress he was asking for the withdrawal of our ambassador from Germany, I sat in the Navy Building waiting for further word of one of our ships which had been reported sunk. I heard the rat-tat of the horses' hoofs, as the mounted guard returned with the President from up on the hill. The following Monday night he was to come to us for dinner. The unusual events made me feel that extra precautions must be taken. Our house in Washington has a large basement, and I ordered it searched and securely locked. The President duly arrived, surrounded by secret service men—a manner of traveling of which he has shown his disapproval by several times evading his guards. During the dinner the safety of the President naturally was discussed, and he commented upon his dislike that the Army and Navy reception scheduled for the following evening had been cancelled on this ground. Suddenly there was a sharp plop-plop, followed by a veritable fusillade. Secret service men rushed into my garden from every corner—to discover that a case of Apollinaris bottles placed on the cold back porch had exploded!

The war brought serious responsibilities to cabinet members, but no matter how grave were our own worries, there was constantly before my eyes the expression on the faces of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, and Mme. Jusserand. On Armistice Day, when I happened to be in Texas, my two great desires were to see my own boy who was then in France, and to glimpse the joy in Mme. Jusserand's face.

An after-war responsibility, which the coming of women into full citizenship has brought to me, is membership on the Democratic National Executive Committee. A

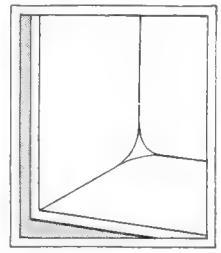
Let the Kitchen Maid be Your Kitchen Aid



NO WONDER the Kitchen Maid won the stamp of approval of the Good Housekeeping Institute. It has every improved kitchen cabinet convenience, and think of the kitchen cleaning it saves!

With all corners inside and out thoughtfully rounded and all surfaces smooth, it just *naturally* keeps itself sweet and clean. Dust and dirt have no place to hide—it's the work of only a moment to wipe it spotlessly clean. Ask your dealer about the Kitchen Maid—the *improved* kitchen cabinet, or write us, address department G11.

WASMUTH-ENDICOTT CO., ANDREWS, INDIANA



With every inside corner rounded and all surfaces smooth, without panels, the Kitchen Maid actually eliminates 78 dust-catching corners.

★

KITCHEN MAID

THE SMOOTH SURFACE ROUND CORNER

KITCHEN CABINET

8 Varieties
Each of
National Favor

Kraft
Chile
Swiss
Pimento
Rarebit
Camembert
Roquefort
Limburger

In Old Mexico

THERE are simple natives in Mexico who still believe the Chile pepper a sacred plant—that to eat it in any form insures health and wards off evil. This belief has come down to them from the days before Cortez, who declared this pepper to be the rarest treasure found in the land of his conquest.

Of the thousands of uses to which it lends its pleasing flavor, none is more appetizing than when skillfully blended with

★KRAFT CHEESE
ELKHORN IN TINS

it performs a particular function—it gives an additional sharpness to the ripe old Cheddars from which the Chile variety is made, and just the desired tang so dear to the heart of the lover of "sharp cheese."

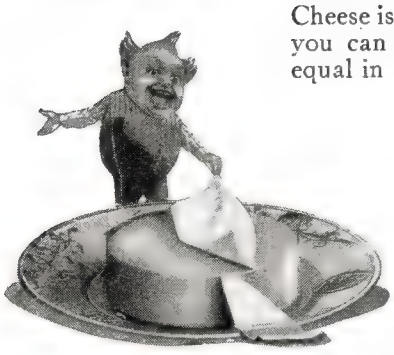
It is no longer necessary—and never conducive to health—to purchase over-ripe "undergrades" to obtain that "sharpness" in cheese; ask your dealer for the Chile variety of Kraft Cheese in Tins—here is sharpness plus purity, plus uniform flavor.

Cheese is the most economical "meat food" you can buy. One pound of cheese is equal in nutriment to twenty-five eggs.

Kraft Cheese in Tins is a sterilized cheese of spreading consistency and supremely delicious flavor—a cheese that will keep without refrigeration until you open the tin—in any season or climate.

There are no preservatives in Kraft Cheese, no rind, no holes, no waste—100% cheese—and a better cheese than you ever thought possible to make. Stock your pantry shelf—eight delicious varieties.

"The first hands to touch it are yours"



For sale by all dealers carrying strictly quality goods.
On the menus of all leading hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

J. L. Kraft & Bros. Co.

Chicago New York

Send 10c in stamps or coin for sample tin of Kraft plain or Pimento flavor, or 20c for both. Illustrated book of recipes free. Address 359 River St., Chicago, Ill.

Being a Cabinet Member's Wife

friend, joking with Mr. Daniels about my appointment, asked if I would take him with me to the national Democratic convention this summer. Mr. Daniels answered, "I do not know. She has not told me yet, and I did not take her to the first two national conventions I attended as a member of the committee."

The perquisites of a cabinet member's wife are few. The government furnishes an automobile and up-keep for each member, but the member must furnish liveries for the men. Once a week flowers are sent from the Department of Agriculture, and sometimes from the White House gardens, to each member's wife. These are supposed to provide the decorations for the cabinet day at home. The Secretary of the Navy has at his disposal the Dolphin, the boat which is intended for official entertaining and for taking government guests out to the other ships. The cabinet members and their families pay for their own transportation, their own telegraph and cable service; and last year when Mr. Daniels and I went abroad as the guests of Great Britain, France and Italy, we paid for our passports just as any other citizens of the country would do.

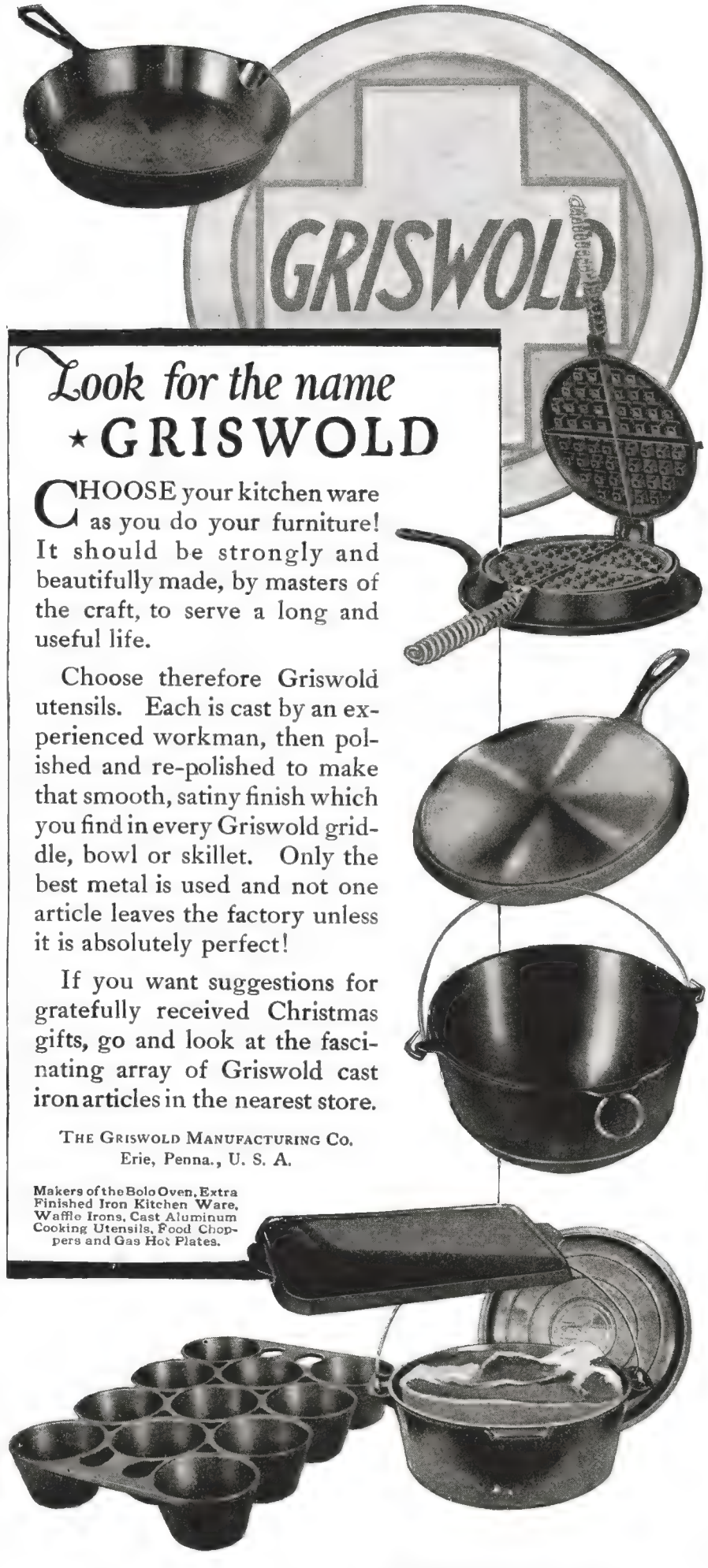
The Distinguished People We Meet

Meeting foreign people of note is one of the opportunities which come to people in Washington official life, and the war relationships with other countries have brought us of this present administration in touch with an unusual number of royalties. On our 1919 trip abroad we were entertained at luncheon at Windsor Castle, and I remember that during the luncheon King George said to Mr. Daniels, "Mr. Secretary, you live in the last great autocracy in the world." Whereupon Mr. Daniels replied, "Made what it is by the choice of the people, your Majesty."

When the charming young Prince of Wales came to Washington he asked if he would meet me again. He was assured that he would, and upon the first occasion that we met he said very eagerly, "Oh, didn't we have a good time that day at Windsor?" Being the mother of sons, I knew that the boy's eagerness meant that I brought back to him his home where he had seen me. Another little incident of his stay in Washington showed the thoughtfulness of the young prince. At a large reception in his honor, where the guests must naturally remain until he saw fit to depart, he asked both the Vice-President and Mr. Daniels at what time they expected to leave. Both spoke of leaving after the prince, whereupon he announced that he must be starting shortly as he had work to do, the work evidently being his excuse for releasing others to accomplish their own duties.

It is not only in regard to royalties that the Washington hostess must learn the rules of social precedence. Washington officials also have a rigid precedent for their rank. The Vice-President ranks just after the President. The Supreme Court Justices have their individual places, as have the cabinet members. The President pro tem. of the Senate and the Speaker of the House come in special order, and the members of Congress are numbered according to their seniority in office. The regular order must be carefully observed in receiving lines and in going in to dinners, as well as in many other ways. No book has been written concerning all the social forms, and the Washington hostess must get this knowledge by her own experiences and the experiences which others relate to her.

Only the mothers of American-born sons can hope to see their sons in the White House, but there is no such restriction upon the cabinet members. Two men in the present administration were born outside the United States, Secretary Lane in Canada, and Secretary Wilson in Scotland. Cabinet changes are very frequent, and indeed in all the history of the country there have been but two


GRISWOLD
Look for the name
★GRISWOLD
CHOOSE your kitchen ware as you do your furniture! It should be strongly and beautifully made, by masters of the craft, to serve a long and useful life.
Choose therefore Griswold utensils. Each is cast by an experienced workman, then polished and re-polished to make that smooth, satiny finish which you find in every Griswold griddle, bowl or skillet. Only the best metal is used and not one article leaves the factory unless it is absolutely perfect!
If you want suggestions for gratefully received Christmas gifts, go and look at the fascinating array of Griswold cast iron articles in the nearest store.
THE GRISWOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
Erie, Penna., U. S. A.
Makers of the Bolo Oven, Extra Finished Iron Kitchen Ware, Waffle Irons, Cast Aluminum Cooking Utensils, Food Choppers and Gas Hot Plates.

Being a Cabinet Member's Wife

Secretaries of the Navy who have held the portfolio for eight years—Gideon Welles, who was in President Lincoln's cabinet, and Mr. Daniels, both of them war-time secretaries.

The woman in official life frequently finds herself wishing to be two persons, and one of the most difficult things in the world is the choice she must make. Her official life must be lived, and yet she has the natural desire to devote every minute of her time to that most important of all things—impressing upon her children the ideals of right and wrong.

Although my husband has all his life believed in woman suffrage, I have come to endorse it only as I have realized the need of woman's standards in political life, and my great hope today is that women as voters will impress ideals upon the life of the country. At the same time women have a tremendous duty in raising the moral standards of the country. It is only through their unceasing efforts that they may expect a single standard of morals, and only through their help that men will attain it. By their dress and by their manner, women can do much to this end.

I have never been worried about political differences leading to trouble between husbands and wives. There can be perfect harmony, even when there is not perfect agreement of opinion. In my own home there is a strong religious difference which has never caused a single moment of discussion between Mr. Daniels, who is a Methodist, and myself, a Presbyterian. When the first of my sons announced that he wished to make a church affiliation and that he elected to follow his father, I felt that the time had come for me to change also to the Methodist faith. Mr. Daniels and I have always gone together to church, alternating each Sunday between his church and mine, so that he was with me on what I thought was my last Sunday as a Presbyterian. Several things during the service made me feel sad, and presently tears were running down my cheeks. Mr. Daniels leaned forward to ask what was the matter, but as I had not told him of my intention, I still withheld the explanation. After the service he turned to me and showed that he understood by saying: "You shall not do it. You could no more be a Methodist than I could be a Republican." So I am still a Presbyterian, he is a Methodist, and our sons have exercised their own choice, happening to divide two to the Presbyterian and two to the Methodist church.

A Sense of Humor Helps

I think that in the equipment of a cabinet member and his wife a sense of humor is one of the most helpful qualities. I shall take away from Washington a visible proof of my own ability to laugh, often under adverse circumstances, in the shape of hundreds of original cartoons of Mr. Daniels, unfavorable as well as favorable. It has become known that I enjoy cartoons, and so they are sent to me from all over the country. My collection now quite covers one wall and half of another, and serves as a most interesting history of Mr. Daniels' time in the cabinet. I believe strongly in smiles anyway, and if a fairy should appear and endow me with one wish I would ask that the corners of the mouths of all the people in the world should be turned upward.

Although the life of a cabinet member's wife may be arduous and her days filled with strenuous tasks, she can not fail to enjoy the opportunity of coming in such close contact with the government of her country, and to see from such a vantage point the people of her country. One of the pleasantest phases of public life is to go back home to the friends one has known all one's life, with pleasant memories of outside places and people, and it is with this joy that we are going back at the end of the present administration to Raleigh, North Carolina, where our garden will be growing and our house ready to welcome us.

Wash Well–Wear Well

It's a delight to lay away the beautifully cleansed pieces at the end of washday. It's an even greater joy to know they've been *thoroughly* washed—without rubbing, without wear and tear.

For the revolving, reversing cylinder process of the Gainaday Electric Washer-Wringer combines perfect cleanliness with scrupulous care. It's a washway safe and speedy.

Dainty or coarse pieces, the regular wash—anything washable—can be cleansed. Then the Gainaday wrings them by power—its sturdy wringer swings to *any* position.

Our Circular, "For an Easier and Shorter Washday," tells the whole story. Write for it.

Authorized Gainaday Dealers Everywhere

★

PITTSBURGH GAGE & SUPPLY CO.
Manufacturers
3010 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Do your washing at home for sanitary reasons

Gainaday
Washer Wringer

Swift's "Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard is incomparable for deep frying. It holds an intense even heat.

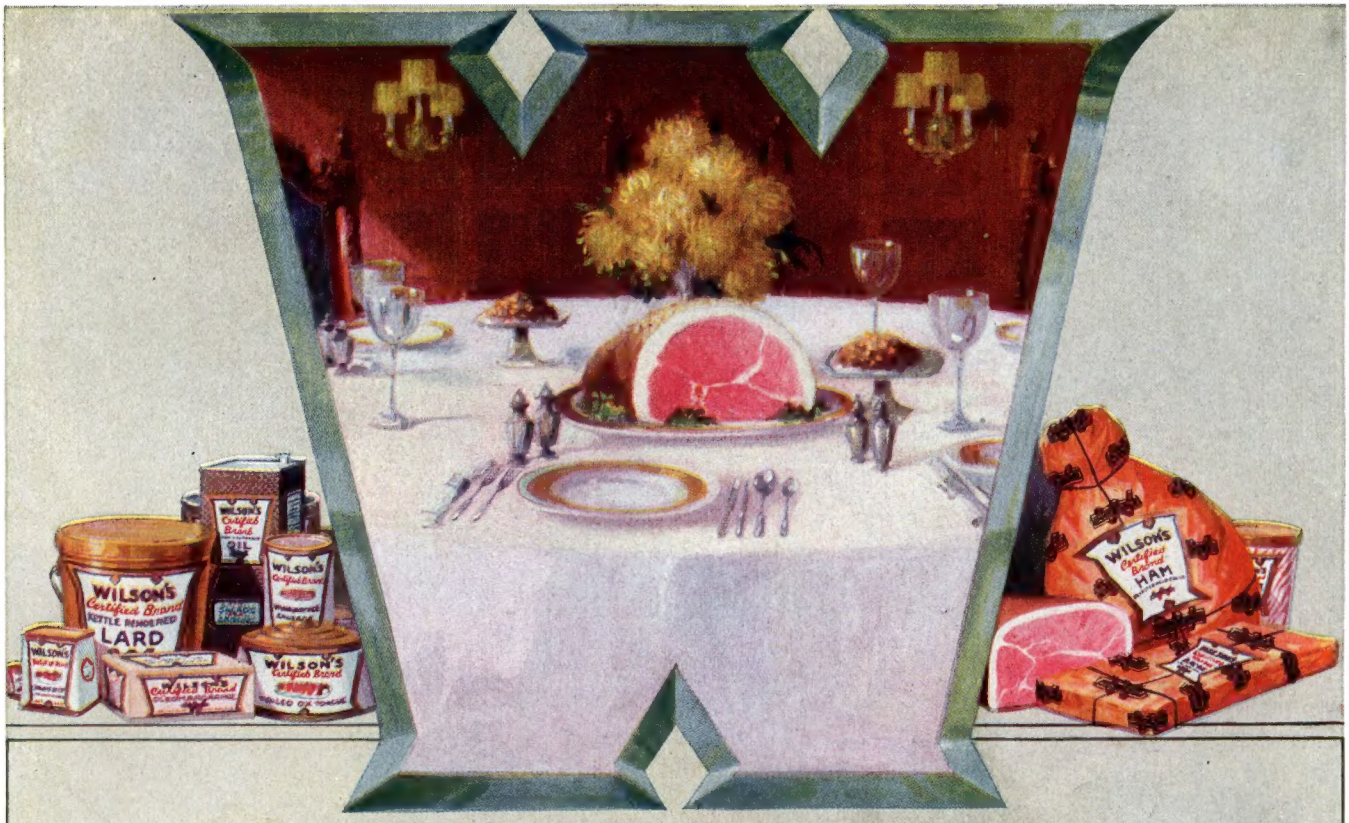
The instant the croquette drops into the fat, brisk sizzling and bubbling begin. On every side of the tiny oblong the frying starts at once.

When just the right brown has been achieved—out must come the croquette In a flash it dries and the tender crust is as crisp as delicate as pie crust.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard comes in tins of three sizes, 2, 5, and 10 lbs. Buy it—use the best.

★

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



THE WILSON LABEL

and what it means to you

THE Wilson W-shaped label is a symbol of our good work. It can not appear upon a product which does not earn it. It is a pledge to you of our good faith and good will. We are glad to find it becoming recognized and accepted as a guide to dependable, appetizing, nourishing food products.

It means that the product which it identifies is *as good as the label.* Think over the many things you buy, or are asked to buy—and how many times your decision is guided by the label. It either *convinces* or *warns* you. It either helps or hinders your purchase.

We know that you are going to rest your judgment eventually upon the Wilson label itself—and we cannot afford to do anything else than to have it *invite* you to buy the product and to *guarantee* to you that you will be pleased that you bought it.

THE Wilson Certified label appears on all the choice foods we prepare for you and it means that each has been selected, handled and prepared with *respect.*

Your own mother could not be more careful and thoughtful than we are. You will see the Wilson Certified label on

HAMS	OLEOMARGARINE
BACON	SHORTENING
CANNED MEATS	LARD
SAUSAGE	SALAD OIL

Wherever you see the Wilson Certified label, please accept it as a personal, individual promise to you that the food is of the choicest quality, that it has been prepared under the best conditions, that it has been sent to your market properly protected—and what is perhaps even more important, that you will *enjoy* it.

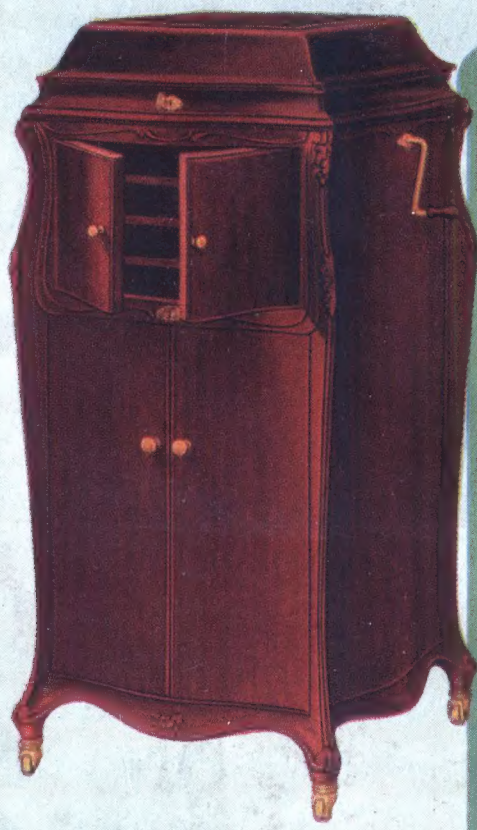
Operating on these principles is what has built up our business to its present position, and only by maintaining these principles can we hope to grow.

★

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson label protects your table

The instrument that is the greatest artists



All these great artists make records for the Victrola:

ALDA
AMATO
BESANZONI
BORI
BRASLAU
CALVE
CARUSO
CHASE
CLEMENT
CULP
DE GOGORZA
DE LUCA
DESTINN
EAMES
FARRAR
GALLI-CURCI
GARRISON
GILLY
GLUCK
HAMLIN
HARROLD
HOMER
JOHNSON
JOURNET
MARTINELLI
McCORMACK
MELBA
RUFFO
SCHUMANN-HEINK
SCOTTI
SEMBRICH
TETRAZZINI
WERRENRATH
WITHERSPOON
ZANELLI

Violin

ELMAN
HEIFETZ
KREISLER
KUBELIK
ZIMBALIST

Violoncello

KINDLER

Piano

CORTOT
PADEREWSKI
RACHMANINOFF

Orchestra

BOSTON SYMPHONY
FLONZALEY QUARTET
VICTOR HERBERT'S
PHILA. SYMPHONY

Also records by the late Gerville-Reache, Gilibert, Patti, Plancon, Powell, Tamagno, and Williams.

WHILE the power to stir vast opera and concert audiences is the heritage of the greatest artists, to the Victrola belongs the privilege of disseminating their art in countless homes throughout the world.

The Victrola *is* the greatest artists in the homes of the people. Look at the list of Victor artists shown here. Practically every artist worthy to be called "great" in this generation has allied himself with the Victor. This is no mere coincidence, but the result of deliberate choice by those whose genius makes their judgment final.

Hear the world's greatest artists at any Victor dealer's.

Victrolas in great variety, $25 to $1500.

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Co.

Camden, New Jersey

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO
Camden, N. J.

THE SCHWEINLER PRESS